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No. 68.

{ COMPLETE. }

FRANK TOUSEY, PUBLISHER, 34 & 36 NORTH MOORE STREET, N. Y.  
NEW YORK, February 10, 1879.

ISSUED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

{ PRICE  
5 CENTS. }

Vol. I.

## MULLIGAN'S BOY.

By TOM TEASER,

Author of "Skinny the Tin Pedler," "Nip and Flip," "Jim Jams," "The Mulcahey Twins," "Corkey," Etc., Etc.





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# MULLIGAN'S BOY.

BY TOM TEASER.

Author of "Senator Muldoon," "Muldoon Abroad," "Jimmy Grimes," "Muldoon the Solid Man," "Hildebrandt Fitzgum," "A Bad Egg," "The Deacon's Son," "Skinny the Tin Pedler," "Mulcahy Twins," "Muldoon's Boarding-House," "Muldoon's Brother Dan," "Two in a Box," Etc., Etc., Etc.

## PART I.

"MULLIGAN'S BOY" wasn't a beauty.

There was nothing pale, or intellectual, or lily-like about him.

He was rather tall, with a face like a Dutch cheese with a slice cut out, the missing piece being where his mouth was.

His nose extended skyward, and his eyes were round and goggle. They were just about as expressive as a dried cod-fish's.

In age he was just about fifteen, but he looked—well, he had one of those impassive faces which do not show whether its owner is twelve or thirty-five or thirty-five hundred.

At the time our story begins he was in the steerage of a National Line steamer.

The steerage was decidedly lively.

New York city was in sight.

The majestic steamer was slowly proceeding up the noble bay, and every one was preparing for their entrance into the gate-way of America.

All was prepared for disembarkment among the steerage passengers.

Trunks were strapped, boxes were corded, valises securely entwined, and even bundles fastened by stout threads which secured their contents from damage.

The steerage, of course, was full of all sorts of people of all nationalities. It was an epitome of cosmopolitanity.

There was the frigid Swede, the garrulous Gaul, the burly, red-faced son of Great Britain, the lusty, merry, always-ready-for-frolic-or-fight Irishman, the sedate but sturdy Scotchman, the dark-skinned, passionate-eyed Spaniard; in fact, most of the nations of the globe appeared to be represented.

Foremost of all was Mulligan's Boy.

His personal appearance has already been described.

Now for a glance into his private history.

His right name, let us say, was not Mulligan.

But it was akin to Mulligan; that is to say, it was Mulvaney, the first or Christian name being Michael, or, as he was called, Mike.

Mike had been unfortunate, as a rule, so far in life. His parents had both died when he was but a mere child, succumbing to a contagious disease which devastated the North of Ireland at that period, and as Mike was their only child, he was left to the care of a guardian—one Peter Mulligan, a Dublin lawyer, and old college friend of Mike's father.

Mike's father was not rich.

Neither was he poor.

The younger son of a well-to-do family, he had been left at the death of his male parent in a situation which, if it did not encourage expense upon one side, did not enjoin economy upon the other. So Mr. Mulvaney, senior, had felt perfectly justified in wedding a penniless, rosy-cheeked, black-eyed daughter of old Ireland, whose only dowry was her good looks and her good temper.

Both died, as before stated, and Peter Mulligan, solicitor, was left guardian of Mike.

It was a trust which Peter really did not desire.

He was a bachelor and a student; a bald-headed, weazen-faced fellow of uncertain age, to whom the poring over of some dry, dust-covered book appeared to be the acme of earthly pleasure. Yet he had liked Mulvaney, *pere*, and he accepted the trust left him, fully resolved to do his best for his charge.

When Mike reached him he was a stout, square-shouldered boy of eight, and Mr. Mulligan at once put him at a boarding-school, in charge of a client of his, one Dr. O'Keefe.

There Mike staid for seven years, and a hard seven years it was for the doctor.

When Mike first came to the school the doctor had, in duty bound, asked his name.

Now, the day before, Mike had been to court, going through that awful and solemn process of English law which was necessary in order to make him the ward of Mr. Mulligan.

The stern faces of the bewigged, bepowdered judges had impressed him. He had received an idea—par-

donable at his time of life—that he was Mulligan's property, as much as a cow or another animal would be.

So it occurred that when he went under Dr. O'Keefe's custody and was asked his name, he replied, upon the question being put to him:

"Mulligan's Boy."

The doctor could not repress a laugh, and somehow (the doctor may have told it himself) the incident was noised about the school.

Thereafter Mike Mulvaney's identity was sunk in that of "Mulligan's Boy," for his school-fellows gave him the nick-name, and of course it stuck.

Verily, Mr. Mulligan had not cause to be proud of his son, by ridicule.

"Mulligan's boy," it appeared, was always getting into some scrape. He appeared to be the cause of all the mischief in Dr. O'Keefe's school.

Who was it that shod the feet of the doctor's favorite cat with nut-shells?

"Mulligan's Boy!"

Who was it led a stray jackass up-stairs and tied him to the door-knob of the doctor's door?

"Mulligan's boy."

Who was it placed a pail of water in such a position upon a half-opened door that Professor Lengthy, tutor at the school, was deluged with the fluid to an extent which ruined his best suit of clothes?

"Mulligan's Boy."

Who greased the front stoop of the boarding-house so that when the dignified doctor tried to walk down it he fell in a way decidedly undignified, upsetting a passing grocery boy laden with a basket of groceries?

"Mulligan's Boy."

Really, "Mulligan's Boy" got to be a nuisance in the school, and the doctor, half-worried out of his life by the pranks of the lad, implored Mr. Mulligan to take him away.

Mulligan quietly and firmly refused.

He showed the doctor the written contract, in which O'Keefe agreed to take care of Michael Mulvaney, to feed, clothe, and educate him till he was twenty-one years of age, for a certain sum per annum, to be paid upon the first of the New Year.

"Haven't I kept to my agreement?" placidly asked Mulligan of the doctor, as they sat, three weeks before the beginning of our tale.

"Yes," sighed the doctor.

"You've got your money down?"

"Yes."

"On time?"

"Yes."

"First of the year, as I said?"

"Yes."

"Then what are you complaining about?"

The doctor rubbed his forehead with his handkerchief.

"I would rather," said he, "have a wild hyena in my school than that ward of yours."

"Why?"

"You have heard of people being possessed with devils?"

"Yes."

"Well, if ever there was a person possessed of a devil, the devil of mischief, it is 'Mulligan's Boy,' as his fellow-scholars term him. For seven years he has been in my school, and such another seven years I never desire to pass through. He has made my life miserable."

"But why didn't you tell me?"

"Haven't I?"

"Yes, once or twice. Twice, I believe. Two years ago, when you accused him of carrying a calf up-stairs and putting it to bed in your bed, and shortly afterwards of filling the logs with which you built your study fire full of powder, so that when they were ignited they exploded and devastated your room. I went to see him about that, and he protested his innocence."

The doctor sighed for the second time.

Once more did he rub his forehead with his handker-

chief, a sure sign to one familiar with his ways that he was perturbed.

"That is the worst of it," said he.

"What?" asked Mulligan.

"He always does protest his innocence of all the mischief which he is accused of inciting. Now, he isn't handsome."

"No."

"Or intellectual?"

"No."

"His face is about as expressive as a block of marble."

"You are right."

"The average observer would take him for a fool, an over-grown numskull; but he isn't. He's as deep as a—a—well, a pretty deep well, too. I feel morally sure, Mr. Mulligan, that he is at the beginning and end of most all the mischief in my school, and yet I—"

"You what?"

"Can't prove it."

With this candid acknowledgment the pedagogue got up and rapidly paced the floor.

"Yes, sir," he repeated, "I can't prove it. He manages, fool though he may appear, to get out of every scrape as easily as a freshly caught eel slips from the naked hand of its captor. And there is a period, Mr. Mulligan, when patience ceases to be a virtue. That period has arrived. No longer will I have as a pupil your ward."

"Recollect the agreement," softly said Mulligan.

The doctor swore.

Yes, Dr. O'Keefe, proprietor of the Arcadian Youths' Seminary, gave utterance to a word not fit for ears polite.

"Dash the agreement," he said; "I don't care if you call me to account for it. If you lock me up in a dungeon to die I won't keep that boy another week. Saturday night out he goes," and putting on his hat, away went the irate speaker.

He was as good as his word.

Next Saturday night Mike arrived at Mulligan's rooms, bag and baggage.

His arrival, however, did not discomfit his guardian as much as it might have done, for that very morning had Mr. Mulligan received a letter.

It was from Patrick O'Dowd, Alderman of New York City.

Its contents can be briefly stated.

Mike's mother, it appeared, had an elder sister, who had made a runaway match with a young artist, and consequently been disowned by her parents, which didn't make any particular difference anyway, as they did not have anything to leave her.

The artist had died soon after the couple's arrival in America, and soon succeeding his death she had married again.

Her second husband was O'Dowd, who had, by hard work and good luck, risen from errand-boy to bar-keeper, and from bar-keeper to owner of the saloon, and finally to the rank of alderman.

The pair were childless, and Mrs. O'Dowd, getting tired of lavishing her affections upon pug-dogs, canary-birds, poll-parrots, and the like, felt a longing for some human pet.

She recollected her nephew.

Thereafter Mr. O'Dowd had no domestic peace until a letter was written to Mr. Mulligan, requesting that Mike be sent over to America, and offering to take care of him as their own child.

The letter was to Mr. Mulligan's perturbed mind like a flash of sunlight across a black thunder-cloud.

He knew that Dr. O'Keefe would keep his word, that Mike would surely arrive Saturday night, and then—what next?

The idea of having his bachelor solitude and comfort invaded and, perhaps, ruined by an imp such as his word was described to be, was awful to think of.

He had worried over it, and actually lost several pounds of flesh, which, as he was a spare-built man, he could not well afford to do.

The letter took a load off his mind.

Mike should go to America, and he would release



Dr. O'Keefe from the agreement. He and all parties concerned would be happy.

Mike arrived, the picture of youthful innocence.

To look in his honest eyes, his fat, well-rounded cheeks, one could not but believe, as appearances went, that Dr. O'Keefe was a libeler.

Could Mike be such a demon of mischief as the doctor represented? Oh, no, it could not be.

A supper was prepared, to which Mike did ample justice. His was no canary-bird appetite, but a good, healthy, boyish desire for food.

After the meal was over, Mr. Mulligan ordered Mike to sit down for a talk.

"Michael," said he, seriously, "I have heard very ill accounts of your conduct at school."

"'Twasn't my fault, sir," answered Mike; "they were all against me."

"Who?"

"Everybody."

"Who's 'everybody'?"

"Tachers, sir, scholars, even the servant-girl."

"For what reason?"

"They couldn't appreciate fun, sir. Whin I played some little thrick to drive away the bad effects av too much study, they got angry. The servant-girl became me deadly enemy bekase I put glue in her bandoline bottle, and after she had fixed her hair she had to dig it off wid an ice-pick. The docthor can't take a joke aither. Whin I bid him good-bye I held out me hand. He tuk it. He wished he hadn't."

"Why?"

"Me hand was full av angle-worms. The docthor bawled like a calf!" and at the recollection of the joke Mike laughed heartily.

Then, of course, Mr. Mulligan proceeded to give his hopeful charge a long lecture upon the sinfulness of practical joking, to which Mike listened with rapt attention.

"Ye appear hoarse, Mr. Mulligan," he said, at the end; "ye nade a cough-drop. It is hard—bite it aisy."

Not thinking for a second, Mr. Mulligan bit the offered article, which seemed to all appearances to be a candy.

The next second there was an explosion.

Mr. Mulligan sprang wildly from his easy-chair.

His mouth appeared to be on fire; at least smoke came out of it.

He placed his handkerchief to his jaw and danced wildly about.

"You fiend!" shrieked he, "you've—you've killed me! All my false teeth are blown down my throat. That was a concealed torpedo instead of a cough-drop. Mulligan's Boy smiled his own bland smile.

"Faix, I have a great brain," he said; "that article wur give to me by Dennis Hogan. There wur a spite against me held by Dennis, bekase I put tacks into his bed wan noight. I wur afraid av it, and I thought I would thry it on somebody else. Did it hurt much?"

"Hurt much?" repeated Mr. Mulligan, groaning.

"I won't be able to eat meat for a week."

"Thry soup, sir," said Mike, earnestly; "soup is very nourishing, at laste the docthor always says so. We used to have soup ivery day. It wur chicken soup, and it wur made by putting the wing av a chicken, which wur used to swape off the mantel-piece, into a barrel av rain water."

"Stuff—get me some water, you villain," cried his guardian. "I want to take a swallow. It may cool my mouth."

"Where'll I get it?"

"In the closet yonder—hurry!"

Mike obeyed.

He went to the closet, and returned with a cup full of water.

"Here, sir," he said.

Mulligan grabbed the cup, and took a big swallow.

The next minute he dashed the cup down to the floor, and spit out the water, while his face contracted in agony.

"You jackass—you dolt!" bawled he.

"Hey?" said Mike.

"You assassin!"

"Who is?"

"You—you vagabond."

Mike's face assumed an expression of concern.

"What ails you, sir?" he interrogated. "Ain't you well?"

"Well, you idiot! Do you know what you did?"

"What?"

"You brought me hot water."

"I know it, sir."

"You do? What possessed you to do so?"

"The docthor always said that loike cured loike. Yez mouth wur hot, and I thought that hot water would cure it. Faix, that is philosopical, isn't it, sir?"

"Philosophical!"

Mr. Mulligan uttered the word as angrily as it could be uttered, and his facial expression denoted his wrath.

Mike felt that it was well to fade away.

"Can I go to bed?" he queried.

"Yes," cried Mulligan, "the quicker the better. Go to bed to-night, and Tuesday you go to America."

He was as good as his word.

Tuesday morning Michael Mulvaney sailed for the land of the free and the home of the brave, as a steerage passenger upon the good ship—well, call it any name you please—of the National Line.

To relate his pranks upon the voyage over would make a separate story by itself.

Suffice it to say that before Sandy Hook was sighted he was known to everybody in that steerage by the rackets he put up and put through upon them.

One of his chief victims was a big, fat, burly Dutchman, named Hans Bumblecook.

Hans had been to America before; in fact, he had

been away to his native land upon a brief vacation, and he was never tired of dilating to his fellow-travelers about New York and its wonders.

"It vos der finest blace mit der world," he said. "Dalk about der oldt goontries! New Yorick vos dake der cake. It vos der stobbing-blace between der world und Heaven."

The remark, doubtless, was extravagant, but Hans was so joyous at nearing home that his enthusiasm may be pardoned. Was he not to meet his wife and five flaxen-haired children, who called him "Vater?"

"But, *mein Gott*, look at meinself," he exclaimed to Mulligan's Boy, as he peered into a small hand-glass, "vot a character I vos! I vos shoost as hairy-faced as a bear. I pelieve dot if I vos to die my skin would make a goot puffalo robe. If I vos only acquainted mit a razor!"

Mulligan's Boy exhibited that smile of his.

"Mr. Bumblecook," spoke he, "ye have been often mad at me?"

"I vos got reason," replied Bumblecook. "You have played dricks upon me all der vwhile. Who vos it—only last night—filled a bottle up mit kerosene und said dot it vos pale ale?"

"Me."

"Und who drink it?"

"You!"

"Shoost so. You vonder dot I vos incensed at you?"

"No, I don't. Yer had a roight ter be. Yet I will forgive you. Ye spake just now av being hairy-faced—that ye wud loike a razor."

"Yaw."

"I have wan."

"You?"

"Yis—fact!"

Bumblecook burst out laughing.

"Vat vas you vant py a razor?" he remarked.

"Dere vos apout as much hair mit your face as a paving-stone. It would be shoost as goot for business as bleasure if you vos shave yourself mit a crowbar."

"That's all roight," said Mulligan's Boy. "I have the razor. Here it wur."

From his pocket he fetched out a neat razor, which once had belonged to Mr. Mulligan, but now it was the property of our hero, although *how* he got it we can't say. It might have walked into his pocket by itself.

At the sight of the razor at least fifteen others of the male steerage passengers sprang forward.

"Lind it to me."

"Let me have a scrape."

"Give me a show."

"I haven't been shaved for a month."

"Me first."

"Me next."

"Look at my face."

"Ye know, Mulvaney, I have stuck by ye."

"Don't favor the Dutchman."

So they cried while Mike carelessly held the razor.

He seemed grave and unconcerned, but there was a twinkle in his eye which would have warned one familiar with his ways that he was about to play a new joke.

"How many av ye want to be shaved?" he asked.

Fully a dozen voices responded in the affirmative.

"Have ye lather?"

In a second, it seemed, a cake of soap was produced, and an impromptu shaving mug formed out of a tin cup, a veteran hair brush being adopted as a means of applying the cold-water suds.

Mike caught hold of the apparatus, and said, firmly:

"Ye all want to be shaved?"

"Yes," came in chorus.

"Ye all want aiquil chances?"

"Yes."

"No partiality?"

"No."

"Thin I'll tell ye how I will fix it."

"How?"

"All av ye stand in a row, facing me, wid yez faces turned left cheek front. I will go along and shave wan side av yez face first upon me downward progress, whin I come up I will take the other cheek."

The idea was agreed to be good.

Mulligan's Boy went adown the row, cleaning one side of the presented faces off.

The end man stood near an open port-hole.

Just as Mulligan's Boy finished one side of his cheek, and was about to begtn upon the other, the razor, it seemed by accident, fell out of the port-hole into the water.

A yell of horror went up from all about.

There they were with half-shaved faces, one side clean, one be-whiskered. Nice-looking sights they would make upon their first appearance in the New World.

They raved.

And stamped.

And swore.

And cursed Mulligan's Boy for his stupidity in all sorts of dialects. He was unmoved, for he said he couldn't help it, accidents would happen, and so fully fifteen of the steamer's steerage male passengers disembarked half shaven.

Mulligan's Boy was one of the first to get off.

He expected to be received by Mr. O'Dowd in grand style.

But O'Dowd wasn't there, the steamer having made an unusually quick passage, and arriving in New York two days ahead of its usual time.

So Mulligan's Boy decided to drive up to O'Dowd's house, which was situated in Varick street, upon the top of an emigrant express wagon, which was already nearly loaded with other emigrants.

Mike got upon the seat with the driver.

Just as they turned into Greenwich street the driver paused to put on his gloves.

He handed the reins to Mulligan's Boy.

Just then there was a clatter of wheels, a series of

cries of "Fire!" and around the corner at full speed came a steam fire-engine.

"Get out of the way!" cried the driver, lashing his horses. "Get up on the sidewalk with that old scow!"

"Get out yerself!" said Mulligan's Boy, placidly.

The driver didn't stop to reply.

There was a crash of wheels, the heavy machine upset the light express wagon in a twinkling, and over went trunks, emigrants, and last, but not least, Mulligan's Boy.

## PART II.

THE fire-engine did not stop to pick anybody up. It rumbled away, leaving a trail of smoke and fiery sparks in its wake.

Mulligan's Boy at first thought that he was booked for angels' land sure; for when he had tumbled off of the express wagon he landed right upon his head upon the cobble-stones, and if his head hadn't been of good old Irish oak, it would have been split sure.

The driver was the first man up to his feet.

He danced around, and shook his fist at the retreating fire-engine, and then turned his attention to Mulligan's Boy.

"You blockhead! you big-mouthed, clownish, gawky son of a meat-block!" he cried, "yer orter go down to ther dock, chuck yerself off, en say: 'Here goes nothing!'"

"What for?" Mulligan's Boy asked, getting up and rubbing his head.

"What for? Oh, you don't know," sarcastically answered the driver, "of course yer don't. Yer a nice sweet-eyed little prayer-meeting chap, and yer orter be treated to a piece of pie. Why in blazes don't yer get out of ther way?"

"Av what?"

"The fire-engine!"

"Faix, I didn't know what it wur. I thought I had as good a roight to the road as that fellow wid the foire-escape hat."

"Well, yer found yer didn't? Who's goin' to pay for ther wagon?"

Mulligan's Boy politely said he didn't know. He wished, however, that he did, so he could tell the driver.

"Look at it," went on the driver, surveying the old express chariot, which was pretty well broken up, a wheel being off, the shaft broken, and one side stove in; "that's a pretty ruin, ain't it? My whole business is burst up."

"Nothing ther matter wid ther horse," said Mike.

"Hang the horse!" said the driver. "I can get a horse for five dollars, but wagons cost money."

"I'm sorry."

"Sorry be blamed! Where are yer goin' ter?"

"Mr. O'Dowd's."

"The alderman?"

"Yes."

"Your relative?"

"Kind av."

"Well, yer jest bet that little pug-nose of yours that I'll salt him for the wagon. And say, young sham-rock, yer better fly."

"How the devil can I? Do ye take me for a burrid?"

"Skip."

Mulligan's Boy gravely proceeded to skip a few steps upon the sidewalk.

"I could put more grace into me movements if I had a rope," he said. "What else can I do to obloige ye?"

The driver whistled softly.

"Well, you do take the frost-cake," he remarked.

"If anybody ever asks you what is the difference between you and a fool, tell them there ain't any. I want you to get away from here or you'll get laid out."

"Shure I can't be laid out whin I ain't dead."

"You'll be soon enough. The greenhorns are getting ready to place you on a shutter."

The driver's words were true.

Several of the occupants of the wagon had suffered various bruises and cuts by the upset, and not a few boxes and trunks had been split open.

They were mad at the author of the catastrophe, whom they took to be, rightly, Mulligan's Boy, and they were preparing to make it sort of unpleasant for him.

He divined so by their angry looks and fierce gestures, and he made up his mind to get away as fast as possible.

He dragged his trunk from out of the pile in the street, and ran away as fast as possible, pursued by shouts and a crowd of stones.

He ran till he was out of breath, and then putting his trunk down, paused to rest.

Presently a couple of flashily-dressed men came along. They looked at Mike, whispered for a few seconds, and then one of them came up and spoke to Mike.

"My son," he said, "do you want to make half a dollar?"

"How?" Mike asked.

"Just take this note (the fellow handed Mike a piece of folded paper) to Mr. Thomas Collins, and tell him Mr. Mud sent you with it. It is an order for a dozen Keely Motors."

"Yes, sur; where will I foind Mr. Collins?"

The man pointed to a building about eight stories high, a regular nest of offices, such as you will find in lower New York.

"You walk up to the top floor," said he, "and the first door that you come to—kick at it. Kick real hard. Don't knock. Here's your half-dollar."

"Thanks, sor. But me thrunk?"



"We'll mind it."

"Thanks."

Mulligan's Boy grinned as he walked over to the building, and felt the silver piece which he so tightly held clasped.

He wasn't used to having much money; foreign boys are not half so well supplied with spending money as our American lads, and that half-dollar was almost a fortune to Mike.

"It is luck I am having at the very start," said he. "Half a dollar for jest a little errand."

He entered the building, and religiously tramped up the eight long stairways. Of course he might have taken the elevator, but he knew just as much about elevators as a cow does of stealing apples.

"They have probably stepped away for a dhrink," he said. "I will wait."

He waited for a full hour.

Gradually he began to realize that he might wait till he was bald-headed before those men came back.

An Italian peanut seller upon the corner had been curiously regarding him.

He presently approached.

"Hi, Johnny," said he (in New York every boy who's name is not known is always called Johnny), "whatta you waita for?"

Mulligan's Boy related his story.

The Italian smiled a pleasing smile which showed his white teeth off to best advantage.

"You never see trunka again," he spoke.

"Why not?"

"You over-grown jackass," said he, "was that all you've stopped me for, and me with only three minutes to catch a boat? Get out of my way, you skulking clod-hopper, or I'll run over you!"

So speaking, he dashed by Mike, nearly upsetting him, and continued on his way.

Mike scratched his head as he looked at the receding figure.

"He needn't have got so mad about it," said he; "it was only a simple query I put to him. But, faix, he seemed to get as woid as a stheer. Perhaps, tho', it is but the custom av the country."

Wondering, but still not discouraged by the non-success of his venture, he resolved to speak to the next person who came along.

At the time of our story the pool-rooms, since sup



*All that he was clad in was his trousers, undershirt, and socks. The boys grabbed for his different articles of apparel, and went briskly to work upon them. They dusted, and brushed, and scraped with great zeal.*

The first door he came to was a plain white one, which said "Janitor" upon it.

He recollected the message-sender's orders to "kick" and he kicked. He nearly shivered one of the lower panels with his heavy brogan.

The door was opened.

A burly German rushed out and caught Mike by the ear.

"You young rascal!" said he, "vot you means by gicking at dot door?"

"Lave go me ear!" roared Mike.

"Gick my door, vill you?"

"I wur tould to."

"You vos?"

"Yis."

"Who py?"

"A jintleman. He sent me wid a message. Here it wur."

The German, who was the janitor of the apartment, let go of Mike's ear, and took the message.

"Dhomas Gollins," read he. "Himmel, vas dey vorking dot oldt schoke ub again? Yoost you go back to der veller vat send you, und say dot Mr. Gollins vas deadt. Dot he vell through his vest und got a proken spine, und say, young veller!"

"Well, sor,"

"Nefer you gick at somepody's door again, or somepody vill probably come oud und gick your head off. New Yorkers vas a dangerous set of beobles to fool mid."

With which remark the door was slammed in Mike's face, and he went slowly down-stairs again.

Coming out of the door-way, he looked across the street for the two men.

He didn't see them, because they were not there.

Neither was his trunk.

Yet Mike was not alarmed.

"Those fellas putta up a job on you."

"What do ye mane?"

"Steala trunka. Skippa! They senda you to noa-body—then getta away with trunka. Deya tieves."

"Thieves!"

"Yes."

"But they lukked loike noice jintlemen—rale quality people."

"May looka so. No bea. Alla beats, tieves, as I said. Tella what you doa."

"What?"

"Go to Pleeca headquarters. Tella chiefa."

Mike realized that he was a victim, and his only resource, as the Italian suggested, was to appeal to the police, for he knew enough for that.

"Where is police headquarters?" he inquired.

The Italian pointed vaguely up Broadway.

"Datta way,"

Without waiting for more explicit direction Mike hurried up Broadway till he got to Barclay street.

It suddenly occurred to him that it would be a good idea to ascertain more definitely the situation of the headquarters.

Turning the corner of Broadway and Barclay, he saw an elderly gentleman, carpet-bag in hand, rushing wildly down the street, on his way, probably, to the ferry to catch a boat.

Mulligan's Boy yelled at him.

"Hey! hey!" he cried.

The man stopped short.

"Did you call me?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"What for?"

"I want to ask you a question."

"Hurry up."

"Where is police headquarters?"

The old fellow uttered an exclamation of disgust,

pressed, were in full blast in Barclay street, and when Mike was in the vicinity a big race, one on which piles of money was wagered, was just being run at Saratoga.

The next person to whom Mike spoke was one of the horse-racing betters, who came rushing out of the pool-rooms.

"Sir," Mike begged, "will you please tell me where pol—"

Of course he meant to say police headquarters.

But it so happened that there was a horse in the race called "Policy," and when Mike uttered the first syllable—"pol"—the man, taking him for one of his own stripe, inferred that his query was in regard to the race.

"Policy's third," he replied, "Hifalutius first, and Duke of Norfolk second; Miss Blanche distanced."

Mike looked at him as if he was a lunatic.

"What can he mean?" asked he of himself; "faix, it is crazy must he be? I will ax him agin."

He did so.

He followed after the fellow and once more asked:

"Where is pol—"

"Didn't I tell you once!" angrily asked the gambler, as he recognized Mike. "Policy is third."

"Third what?"

"Horse, of course."

"Who's spaking av horses?"

"Ain't you?"

"Not a bit. I ax ye a question, and ye begin talkin' about Policy. Who is Policy?"

"Burleigh's gray mare, sired by Leamington. She took the Flash Stakes at Coney Island."

"I don't care if she tuk the beefsteaks at Donegal. I want to ax ye where pol—"

"Oh, you be —!" was the horseman's reply, as he hurried on.



Mulligan's Boy scratched his head for the second time.

"America is a great place," soliloquized he. "Here I have axed a civil question of two different men, and not a civil answer do I get. But I will try once more."

The third time, which all say is the most successful, he had better luck.

He encountered a citizen who not only told him where police headquarters was, but how to get there.

"Go across to Park Row," said the citizen, "take a Third or Fourth avenue car, a red or yellow car, ride up the Bowery to Houston street, and then walk across to Mulberry street."

Mike thanked him, and navigated across the City Hall Park all right.

"Accept what?" asked "Reddy the Baby," actually bewildered.

"The dog!"

"Wot dog?"

"Didn't ye say ye wud give me a pointer?"

Reddy looked at our hero with pity.

"Well yer are fresh as a daisy," spoke he. "Where did you come from?"

"Ireland."

"I suspected it wuz Newark, but it's all the same. By pointer I mean a steer."

"Thanks to ye again," Mike courteously answered, "but I have no use for cattle av any sort."

Reddy groaned.

"Yer too innocent to live," remarked he; "yer

Reddy's reply was business-like:

"How much money have ye?" asked he.

Mike produced the forty-five cents which was left over from the half-dollar taken away from him by the two rascals who had got away with his trunk. There were several pounds of English coins in his pants pocket, but for a wonder he was shrewd enough not to produce it.

Reddy's small, cunning eyes lighted up as he beheld the coins.

"Dat ain't much," he said; "but seeing dat yer are a stranger, and Irish, and I'm Irish myself, I'll fix yer up, for us Irish allus stick together. My frens here will help."

Mulligan's Boy felt profoundly grateful to Reddy, and he hastened to express his thanks.



The alderman gazed at the blackened-eyed, bloodied-nosed, cut-lipped apparition before him. "Who are ye?" he asked. Back came the answer: "Mulligan's Boy!"

He got on to a Third avenue car bound up-town and rode up to Houston street, at which street he alighted.

There was a crowd of newsboys, bootblacks and street gamins upon the corner.

Mike's air and appearance gave him right away for a greenhorn, and he was at once spotted as fair game by the boys.

They went for him at once.

"Shine!"

"Black yer boots!"

"Fancy polish!"

"Stove polish!"

"Brush yer hat!"

"Clean yer coat!"

"Take off der dust, sir!"

The last interrogation of the many uttered by the crowd caught Mike. It tickled his vanity to be addressed as "sir."

He hesitated.

The boy who hesitates gets left.

In a twinkling he was surrounded, fairly encompassed, by all of the youthful gang.

They pressed about him, and Mike, selecting the biggest asked where police headquarters was.

"Wot for?" asked the lad, a bootblack known to his confreeres as "Reddy the Baby."

Simple Mike related his tale.

"Reddy the Baby" heard it with an air of great gravity.

"Yer wuz played for a sucker nice," he commented, when the narration was finished, "and yer are right in going ter police headquarters. But, first, I'll give yer a pointer."

"I am much obliged to ye," Mike answered, "but what wud I do wid it? If ye will kape it for me till afther I get to me uncle's, I will accept it with playsure."

can't tumble ter slang for a pop-corn. Yer want, yer say, to go to police headquarters?"

"Yes."

"You just landed?"

"Yes."

"An' yer wur going ter police headquarters just as you are?"

"Av coorse."

Reddy's tone became impressive, and a sly wink at his friends was also impressive.

"Yer orter thank yer stars," he said.

"For what?" asked Mulligan's Boy.

"Yer blind luck."

"In what way?"

"Meeting me."

"Why?"

"Look at yer piano-boxes—yer feet-coverers—yer shoes. Dey're dirty, ain't dey?"

Mike was forced to own, after a brief survey of his boots, that they were certainly far from clean. As mud-gatherers they seemed a success.

"An' yer clothes and hat," went on Reddy, "are full uv dust. Dey look as if yer went to bed in an ash-cart last night. Now if yer had went up to police headquarters looking that way, wot do yer s'pose would have been done wid yer?"

"What?"

"You'd been jugged."

"What's that?"

"Sent up. Ten days at least."

Reddy's expression, of course, was all Romany to Mike and it was only after a diversified explanation that he realized what Reddy meant.

He took the truthful Reddy's explanation for gospel truth, and shuddered to think what a narrow escape he had had from imprisonment.

"'Tis meself who is indebted to ye," he said; "but how will I clane meself?"

"Dat's all right," was Reddy's answer; "but dis corner is too public. Jest move farder down."

Led by Reddy, Mike in their midst, the coterie of ragamuffins proceeded to the center of the block, away from the hurry and bustle of the great east side avenue.

"Now," said Reddy, authoritatively, when they had reached a spot he deemed suitable for his designs, "off wid yer coat."

"What for?" Mulligan's Boy asked.

"To brush it. Off wid yer shoes and yer vest."

"An' yer hat," piped another one of the crowd.

Mulligan's Boy demurred.

"Why can't I keep me garments on?" he asked.

"Do you wish to give it away that ye have just landed?" asked Reddy.

"Av coorse not."

"Then take off your duds, and be quick, or we can't finish the job fer yez in time. Der Duke uv Perlice will be gone away from headquarters."

"Do they have dukes here?"

"Dukes? Well, I should giggle. The pavements are studded wid 'em! They fall off uv every branch."

"I thought there were no nobility in America."

"Yer thought wrong. The feller upon der corner yonder is a baron, and the old lady selling apples is a duchess. Swipe off yer duds; do yer hear?"

Mike obeyed.

He was quickly hatless.

And shoeless.

And coatless.

And minus a vest.

All that he was clad in was his trousers, undershirt, and socks.

The boys grabbed for his different articles of apparel, and went briskly to work upon them.

They dusted, and brushed, and scraped with great zeal.



Suddenly Reddy gave a yell.

"Fire!" cried he.

The next second Mulligan's Boy was alone.

The boys and his clothes had vanished like chaff before the autumn's gale.

Their retreating figures could be just seen dodging across the Bowery, some lost to sight in the mass of vehicles and street-cars.

For a while Mike stood like a statue—veritably a petrified Mick.

"Be the tails av me grandfather's coat!" he at last exclaimed; "they have stole me clothes, and me hat, and me boots!"

His lamentations about his losses soon drew a crowd, to whom he related his tale.

Strange to say, it evoked laughter instead of sympathy.

"You ought to be up to those rackets," said a man, laughing. "You'll soon get your eye teeth cut in this placid little village."

As the speaker finished, a policeman came up, having first found out what was the matter from a small boy upon the outskirts of the crowd. If it had been a desperate fight or a bloody murder probably he would not have appeared.

"Here!" exclaimed the copper, clubbing his way to where Mike stood, and clutching him by the arm, "who are you?"

"Mulligan's Boy," was Mike's reply.

"Where's Mulligan?"

"In Dublin, sir."

"In Dublin! Well, what the blazes are you doing here in this undress? Yer can't practice for the ballet here."

Several guffaws burst from the crowd, which put the peeler in a good humor.

"Yes," he went on, hoping to catch another laugh, "if yer want to be a statoo go up to ther marble-yard and ax fur a job on top of a monument."

The spectators grinned, and the officer felt that he ought to be humorist instead of a Paladin of the Locust.

"Now, tell me, Johnny," said he, "all about it."

Mike proceeded to.

He related his adventures in such a way that the policeman could not restrain a smile.

"Well, the only way I see to do," he said, "is to waltz you away to a dungeon cell. Come along—wist! wist!"

### PART III.

THE comic policeman gently wafted Mulligan's Boy along by the arm, squeezing that member until the tears came into the lad's eyes, which result seemed to please the officer highly.

"What ails yer? Does it hurt? Why don't yer have a cast-iron arm? Who told yer to cry?" were the remarks rattled out volubly by the policeman.

He tightened his grip more, and Mulligan's Boy winced and wriggled.

"That's right," the policeman said; "try to get away, will yer?" Try to escape the custody of the jaw!—and he tapped Mulligan's Boy upon the legs with his club several times.

"Bedad," Mulligan's Boy replied, "I wish I had a brick."

"What for?"

"I wud break yer head wid it!"

The policeman nearly fainted.

"You audacious young rascal!" he remarked; "break my head, would yer! Well, yer jest like all the rest. Yer will grow up, kill somebody, and get hung at the city's expense, and it will serve the city right for letting foreigners land in America. What are yer looking at?"

The last question was occasioned by a glance at the eyes of Mike, which, big as saucers, were staring around the corner.

"That's him," was Mike's reply.

"Who?"

"The feller that took me clothes."

"Where?"

"Roight around the corner. He just saw me, and he's holding beyant a coal-box."

Sure enough, it was Reddy the Baby.

He had witnessed Mike's arrest, and out of curiosity had furtively followed him to see what would come of the affair.

The policeman thought that he might just as well make two arrests as one.

"Stay where you are," spoke he to Mike, as he released the latter's arm, "or I'll kill yer!"

Then he made a sudden dive for Reddy.

Reddy's guilty conscience made him suspect the officer's errand.

He lit out from behind the coal-box and ran up the street like a deer.

Accidents, however, will occur, and Reddy met with one.

A bare-headed lady, rather fleshy, came out of a tenement-house, evidently bound—at least the pitcher which she bore in her hand indicated as much—to some near-by beer warehouse.

Reddy ran against her.

The shock caused the pitcher to fall down upon the sidewalk, and when a pitcher tries conclusions with a sidewalk the sidewalk generally gets the best of it.

At least this sidewalk did, for the pitcher scattered into about fifty different pieces.

The lady who owned it was not of a meek and lovely disposition.

She did not beg Reddy's pardon and ask to be excused.

Reluctantly not.

Instead, quick as a flash, she hauled off with a hand about as big as the dash-board of an ash-cart, and

fetched him a slap upon the ear which knocked him over a hydrant into the middle of the street.

"Take that, ye young devil!" cried she. "Break me pitcher, will ye, wid yez reckless running forninst dacent people. Faix, if ye wur my bye I'd wallop yez wid a strap till ye'd have to walk upon yez hands if ye wanted to walk at all. Do ye suppose I kape a museum av pitchers that ivery bye who comes along can break wan?"

"Get out, yer ould fence-picket," roared Reddy, "git a chisel, and scrape der moss offen yer teeth. Yer ould cart-rung, I'll—"

Reddy's eloquence was suddenly stopped by the policeman grasping him.

"Leave go," Reddy said, changing his tone into a whine. "I ain't done nuffing."

"Oh, no! of course not, you never do do anything," answered the comic policeman. "I'm just arresting you for fun. I'm only going to take you to the station-house, and give yer a bouquet of roses, and a nice little blue ticket with 'Good boy' onto it."

"Ah, wat are yer giving me?" Reddy sniffed. "Wat do yer want me for?"

"You didn't steal that young Mick's clothes, did yer?"

"Just for a joke?" Reddy pleaded.

"Jest for a joke," repeated the policeman, "and it was a nice joke. But it won't be half as nice a joke as the one the judge will play on yer. He's an awful funny old cuss, and he'll fire you up on the island for six months just for a joke. Come along."

He proceeded to drag Reddy along, as if that young gentleman was a bag of salt, which operation was audibly applauded by the fleshy lady whose pitcher had been broken.

"Take him in, officer, alanna," spake she, "and if me testimony is necessary to hang him, I will be at perlice court before the milkmen are up."

"Ah, go broil yer tongue and sell it fer sassage," was Reddy's last conversational shot as he was dragged away.

The policeman merrily waltzed him up to where Mulligan's Boy had been left.

Mulligan's Boy wasn't there.

He had disappeared, faded away as it were, like the dew before the ray of the morning sun, and left not a trace behind.

The comic peeler scratched his head.

"Who would have believed," he soliloquized, "that the Mick had sense enough to scoot? But he has scooted."

Then a ray of relief came to him.

He had Reddy safe enough, one prisoner at least was within his grip.

"Yer desprit young villain, come along!" he remarked, and forthwith was Reddy yanked off to the station-house, where, after a complaint being lodged against him, he was consigned to a prison cell.

Meanwhile Mulligan's Boy was gone.

But where?

That is our duty to tell.

When left by the policeman he had for several seconds stood stock still.

His posture was noticed by a short, fat German boy, who, having been ordered by his employer, who kept a store a few blocks below, to carry a message with the utmost speed, had calmly put the message in his pocket and followed Mulligan's Boy and the policeman, a trait often to be observed in errand boys.

"Shonny," he asked of Mulligan's Boy, "vot vos you doing?"

"Waiting."

"Vot for?"

"Till he was come back."

"Der boliceman?"

"Yes."

"Vosn't you arressed?"

"Yes."

"Und der boliceman vos avay?"

"Yes."

"Vell, you vos a fool to sday here. Skib righd avay owit. You vant to get locked ub py a sdation-house and get a brison cell?"

This awful prospect appalled our hero.

He concluded that the German boy's advice was good; that he would adopt it.

He did.

He scud away down Houston street until he was very near Sullivan street.

There, however, were foes upon his track of which he little guessed.

Reddy the Baby was not the only one who had followed him and the comic policeman.

In fact, the whole of the gang who had robbed him of his apparel, had "stealthily been upon his trail," as the dime novelists say.

They had witnessed Reddy's arrest, and with that swift intuition natural to boys, came to the conclusion that Mike was responsible for it.

They came to one unanimous conclusion.

Reddy's arrest, upon the juvenile principle of hit one, hit all, must be avenged, and Mike must be the one upon whom the vengeance must fall. Therefore when Mike paused, after his hurried flight, to regain breath, he was attacked upon all sides by the youthful brigands.

The attack was over in about a minute. At the expiration of that period, he was prostrate upon his spine in the mud-gutter while the avengers were fled.

Just as Mulligan's Boy, with blackened eyes, bloodied nose, and swelled cheek, not to speak of a cut lip, was picking himself up in a dazed sort of way, a policeman came along.

This policeman was a *rara avis*.

He tended strictly to his duty and took Mulligan's Boy, without unnecessary dialogue, straight to the station-house of his precinct.

There our hero, who had sufficiently recovered from

the effects of his assault to intelligibly converse, gave to the amused sergeant at the desk an account of his adventures.

The sergeant, strange to say, was a man of sense, and he ordered two of the reserve force to take Mike at once to the residence of his uncle, Alderman Patrick O'Dowd.

So the carriage was ordered, for it was decided that Mike in his present guise would not exactly add a graceful glare to any street through which he might promenade, and he and the two policemen getting in, the vehicle rolled rapidly away.

While the vehicle is rolling away, let us speak for a bit about Alderman Patrick O'Dowd and wife.

The alderman in many ways closely resembled a bantam rooster. He was short, like a bantam rooster. He was fiery and quick-tempered, like a bantam rooster, and he was game to the back-bone.

Also like a bantam rooster, and another trait possessed by a bantam rooster, he was proud of himself.

He had risen from nothing, and was glad of it. The biggest man that the world ever produced, in Alderman O'Dowd's eyes, was Alderman O'Dowd himself.

Yet, in spite of his self-conceit, he had a heart as big as his body, although he tried, as a rule, to convince everybody to the direct opposite.

Mrs. O'Dowd had a figure.

That is to say, she was tall, stately, and towered above Mr. O'Dowd like a shot-tower above a shanty.

On the strength of her figure she was aristocratic—and so Mr. O'Dowd frequently remarked:

"'Tis a queen av beauty is Cordelia, but I will have to take her down. Her ideas are too elevated for me-silf."

Yet, strange to say, Mr. O'Dowd never did take Mrs. O'Dowd down—except in conversation.

When we introduced them to our readers the alderman had just arrived from an animated session of the Board of Aldermen, and he was hot and heated and wrathful.

He had flung his coat under the sofa, his gloves under the bed, and slammed his umbrella into a corner with a spiteful vehemence which threatened to break every rib.

His wife noticed that he was agitated.

"What is it ails you, Patrick?" she asked.

"Nothing," was his reply, as he viciously threw his hat against a chair, and then picked it up again, cocking it fiercely upon one ear. "I ain't mad; I'm just as serene as a mill-pond wid a roof over it. I'm joyous, bedad, for I have cause to be! Cordelia, ye are well versed in vocabulary?"

"Three years in Miss Skimpole's Academy for Children of the Nobility ought to inculcate learning in a person," simpered Mrs. O'Dowd. "Why do you ask?"

"Bekase I want to arrive at the definition av a word."

"What word?"

"Cordelia, wur ye iver acquainted wid Alderman O'Riley?"

"No."

"The denial is to yez credit, Cordelia, though I loved ye wid a fierce, impassioned fervor which wud occasion me to suicide if we iver shud part, if iver I found out that ye wur upon terms av familiarity wid that son av a spy, I wud disown ye!"

Mrs. O'Dowd, who was accustomed to such outbreaks on the part of her better half, did not appear to be visibly agitated by the news.

She went on sewing calmly, and quietly queried of the alderman what was the occasion of his outbreak.

"'Tis sufficient cause have I," he made answer.

"Cordelia, in the Board of Aldermen to-day, O'Riley insulted me."

"How?"

"He called me by an epithet av spiteful malice."

"What was it?"

"He said I wur a cynesophalus."

"What's that?"

"Cordelia, if I knew I wud not ax ye. A man loike mesilf, kicked out av me parental abode at seven years av existence by an intoxicated father wid a cork leg, is not expected to be a directhory av language. If ye are not aware what a cynesophalus is, luk in the Encyclopedia and see."

Mrs. O'Dowd obeyed.

She took down a volume from the book-case, and turned to the letter C.

After turning the pages and scanning the columns closely, she finally found the object of her search.

"Cynsophalus," she read—"a dog-faced baboon."

"A what?" yelled O'Dowd.

"Dog-faced baboon," repeated Mrs. O'Dowd, referring to the encyclopedia, to be sure.

It was hard for the alderman to restrain his emotion. He gritted his teeth, and, figuratively speaking, tore his hair, for he really hadn't but one or two hairs to tear.

"I am a dog-faced baboon, am I?" he said. "Cordelia, spake the truth. Do I luk loike it?"

Mrs. O'Dowd, wife-like, replied that he didn't, which answer seemed to assuage Mr. O'Dowd's wrath to a certain extent.

He walked up and down the floor for a while, pondering over the matter.

Finally he came to a conclusion.

"Bedad, Cordelia," he remarked, "if I shud call O'Riley to account for his words, it wud be acknowledging that I considered mesilf upon a par av social equality wid him. Wouldn't it?"

"Of course," answered Mrs. O'Dowd.

"I am not."

"You are far superior, Patrick. Wasn't his father a dog-catcher?"

"Roight ye are. As a gentleman, and a self-made gentleman—for at twelve years av age I wur gargling dirty dishes in a dime restaurant, not to spake av



blackening the cook's boots for fifteen cents a week—I wud be wrong to consider him me aiquil. Faix, for every penny he has I can flash up a dollar bill."

"I know it, Patrick," Mrs. O'Dowd replied, while a shade of vexation could be seen upon her brow, "but I wouldn't speak so much about it."

"About what, Cordelia?"

"Your plebeian origin. Suppose you were in a dime restaurant and did black the cook's boots, what is the use of you telling everybody about it? You should remember my feelings. My first husband, Mr. O'Dowd, was an artist."

As she uttered the words she assumed an attitude which showed off her figure to best advantage, an attitude which seemed to say: "Look at me! Look at my figure. How proud you ought to be that I have condescended to be your wife."

O'Dowd as he usually was, felt crushed.

"Me colleen," he said, "I did not mane to offend ye. I can't help being self-made."

"But don't tell everybody," retorted Mrs. O'Dowd, unbending a trifle. "And, by the way, Patrick?"

"What, me leddy love?"

"The steamer has arrived to-day."

"What steamer?"

"The one which Michael arrives in."

"What Michael?"

"Michael Mulvaney, my nephew, the one we are to take care of."

"It wur not due till to-morrow."

"True, but it arrived to-day."

"Whin?"

"This morning."

"And it is now six o'clock," said her husband, pulling out a watch about as large as himself; "where can he be?"

"It is for you to find out," was the reply he got. "Probably, not seeing you at the Garden, he has gone to some hotel, from whence he will send us news of his safe arrival. Do you know I can see Michael?"

"Where?" questioned Mr. O'Dowd, rushing to the window and peering anxiously out into the street. "Shure, I can't. All I can behold is a coal-cart stuck in the car track."

"I see him," dignifiedly corrected his wife, "not visually, but mentally. He is a pale, curly-haired, blue-eyed boy, with the stamp of intellectuality expressed upon his forehead. His carriage is aristocratic, his mien dignified. He will be—"

There was a sound of carriage-wheels outside, followed by a violent pull at the door-bell.

"Who can it be?" was Mrs. O'Dowd's woman-like query.

"It may be a reporter coming to get me views in regard to the measure intrajocced by Alderman Sweeney, about the propriety av drounding ail av the Chinese in the East river," O'Dowd said, as he rushed to the glass and adjusted his collar. "Cordelia, that collar will bhring me to a premature grave. Niver again will I put a thirteen-inch collar upon a sixteen-inch neck-band. I feel as if I wur being garroted."

While he was speaking a knock was audible at the door.

"Come in!" cried Mrs. O'Dowd.

A procession of three solemnly entered.

Two policeman formed two-thirds of the procession.

The other third was Mulligan's Boy.

They stopped in the center of the apartment, while the alderman glared in surprise at them.

"What does this mean?" questioned he.

One of the policemen responded.

"Are you Alderman O'Dowd?" asked he.

The alderman squared his shoulders and braced himself back.

"If any other man except meself says he is Alderman O'Dowd, he is a liar," was the little sturdy's reply. "What do you want av me?"

The policeman, by way of reply, pointed to Mulligan's Boy.

"This fellow was found just as he is," (here he proceeded to give a full account of the finding of Mulligan's Boy), "and he says he wants to see you."

The alderman gazed at the blackened-eyed, bloodied-nosed, cut-lipped apparition before him.

"Who are ye?" he asked.

Back came the answer:

"Mulligan's Boy!"

"I don't know Mulligan, and I don't know his boy," rejoined the alderman. "What is yez name?"

"Michael Mulvaney!"

The answer appalled the alderman.

He looked helplessly at his wife.

She was just about as discomfited as he was.

She had pictured, as has already been related, a pale, curly-haired, blue-eyed boy, with a stamp of intellectuality impressed upon his forehead, as her nephew. Instead she beheld a frowzy-headed, ruddy-cheeked youth, with the stamp of a fist remarkably evident upon his countenance.

"Are you Michael Mulvaney, son of Michael Mulvaney and my sister, Teresa Mulvaney?" she asked.

"Yis," stolidly answered Mike.

"You arrived this morning?"

"Yis."

"In the same way I behold you?"

"No."

After which answer Mike proceeded to relate to his aunt his adventures.

The alderman listened with a smile of joy upon his face. Here was a chance to take down his wife's aristocratic pretensions, and he was sincerely glad of it, for he was but human.

He dismissed the policeman, and quietly said:

"Bedad, Mrs. O'Dowd, yez nephew does ye credit. His mien is extremely dignified. If he only had a second black eye he wud be taken for a prize-fighter."

Mrs. O'Dowd's only reply was a glance.

But it was a glance which made the alderman quail and shiver.

In it he discerned at least a dozen curtain lectures.

"I—I just spoke in fun," he pleaded.

"Fun in its place is all right," icily said his better-half. "Mr. O'Dowd, you have a spare overcoat, have you not?"

"Yes."

"Then give it to Michael, and take him out to some near-by clothing store and procure suitable apparel for him."

The idea appeared good to the alderman, and he proceeded to act upon it.

He took Mike to a near-by clothing store, where ready-made suits were for sale at all times, and Mike was soon inducted into one.

A gents' furnishing goods store was also visited, and suitable underwear provided for our hero.

And that night at the supper table, in spite of his facial disfigurements, he presented quite a respectable appearance. So at least concluded the alderman, as he stealthily regarded him over the top of the water-pitcher, which, standing in front of him, nearly hid him from sight.

Yet the alderman's mind was not tranquil.

He felt uneasy about the new acquisition to his family circle.

What in the world was he to do with the boy?

Suddenly an idea occurred to him.

He kept, as we believe we have mentioned, a liquor store. As a rule, all New York aldermen keep liquor stores.

"Michael, me bye," he said patronizingly, "what views have ye for yez future career in loife?"

"Haint got none," calmly answered Mike, his mouth full of cake.

"Ye haven't a longing for any particular vocation?"

"No, sir."

"Wan would suit as well as another?"

"Yis, sir," replied Mulligan's Boy, in a burst of confidence, "as long as I have nothing to do and plenty av money."

This candid avowal staggered the alderman for a while, but he quickly rallied.

"The rayson I spake to you thus," went on O'Dowd, "is bekase I have a place for ye."

"What sort of a place?" interrogated Mrs. O'Dowd.

"As second bar-keeper, my dear," replied Mr. O'Dowd. "Young Denny Sullivan, who formerly filled the place, acted as referee at a cock-fight last noight. His duties began at ten, and at half-past eleven he wur in the hospital!"

The look which the alderman received fairly made him shake in his boots.

"Michael a bar-keeper!" she shrieked. "My nephew a dispenser of drinks! No, sir, I thank you. He shall be a gentleman."

"That's it," put in Mulligan's Boy, as he engulfed a pickle, "that is just what I want to be—a gentleman—and wear a goold watch and towels over me shoes!"

#### PART IV.

THE alderman was slightly astounded at the reply of his hopeful charge.

Figuratively speaking, he rubbed his feathers and glared at Mulligan's Boy.

"Ye want to be a gentleman, do ye, and wear diamonds and towels over yez shoes?" repeated he. "Bedad, aspirations av that sort frequently lead to being a jail-bird and wearing a ball and chain."

"Patrick!" said Mrs. O'Dowd, warningly.

But the alderman disregarded her word.

"How ould are ye?" queried he of Mike, who was making the cake-basket look as if it had been visited by a hurricane.

"Fifteen—near sixteen," was the reply.

"Do ye know where I wur at yez age?" questioned O'Dowd, impressively.

"In yez skin, I suppose," stolidly said Mike.

"I wasn't wanting to be a gentleman!" thundered the alderman. "I wur picking cinders at the dump. As for diamonds, I cudn't have tould wan from a globe of charcoal. If I had found the Koh-i-noor I wud have probably thrown it at a dog. 'Twur self-made I am!"

"Anybody could tell that by the result of the job," said Mrs. O'Dowd, as she arose with great stateliness, displaying her figure to the best advantage, while she bent a glance—oh, such a glance of scorn upon the alderman.

The alderman's feathers, figuratively speaking again, slunk down.

He looked appealingly at his wife.

"Cordelia," he pleaded, "you must excuse me; I rarely forgot what I wur saying."

"Mr. O'Dowd," she spoke as she swept out of the room, "is it not humiliation enough for me to be tied to a man whose highest knowledge of art is a red and blue choromo of a race-horse, who has never ascended farther in science than the correct mixing of a gin sour, and who walks placidly and contentedly home with two stuffed roosters, won at a raffle, as ornaments for a lady's parlor? Mr. O'Dowd, good-day."

So saying, she swept majestically out of the room.

The alderman gazed after her in silence for awhile.

Presently his face assumed an expression.

"Michael," said he, leaning over to Mulligan's Boy, "do you know what she is?"

"Me aunt," answered Mike, as he looked sorrowfully at the empty pie plate.

"I mane allegorically spaking, Michael, she's a lily! and don't ye let it slip yez mimory."

The alderman emphasized his remarks with a blow of his fist upon the table which caused the dishes to rattle.

"She's the stateliest woman in all New York," continued he, "and it is proud am I to be her husband. Whin see promenades up Broadway av a Saturday afternoon the stage-drivers stop their vehicles and point her out to the passengers. But, Michael, I will tell ye a saycret."

"What?"

"Ye will niver disclose it?"

"Never."

"Honest?"

"Hold my leg—cross my heart."

"She occasionally needs taking down; and, Michael"—here the alderman impressively lowered his voice—"it is meself who is the cuttle-fish to do it. I haven't did it as yet, for I hate to mortify a woman; but whin I do do it, she will be crushed."

Having thus delivered himself, the alderman put on his hat, his coat and gloves, and started out.

"I have to spake at a mating av the Sixth Ward Electric Loight Association. If ye wish to amuse yezself, there is a patent medicine almanac upon the table. Study it carefully, and ye will receive information av great value relative to the cure av spinal meningitis, which I belave is an affliction av the kid-neys."

Then the O'Dowd disappeared.

Hardly had he vanished before his wife put her majestic head in the door.

"Michael," she said, "I am going to a ball this evening. I will have to leave you to yourself. By the way, Michael—"

"Yis, aunt."

"I dislike your name of Michael. It is too plebeian. Haven't you a middle name?"

"Yis, aunt."

"Is—is it Plantagenet, or De Courcey, or Van Alstyne? Say at least that it is Fitz-Herbert."

"It ain't, aunt."

"What is it?"

"O'Brien."

"Mrs. O'Dowd gave a sigh.

"Heavens!" ejaculated she. "Michael O'Brien Mulvaney! That will never do. I will ask your uncle to use his political influence to have your name changed to Devereaux Claude De Voe, or something like that. Good-night, M-Michael."

"Good-night, aunt."

Mrs. O'Dowd was gone, and Mulligan's Boy was left to himself.

He picked up the patent medicine book and tried to amuse himself by studying the pictures of torpid-livers, cork-screw spines, deformed arms and enlarged hearts, with which that valuable work was adorned. He had just finished a dazed survey of a diphtheriatic throat, when the door opened.

A head, black as a lump of charcoal, appeared.

It had big white eyes, and regular liver lips, while its nose looked as if it had been mashed flat by somebody sitting upon it.

"Yah, Irisher eat mud!" it said, and then it suddenly disappeared, while the door was slammed violently to.

Mike was too surprised at the apparition to make any reply, but stood gazing in open-mouthed wonder at the door, which presently swayed open and the head appeared again.

"Irisher chew hoss-cars!" it said, disappearing like lightning.

"Faix, I must have the noightmare, or the poi has gone to me bhrain," said Mike, "I—"

His remarks were cut short by the third entrance of the head.

"I had a piece of brick,

I put it on a stick,

And I gave it to a flannel-mouthed Mick,"

chanted the head.

This time it did not go away, but rolled its eyes horribly, and stuck out its tongue diabolically at Mulligan's Boy.

"Who are ye?" faintly he asked.

By way of reply, the head, followed by a body, came into the room, the whole forming about as comic a little darkey as one could see upon a variety stage.

He was dressed in a blue suit, with a very stiff white collar, which seemed to be incessantly sawing at his neck, profusely ornamented with big brass buttons, which he was constantly shining up with his cuffs.

"Come in!" said Mulligan's Boy.

The darkey hesitatingly advanced.

"You won't hit me?" asked he.

"No."

"Nor bust my skull with a plate?"

"No."

"Or frow me out of de winder?"

"No."

"Promise?"

"Yes."

"Take your oath?"

"Yes."

"Solemn oath?"

"Yes—yes."

Apparently satisfied, the darkey came in.

"I know youse," he said, volubly, "youse Master Mulvaney, de bossesses nephew. Gwine to stay wif us?"

"Who're ye?" gasped Mulligan's Boy.

"Der missus calls me Hannibal Africanus, de boss calls me 'Nigger,' and de cook calls me a 'black devil.' My right name be Pete. Yause kin call me jist wha youse please."

"What do ye do?"

"Is'e a page."

"What is that?"

"I sweep de sidewalk, black the boss's boots, go out shopping for de carry de bundles wid de ole gal, an' wait on de table when dahs comp'ny. Didn't wait on de table to-night."

"Why not?"



"De cook locked me up in de coal-cellar."

"What for?"

"Kase I cut up an ole rubber hose, put de pieces in de meat-pie dis mawning, and de boss nearly bust him jaws trying to eat a hunk. Golly, but it wuz fun!"

The darkey laughed till his mouth threatened to split from ear to ear, and a thrill of delight pervaded Mulligan's Boy.

He felt assured that Pete would prove a congenial spirit of mischief.

A few minutes' conversation, not necessary to be repeated, showed that Mike's premise was correct.

If ever a spirit of deviltry lurked in a coon, that said spirit lurked in Pete. Being assured that Mike would be an ally, instead of a foe, he grew confidential.

"De house next door," said he, "is okkerpied by Mistah Maloney."

"Who's he?" Mike asked.

"Yer hev heard ob deadly enemies?" Pete interrogated.

"Yes."

"Well, de alderman's deadliest enemy is dat same Mistah Maloney."

"Why?"

"Kase last year when de alderman ran fo' re-election, Mistah Maloney ran against him, and he nearly beat de boss. Fo' dat dey had been de warmest ob fren's. When de boss was out all night, and said dat he was in Mistah Maloney's house, Mistah Maloney always said dat it wuz so; and when Mistah Maloney was out all night at some gas-light picnic, de boss always took his solemn oath dat Mistah Maloney had been sleeping in his house. But dat was all ober now. It be war to de razor between dem. Dey likes one anudder much as a bulldog doe is a tom-cat."

Here Pete paused and looked scrutinizingly at Mulligan's Boy for a minute, as if he wanted to tell him something but was half afraid to do it.

Presently he appeared to make up his mind to risk the consequences.

He gave a whistle.

It was responded to by a second whistle in the hall.

"K," uttered Pete.

"E," came from the hall.

"N," said Pete.

"O," finished the unseen voice.

"Keno! Correct!" exclaimed the unseen voice.

The door, which that evening seemed to be always opening, opened again.

A lad of about Mike's own age, but with a sharper cut and more precocious face, entered. He was nicely dressed, and was puffing a cigarette with that gusto and relish which one displays in the enjoyment of a forbidden pleasure.

"Is it all right?" asked he.

"Didn't we gib de sign and de countersign?" Pete returned. "Dat's efficient proof dat all is right, ain't it?"

He turned to Mike as he continued:

"Dis gemmen is Jimmy Maloney. Him an' me is a League ob Death. De object ob de League is fun, enjoyment, and de destruction ob our mutual enemies. De only one dat we hab destroyed yet is Hans Zwinglebocker's goat, wot butted me over a truck last Saturday. We killed him wif—"

"Arnesic," said Jimmy Maloney, in sepulchral tones; "he kicked up his horns in great agony."

"In great agony," repeated Pete, plainly enjoying the phrase. "We're a powerful organization, we is."

At present me and Jimmy are de only ones who b'long to it, fo' we've jest started. Would you like to join?"

Mike expressed himself affirmatively, and after being favorably introduced to Jimmy, he was sworn in, and as the third member of the awful organization.

Jimmy Maloney, he soon found out, was a son of the gentleman described as O'Dowd's deadliest enemy.

If ever a boy was full of fun, it was Jimmy. It seemed to be irrepressible with him—to boil and bubble up spontaneously. A joke to him was better than a square meal.

Yet he was not vicious.

It was simply the boy's nature—the vent of animal

stead of three scape-graces, "hab decided to hab some debbiltry to-night."

"How?" asked Mike.

"Youse hab obserbed, probably youse habn't—for youse habn't been long nuff in New York—dat dis block am composed ob houses all alike. Dis house an' Mistah Maloney's am in de center. We is No. 134, his am No. 136. Dah am a brown horse-block ob stone befo' Mistah Maloney's, and a white horse-block ob stone befo' dis house, and de idea ob de debbiltry am dis: We take de number 134 off ob our doah and put it on Mistah Maloney's, and we take de number 136 off ob his doah and put it on ours. Den we change de

horse-blocks, for dey am movable. As fo' de numbers, dey is only fastened on wid screws and—"

Jimmy, at this epoch, produced a screw-driver from a pocket.

"That will get off the numbers," he said.

"But what av it?" queried Mulligan's Boy. "Where does the fun come in?"

Pete grinned and Jimmy grinned.

"Youse uncle," Pete said, "went to de Electric Light 'Sociation, didn't he?"

"Yis," confessed Mike.

"Well, he's de Head Electric Light—dat is to say, he's President."

"Indade?"

"Shuah. Aftah de meeting is ober he'll take de whole crowd out an' set dem up."

"Faix, an' what does he want to set thim up for? Can't they set thimselves up?"

"I'se not speaking about de pussons demselves, but 'bout de beverages dat dey consume. You'se 'scuzable bekase you'se not familiar wid American customs. When I say dat he'll set dem up, I mean dat he'll furnish de drinks fo' de gang."

"Shure, I see," blandly answered Mike, who really didn't see at all, but was not going to confess ignorance.

"De result ober de setting up," continued Pete, "is dat he will get slewed."

"What's that?"

Pete looked pityingly at Mike.

"Dat's de result ob foreign education," he remarked aside to Jimmy. "He don't understan' English; spec dat he was borh in New Jersey. Slewed mean dat he will be full."

"Av what?"

"B. W."

"What does B. W. mane?"

"Bad whiskey."

A light broke over the obtuse mind of our hero.

"Ye mane he will be dhrunk," he exclaimed.

"He may not be exactly drunk," Jimmy put in; "but he will be nearly so. It will be difficult for him to tell one house from de other."

"Ki! dat's jess it," gleefully corroborated Pete. "I'se seen him so often. Fust he gets de bearings ob de horse-block; den he looks at de numbah on de dooh to be suah. Put de numbah in a well, an' de alderman would fall into it!"

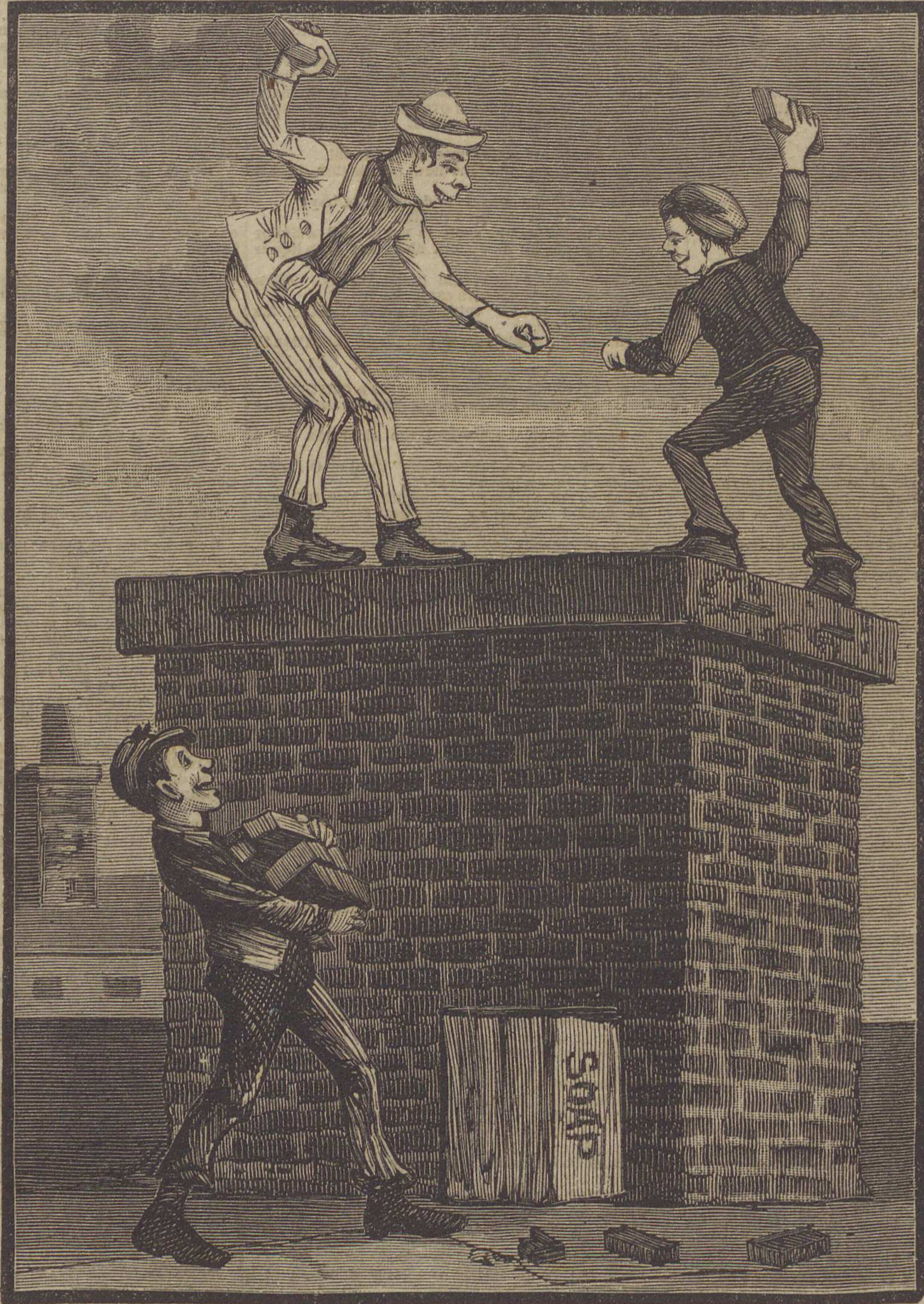
"But don't he carry a latch-key?" Mike asked. "Dat's de beauty ob it," smiled Pete. "De same key dat fits our doah fits Mistah Maloney's. De locks am simultaneous."

Mulligan's Boy understood it at last.

"That's a good joke," he said. "We will do it. They did do it."

It was now nearly 10 P. M., at which hour the neighborhood was quiet.

They succeeded in changing the horse-blocks, which were pieces of granite and quite heavy, and ripping



Mulligan's boy began throwing the bricks down the chimney, in which pleasing occupation he was effectively assisted by Jimmy Maloney.

spirits, which could not be repressed or kept down, and were forced to find an egress some way.

Mulligan's Boy and he became fast friends at once. There is a secret bond of brotherhood between mischievous small boys which is as ancient as Masonry. Jimmy looked first at Pete, after a few minutes' conversation, and then at Mulligan's Boy.

His glances were inquiring, and Pete understood them.

Making a rapid gesture at Jimmy, which was equivalent to "all right," he spoke to Mike.

"Youse am now one ob de League ob Death!" spake he.

Mike said he was in a cheerful tone. He was willing to be anything that furnished fun and enjoyment.

"De League," Pete resumed as solemnly as if the society was composed of a hundred earnest men in-



off the number plates, which were readjusted just where they *didn't* belong.

Then they went to bed as quietly as if they had been to Sunday-school all the evening.

Mrs. O'Dowd arrived home from the ball, and got in all right, for she never noticed the change. She had the locality of her own house down too well.

About three o'clock, just as the milkmen were beginning to sleepily drive after their morning's milk, a cab rattled up the street.

"Stop at er white horse-block," said he.

The cab-driver, in obedience, drove up in front of Maloney's house.

The alderman got out.

He was, as Pete had prophesied, pretty full of corn-juice, but yet the horse-block did not seem to be in the

which he ignited and looked at the number on the door.

"134. That is right," he said, "I believe I live here."

But to make sure of it he took off his hat and looked at the card pasted in it, which read

"Alderman Patrick O'Dowd,  
No. 134 — street."

"Correct," he remarked, taking out his night-key and placing it into the key-hole.

After half-an-hour's abortive attempts he did unlock the door and staggered into the hall.

There was a light burning at which the alderman frowned.

"Begob, the servants take me for a Rothschild," he

"Stick yer head outer ther window an' yell for the cops," promptly replied Jimmy. "I'll yell, too."

He was as good as his word.

Soon the vicinity resounded with cries of:

"Police, po-lice!"

A couple of officers who were seated upon a truck at the corner, socially smoking (for the roundsman had just gone by), heard the outcries.

They grasped their clubs and rushed over the way.

"What is it, mum?" asked one.

"My husband is being murdered!" shrieked Mrs. Maloney.

"Where?"

"In the hall. Break in the door!"

The officers, secure in each other's society, obeyed. They kicked down the door and entered the house.



The alderman's face expressed surprise and consternation. "There must have been an explosion in a brick-yard," cried he, moving his chair back; "what can occasion it?"

right place. He looked at it carefully, with that profound scrutiny which an inebriate often indulges in.

"Whiz is me right han?" asked he of the driver.

The driver told him.

"T'uzzer my lift han?"

"Yes, sir."

"Which way did we come—up or down the strate?"

"Up!"

"Zen somebody's been changing me arms."

"Why?"

"Because ther horse-block shud be upon me lift, an' it ain't. It's now upon me roight."

"Can't help it, sir," was the driver's answer, as he whipped up his horse, having received his fare in advance, and, consequently, didn't care if the horse-block was upon the alderman's head. "Good-night, sir."

"Gooer-night yesif," answered O'Dowd, politely, as he fell gracefully over the horse-block.

By the exercise of considerable strategy he got up again.

"Bedad, the wind is tirrible to-night; it blew me clane off av me pins," he soliloquized.

Then he returned to the study of the horse-blocks.

He discovered that the white horse-block was upon his right.

A smile of delight illumined his face.

"It is all roight," said he. "I—"

He paused, and the smile of delight changed to a frown of chagrin.

"Be Heavens I am facing the other way!" sullenly he said. "I will give ther Chinese puzzle up till to-morrow. 'Tis to swate repose I will go, and tell Cordelia that a sick frind wur sitting up wid me."

"As an expert at excuses I have no peer."

He unsteadily ascended the steps of the Maloney mansion, and after various unsuccessful experiments at lighting tooth picks, finally got a hold of a match,

said. "Here is gas burning all night. Do they conjecture that I have the wealth av the Indies at me beck and call?"

There was a chair near by and he got upon it to turn off the gas.

Either the chair or the alderman was drunk, for they both fell, making a racket sufficient to wake the dead.

Mr. Maloney, who was sleeping up-stairs, was awakened.

He grabbed a stout walking-stick, and started down the stairs to ascertain the cause of the racket.

O'Dowd, who had struggled to his feet, beheld him coming down.

"It's a burglar, be Heavens!" he ejaculated; "a burglar who has thieved me noight shirt! It is lucky I have arroived as I have!"

"Surrender!" yelled Maloney, raising his stick.

"Surrinder yesif!" exclaimed the alderman, as he rushed up-stairs, dodged the blow of the cane leveled upon him by Maloney, and caught the latter by the throat.

The light upon the stairs was dim, and faces could not be easily recognized.

Pell-mell, Maloney and O'Dowd tumbled down the stairs.

They punched, and fought, and kicked, and bit, and rolled over upon the floor of the hall more like wild-cats than men.

The noise they made raised up Mrs. Maloney and Jimmy, also the servants.

Jimmy divined the cause of the uproar at once, and a pleased grin was to be observed upon his face.

"The alderman got into our house," he whispered to himself. "The snap worked all right. Oh, if the other fellows were only here!"

"Jimmy, Jimmy!" wailed his mother, as she peeked over the banister, "there is a burglar killing yez father down-stairs. What will I do?"

There they beheld the struggling pair and quickly separated them.

One policeman held O'Dowd.

The other held Maloney.

"Come, now," said one, "what does all of this mean?"

Simultaneously repeated both:

"He's a burglar!"

"A burglar!" said Mr. Maloney. "I am in me own house!"

"Divil a bit; it is *me* house," said the alderman; "luk at the horse-block and the number on the dure if yez don't behave it."

"Luk," cried Maloney, "me number is 136, and I have a brown horse-block in front av me door."

"Av coorse," said O'Dowd, "me number is 134 and I have a whoite horse-block in front av me door. Gaze out and note the complexion av the horse-block horizontal wid the stoop."

The officer who held O'Dowd released him while he went out to look at the horse-block, also the numerals of the number.

"You are right," he said, when he came back, addressing O'Dowd. "The number is 134, and a white horse-block stands in front of the stoop."

"Thin take that sucker in," ejaculated the alderman.

Here Jimmy Mahoney ran down-stairs, and turned up the gas.

The alderman and Mahoney looked at each other.

"O'Dowd?" exclaimed Maloney.

"Maloney?" exclaimed O'Dowd.

"Robber!" said Maloney.

"Thief!" said O'Dowd.

"Ass!" remarked Maloney.

"Fool!" remarked O'Dowd.

"Ye will burglarize me house!" said Maloney.

"Yez house?—'tis moine!"



"Yez? whin yez buy it," sarcastically Maloney answered; "yez house is next door. O'Dowd, yez have been dhrunk, an' got into the wrong house. In proof av it, here is me son, up-stairs is me woife, an' if ye so desoire, I will illuminate the parlors, an' show ye ther family porthraits."

O'Dowd perceived Jimmy, and dimly perceived Mrs. Maloney.

"Faix, I have made a mistake, but I can't comprehend it," he said, as he gracefully retreated; "who worrucked the transformation in the numbers an' horse-blocks?"

Maloney gave it up, and the two policemen being gratified with a suitable pecuniary recompense for their trouble, retired.

"Maloney," stately said the alderman, as he stumbled up his own steps, "we will see about this later."

"Wid pleasure!"—and both doors slammed.

But the mystery of the change of numbers and horse-blocks was never solved.

The alderman questioned and queried, and even got a highly ornamental, but utterly useless detective to say about and ferret out—nothing!

Greatly pleased at the success of their first joke, the League of Death worked several more within a very short time.

One deserved to be named, particularly. Jimmy and Mulligan's boy were up on the roof flying kites.

There was not much wind, and kite-flying grew to be obsolete.

Suddenly Mike caught sight of the chimneys which belonged to the O'Dowd and Maloney families.

He noticed that several bricks were loose.

"Jimmy," said he, "I have a splendid scheme!"

"What?"

"We'll take those bricks, fire them down the chimney, and break up the kitchen stoves."

"The scheme," seemed "splendid" to Jimmy.

It was soon adopted.

Mulligan's boy began throwing the bricks down the chimney, in which pleasing operation he was effectively assisted by Jimmy Maloney.

#### PART V.

MULLIGAN'S BOY and Jimmy Maloney were ably assisted in their act of pitching bricks down the chimney by Paddy O'Leary. Paddy was a fourth member of the League of Death, he having been admitted to that awful conclave that very same morning.

Paddy was, as his name bespeaks, of Hibernian lineage, and earned a precarious livelihood at blacking boots upon the corner; his stock in trade consisting of a dilapidated chair and a feebly secured foot-rest, upon which the patron whose boots were to be blacked was supposed to place his feet in order that the requisite amount of polish might be communicated to his leathers.

Paddy was red-headed, and docile and tractable.

He considered it a great honor to be admitted to the League of Death, and almost idolized Mike and Jimmy.

For Pete he did not care so much. The antipathy always, except in rare cases, evident between members of the African and Hibernian races was entertained by Paddy.

"The only fault av the League is the African element," he had privately confided to Jimmy. "The colored kid is too promiscuous."

Jimmy, however, quieted him by assuring him that really Pete was not a negro.

"He is a sun-burned American," Jimmy stated.

So it came that, upon the occasion of the brick episode, Paddy was assisting by carrying the bricks for Mulligan's Boy and Jimmy to pitch down the chimney.

It was rare sport.

"That is, for Mike and Jimmy."

They flung the bricks down right merrily; they could hear them clatter and rattle and fall down the inside of the chimney in a highly enjoyable style.

Mulligan's Boy grinned with delight; so did Jimmy.

"Dey'll think it's hailing bricks," Jimmy ejaculated.

"Or dat the chimney's exploded," Mulligan's Boy said, and they laughed in great glee, while Paddy went for another armful of bricks.

Meanwhile, let us change the scene to the front room, top floor, of the O'Dowd mansion.

That room, let it be understood, was the alderman's study.

As he was hardly able to read, and could only write a letter with great difficulty, it was very necessary that he should have a library.

It was a neatly furnished apartment, with a row of book-cases upon one side full of books.

The books had been bought by the alderman at an auction sale, and were chiefly Patent Office and Agricultural Reports; for that matter they might have just as well been Greek volumes or treatises upon Abyssinian architecture, for the alderman hadn't read a blessed one since they came into his possession.

A game of bagatelle or a sitting of Sancho Pedro was a great deal more to his taste than a quiet hour of reading.

But at the time of which we speak, he sat in solitary state in his library, reading a daily paper.

There was a blazing grate fire in the room, which diffused an enjoyable heat about the apartment; the sun shone through the windows, and an old cat and three kittens, pets of the family, played about the apartment.

A half-consumed cigar, fragrant Havana, was upon the table, and a general appearance of comfort made itself felt.

It would appear to a casual observer that anybody ought to be happy amidst such genial surroundings.

Yet the alderman wasn't.

He was the reverse.

A paragraph in the paper annoyed him. It read:

"Upon the bill relative to running steamboats down Broadway, said street to be flooded with water for the purpose, Alderman O'Dowd voted, of course, in the affirmative. Alderman O'Dowd has proved himself this term to be the agent of the monopolists. Every bill in which a promise of money can be seen readily finds a supporter in Alderman O'Dowd. It is understood that the misguided men who voted for his election, over that pure patriot Maloney, have angrily realized the fact, and that a burning of him in effigy will soon occur in his district."

The alderman read over the paper carefully, and at last flung it down. "The idea," he exclaimed, "av the darty ink-slingers having the gall to call me to question for me political acts. Shure, is it any av their business if I support a bill to dam up the East River at Hell Gate and the Battery, and stock the intervening space wid whales for the purpose av encouraging American Fisheries. Sich impertinence is enough to make me raise lager-beer to six cents a glass. And to think how I have given newspaper men credit in me saloon. This piece av business settles it. The next sucker av a newspaper who comes into me place will be met with a club. I will be burnt in effigy, will I?"

The idea so incensed the alderman that he arose from his seat and strode fiercely up and down the floor.

"I know who incited the attack," he remarked; "it was Maloney. He is capable of any Iscariot act. A man who would saycrately place a dead horse in front av yez door at midnight, and have yez arristed the next morning for maintaining a public nuisance, wud be capable of doing anything. That sentence, pure patriot, gives him dead away. But I will have revenge. A nice pure patriot he is!"

The alderman continued to pace furiously up and down.

"Bedad, I have it," he muttered at length. "I will put a telegraph wire across Maloney's threshold to-night, and if Providence favors me, whin he comes out to-morrow he will fall over it and break his neck. If he only *would* kill himself I would forgive him far enough to send a splendid floral bouquet, expressive av medium grief, to his funeral."

Somewhat assuaged at this brilliant idea, the alderman resumed his seat once more.

An ink-stand and a quill pen rested upon the table, and the sight of these articles occasioned a happy idea to the valiant O'Dowd.

"Be gob, I will wroite a card av apology to the paper, stating that whoever says I am a monopolist is a liar."

Just as the alderman was about to reach out for the pen, there was a rattling noise in the chimney, and a brick, accompanied by a cloud of soot, fell into the grate fire.

The coal and sparks flew in all directions, and the alderman started back.

"Is it a brick or a bomb?" he exclaimed; "it may be an infernal machine propelled by Maloney for me destruction."

A cautious survey, however, satisfied him that it was but a brick, the genuine clay-hardened article.

"Where could it have embarked?" questioned he to himself; "it cannot be that it fell down av itself. It must have—"

His remarks were checked by a perfect shower of bricks, big bricks and little bricks, whole bricks and half bricks, juvenile and aged bricks, bricks which had only seen fair weather, and bricks which had endured all kinds of weather.

The alderman's face expressed surprise and consternation.

"There must have been an explosion in a brick-yard," cried he, moving his chair back; "what can occasion it?"

Seized by a sudden impulse, he went forward and put his head above the fire, trying to peer up the chimney.

He was rewarded for the action by receiving a second shower of bricks upon his head and shoulders.

The alderman hurriedly withdrew, just in time to escape a third down-pouring.

"Another sicond and I wud have been kilt," he said, as he rubbed his smitten parts, "but I have ascertained that the bricks are impelled by juvenility. There are b'ys upon the roof."

The way by which the alderman reached this conclusion was by the evidence of his ears.

It did not require extraordinary sharpness of hearing to reveal the fact that the voices heard by the alderman, during his brief sojourn at the fire place, were those of boys.

Farther, he recognized one.

It was that of Mulligan's Boy.

His dulcet remark of:

"Bring more bricks, Jimmy," could be distinctly identified.

The alderman felt his bosom burn with righteous indignation.

"The young rapparee," he uttered, "what a noice way he has to requite me ginerosity so. At Cordelia's request, it was but to-day that I purchased a bicycle, which I intended to place in his stocking to-night as a plisant surprise. Now he will niver aven see a wheel. I will throw the affair over into Maloney's back yard, and have him incarcerated in the Tombs upon a charge av stealing it. For siveny-five cints I can hoire a couple of thramps, who will take their affidavits that they beheld Maloney saycrately sloide down me gutter-poise wid the bicycle wrapt in his arms."

While he was chuckling over this great idea—

"Bang! whack! bang!" descended the bricks down the chimney.

The chuckle ceased ere it was emitted fully from the alderman's lips, and the half-gratified expression which had appeared upon his face the while, gave place to a dark frown, which shadowed his whole countenance.

"Nixt they will be foiring down a tinement house," he remarked. "Be jabbers, I will put a cessation upon it."

The alderman's hat, which was lying upon the sofa near by, was quickly grabbed by him.

He placed it upon his head, and then hesitated. He suddenly realized that he was possessed of no weapon which would quell Mulligan's Boy.

"'Tis eighteen thrade dollars wud I give for a stalwart club," he spoke, "which wud paralyze me hopeful ward. If he wud only fall off av the roof I wud give fifty."

As he articulated his eye caught sight of a cane, one of his own, which sojourned against a book-case.

It was not a bludgeon of a cane, one of those limbless trees which at a time not long distant were affected as being the height of fashion by certain of our brainless bloods, but it was a good article of rattan, calculated to serve admirably as a boy-chastiser.

The alderman grasped it.

He laughed grimly.

"Be Heavens, I will write his autograph upon his own back in welts av blood," declared he, as he tried the rattan by bending it with his hands.

The trial appeared to be satisfactory, for he started up-stairs with it.

Mulligan's Boy all of the while was having lots of fun.

Firing bricks stolen from one chimney down the throat of another may not, perchance, appear very exhilarating to the average reader.

Yet it seemed to afford great pleasure to our hero.

Slam!

Bang!

Slam!

Bang!

He hurled the bricks with an enjoyment delightful to witness, and, like Oliver Twist, of soup notoriety, called for more.

Jimmy Maloney and his faithful adherent, Paddy, were about to respond to the request when an idea occurred to Jimmy.

The bricks, thus constantly being pitched down by Mike (Mulligan's Boy), must attract attention.

The most careless occupant of a house was not going to have bricks glide down his chimney without ascertaining where they came from.

So reasoned Jimmy.

Therefore he kept an active eye about all the while that he was getting the bricks for Mulligan's Boy to pitch down.

His vigilance was not without its reward.

Presently he heard the rattle of chains, the pull back of the hook, which denoted that a scuttle lid was being unfastened preparatory to its withdrawal.

"It's O'Dowd's scuttle," hurriedly whispered Jimmy to Paddy, who was by his side. "Oh, what a racket!"

"What?" asked Paddy.

"If I give it to you, you'll keep it?"

"Yes."

"Keep it dark?"

"Dark as coal."

"No give it away?"

"No."

"Never?"

"Never!"

"I'll take your word," stated Jimmy; "but," he added, as an additional precaution, "if you do give it away, I'll git my father to have you bounced often the corner, and yer chair and blacking-apparatus confiscated!"

Paddy was not fully aware what confiscated meant, but he felt that it was something awful, and was suitably impressed.

"I won't give it away, really I won't!" earnestly said he; "slice my liver if I do!"

"All right," Jimmy said. "You hear that noise?"

Paddy said he did.

The scuttle-lid was old and rusty, and it had not been unfastened for quite a while, for necessity very seldom led the inmates of the house to visit the roof; Mulligan's Boy having ascended by means of the Maloney scuttle.

"Shure, there is somebody thrying to get upon the roof," said Paddy.

"Roight yer are," rejoined Jimmy. "Do yer know who it is?"

"Who?"

"His old nibbs."

"Who's that?"

"Little Bantam—O'Dowd."

Paddy paled.

His acquaintance with the alderman, whose shoes he often blackened, had caused him to regard that gentleman as a very redoubtable character.

"He'll kill us!" he exclaimed.

"No, he won't kill us, or nobody else," said Jimmy, cunningly; "but he will half kill somebody else."

"Who?"

"Mulligan's Boy."

"But we're all together in the job."

"We won't be for long."

"What do you mean?"

"Mike is up in the chimney now, waiting till we bring fresh bricks for him to sling down."

"Yes."

"He don't see us."

"No."

"Well, O'Dowd is coming up here to make it decidedly lively for whoever is throwing the bricks down that



chimney, and I will give you a pointer. Mike has an idea that the chimney is my dad's."

Paddy grasped the situation right off.

"The best thing we kin do is to skip," said he, with great acumen.

"Just wot I said," Jimmy answered. "Now we will slide down my scuttle and lock the lid after us. Then Mike will get all the blame."

Paddy acquiesced.

The pair stole around to the Maloney scuttle and descended down it, Mulligan's Boy never noticing their departure.

They fastened the lid by locking it, and our hero was left to the tender mercies of his uncle.

The alderman had finally succeeded in upraising the scuttle-lid.

He propped it up with a stick so that it would stand, and then crawled out upon the roof, his cane clenched in his hand.

"Be gob, I will cauterize the miscreants!" uttered he. "Where air they?"

He soon found that there was not any "they" about it.

The only person to be beheld was Mulligan's Boy. He was just going to fling his last brick down the chimney when he caught sight of O'Dowd.

The brick dropped from his hand. He assumed a studious attitude, and his eyes were bent, it seemed, upon the distant horizon.

O'Dowd smiled grimly.

"He has discovered me," he muttered; "faix, he will discover me more. Retribution in the shape av me cane will dance a waltz upon the bust av his pants!"

Mulligan's Boy was still scrutinizing the horizon when the cane made itself felt across his legs.

"Ooh! Ooh!" exclaimed he.

"Ye will yell 'ooh! ooh!' wid additional fervor, before I get through wid ye," exclaimed the alderman.

"Be gob, ye will weep tears av blood and shed hairs av anguish. Ye can expect no mercy at me fingers, for yez aunt is away for a week. Gone to visit a female ally av hers in New Jersey, and I have ye at me mercy."

The speaker emphasized his words by a third cut of the whip across Mike's nether member.

"Stop!" Mike bawled, retreating as far away as he could. "What have I did to be bate?"

"What do I bate ye for?" echoed the alderman. "Bekase yez deserve it. Ye wud attempt to kill me wid a flow av bricks down me chimney."

"Faix ye are wrong," said Mike.

"Why?"

"Tisn't yez chimney; it's Maloney's."

"Ye are way off in yez geographical bearing; the chimney is ours."

Mulligan's Boy was an image of surprise.

"Mother av Moses!" he exclaimed. "Jimmy said it wur his father's."

"Jimmy Maloney is a miscreant av youthful years, who eventually will ind up wid a wreath av rope about his neck," spake he. "It serves yez roight fur being beguiled into croime by the infant Guiteau, fur bombardin anybody's domicile wid bricks, or even cobblestones, is a penal offense."

Swish!

Swash!

The alderman's cane sounded viciously upon Mike's legs.

Several previous pranks played by Mike upon the alderman had incensed him, but he had not been able to retaliate on account of his wife's presence.

Now that dread household tyrant was absent, and the alderman had a chance for vengeance.

He improved it, and Mulligan's Boy executed an unpremeditated but lively polka as he endeavored to avoid the blows of the cane.

The polka stopped suddenly.

The cane, raised aloft for an extra blow, stood suspended in the alderman's hand. A look of horror decked his visage. Why was it?

Simply because—

"Mulligan's Boy had fallen down the chimney!"

"Be Heavens! he will be roasted aloive. All that I will have to return to Cordelia av her nephew will be a fistful of human cinders, variegated wid soot," tremblingly ejaculated the alderman.

With a cold dew of fear upon his forehead he clambered up on the chimney.

He looked down.

The chimney was a spacious old-fashioned one, with "plenty of room for Santa Claus to go down," as the old phrase says.

Mulligan's Boy had slipped off in his endeavor to get out of reach of the cane, and fell half way down, then he was stopped owing to the chimney suddenly narrowing.

It wasn't at all a pleasant place to stay in; besides the heat of the fire beneath was too hotly hot to be enjoyable.

Mulligan's Boy roared like a young bull for help.

"Mister O'Dowd! Mister O'Dowd!" exclaimed he, "will ye see me burnt widout assistance?"

The alderman was really about as scared as Mulligan's Boy was.

When his wife had gone away she had warned him to be particularly careful of Mike.

"I desire you to exercise the utmost watchfulness over him," said she. "The exuberance of his youthful spirits may get him into mischief; therefore, I want you to take good charge of him."

How had he did so?

In less than two hours after the departure of his wife he had got Mike stuck fast in a chimney, where there was a cheerful assurance that he would be slowly broiled to death.

What was O'Dowd to do?

How could he face his wife with a cremated nephew?

"Bedad! I must endeavor to rescue the gossoon," soliloquized he. "How will I do it?"

"Mister O'Dowd," wailed Mike, in a smothered voice, "the heat is awful. Me pants will be ablaze in a second. I can smell them scorch now."

His words were as an inspiration to O'Dowd.

They suggested an idea.

The fire must be put out first.

Getting off of the chimney and running to the scuttle, he lifted the lid, and shouted with all the strength of his lungs for assistance.

His call was soon answered.

Pete and the cook, a buxom Irish lady, sometimes Pete's sworn ally, oftener his sworn enemy, arrived.

"Whirra! whirra! what is it?" cried the cook.

"It is a case av loife or death," rejoined the alderman. "Bhring wather—all of the wather ye can!"

"What in?"

"Anything. Bedad, I do not care if ye bhring it in bath-tubs. Fetch it in a clothes basket if necessary."

"Wha' fo'?" Pete asked.

"Ye will foind out whin ye get the fluid. Hurry, or I will discharge both av ye."

This threat appeared to have the desired effect.

In a few minutes both the cook and Pete toiled up the scuttle stairs.

One carried a slop-pail full of water, the other a big pitcher, those being the first vessels they could lay their hands to.

The alderman grabbed the slop-pail first.

He swarmed up the chimney with it.

The cook held up her hands in surprise.

"Whirra! whirra!" exclaimed she, "the boss is as mad as a maniac. Luk at him diving up the soide av the chimney loike a monkey!"

Paying no heed to her exclamation, the alderman dashed the contents of the slop-pail down.

Mulligan's Boy gave a yell.

"What are ye doing?" shouted he. "Ye are drownin' me."

"Give me the pitcher," ordered the alderman, disregarding his cries.

Pete handed it up.

Splash!

The second shower of water fell over Mulligan's Boy.

"Mister O'Dowd!" shrieked he, "do ye mane to kill me?"

"Kill ye?" said the alderman. "I am saving yez loife. If I don't extinguish the foire beneath ye, ye will be suffocated."

"But what is the good av throwing water over me, ye blamed ould fool?" wailed Mike; "why don't ye go down to the room where the foire is and rake it out?"

The alderman scratched his head.

"Begob, I niver thought av it," he blankly said.

## PART VI.

MULLIGAN'S BOY'S words, as we said, suggested a new and untought-of idea to the alderman.

He realized that it would be decidedly better to go down-stairs and rake out the fire than to extinguish it by pouring water down the chimney.

It was more advantageous to put out the fire at the bottom than at the top, for the latter alternative involved a possible, not to say probable, drowning of Mulligan's Boy.

And Mr. O'Dowd shuddered as he anticipated the result of his ward's demise.

Retributive justice in the form of the stately Cordelia stared him in the face.

"Bedad, if the young divil dies, me loife will be ashes av roses, a purgatory reigned over by a fay-male," he muttered. "Peter, ye are acquainted wid the locality av me studio?"

"De study," grinned Pete.

"Yis, ye black profile. Go to it at wanst and obliterate the foire. Crush ivery coal as ye wud a snake. Do yez duty well. If I come down and foind a spark left as big as the eye av a needle, 'tis murder ye I will. I will immure ye in the sub-garret where we kape the ould furniture and starve ye to a cadaverous grave upon bread and wather. Fly, I tell ye."

Pete flew.

He was too well acquainted with his master's hasty temper not to do so.

He recognized the fact that, if he did not fly, as ordered, the slop-jar or the water-pitcher, or any other missile handy, was liable to be flung at him, in order to accelerate his speed.

He dived down the scuttle and out of sight as quickly as a pantomime sprite disappears through a trap-door.

He did his duty very quickly.

The fire was soon extinguished, and Pete returned to the roof.

The alderman by this time had confided to the cook what all of the trouble was about.

"What, Norah, will I do?" he asked.

"Ye moight get a pole and poke him down," said she.

The alderman communicated the idea to Mike, who, remarkable to state, would not agree to it.

"Aven though I am an orphan," he said, "I do not want me head battered into hash."

"Thin what will we do?" desperately interrogated O'Dowd. "The bye has got to be got out some way."

"Tear down the chimney," spake the cook; "he will be free thin."

"And me roof will be ruint," despairingly answered the alderman. "Shure it is hard luck to be obliged to tear up fifty dollars av roof for about five cints av bye. But me position as Head Center av the Society for the Prevention av Cruelty to Animals obliges me to act. I will subsidize a hook and eye—I mane ladder company—to do the tearing down."

Pete arrived back just in time to catch the last part of the alderman's remarks.

He ventured to put in his oar.

"Dah's no good, sah, ob youse sending foah a book and laddah s'ciety," said he. "We kin get Massa Mike out."

"How?" queried O'Dowd.

"Berry easy."

"Well, confide it."

"Jess get a rope."

"For what?"

"To save him. We puts der rope down de chimney, Massa Mike takes hold ob it, den we pull him up. Jess as easy as eating soup."

"Av coorse," answered the alderman. "Wur I not just to propose it meself! Pete, go down wid the agility av a swordfish and procure a rope. Embezzle the clothes-loine if ye can find nothing bether."

As the alderman's house was not a store house for ropes, Pete was forced to confiscate the clothes-line, which article he breathlessly but triumphantly produced before his master very soon.

"Heah it am," exclaimed he. "Jess de propah capah. You lower it down and tell Massa Mike to put it beneaf his armpits."

The alderman frowned savagely.

"Ye African imp!" he remarked; "ye are altogether too forward for your age an' situation. The first thing ye are aware av, I will emancipate ye from my sarvice by bouncing ye off av the roof. Ye are nothing but a naygur!"

"Nigger's good as a white man," sulkily said Pete.

"In fiction, but not in fact," returned the alderman.

"What wur the famous dispatch av Napoleon after the battle av Bunker Hill? Said he, in words whose historical import will niver be forgotten: 'The naygur throops fought nobody!' Hand me that rope, ye human imitation av a thunder-cloud!"

Pete hurriedly gave the rope to his master's keeping. Slowly O'Dowd let it down the chimney.

"Michael!" cried he; "if ye value yez existence, catch onto the hemp!"

Mike, stuck fast in the flue, felt the rope descend upon his shoulders.

He was able, after several futile efforts, to extricate one arm, with which he grasped hold of the clothes-line.

Mike was, as you well know, an Irishman—no, rather, an Irish boy.

Therefore it is no wonder that he, with the greatest of aplomb, proceeded to put the rope about his neck.

"All roight, pull away!" cried he.

The middle of the rope was held by the alderman, who was perched upon the coigne of the chimney, the far end was secured by Pete and the cook; and, by the way, the cook was a lady who was not at all deficient in muscular powers. Her arms would have done credit to a longshoreman.

The trio pulled.

The result was that the rope tightened around Mulligan's Boy's neck to an extent which nearly prevented speech.

But not quite.

"Aisy! aisy!" bawled he (that is if a hoarse half-choked whisper can be called a bawl), "the rope is killing me. Wud ye have me strangulated? Lift me aisy, for the rope is around me chin."

The alderman gave vent to a cry of half disgust, half pity.

"If there wur a gould badge offered fur the champion fool Cordelia's nephew wud secure it," said he; "the idea av his placing that rope about his neck. Bedad, I belave he prefers to die av suffocation freely instead av legally, and if it wur not for Cordelia I wud pull away."

"If it wur not for Cordelia!"

That simple sentence was a key to the alderman's career. He was a self-made man; he was proud of it, and lost no opportunity to expatiate upon it. He had worked and struggled and fought to gain a competency; to be independent of adversity in the great conflict of life. Yet this man, successful as he had been pecuniarily, was but a puppet in the hands of his wife. He had courage enough, if necessary, to beard a lion in his den, but when it came to facing Cordelia—and her figure—he felt as humble and insignificant as an ant before a turtle.

Really, we suspect, "if it wur not for Cordelia," that Mulligan's Boy might have remained in that chimney until he was dead.

But as affairs were he was forced to the rescue. The rope was lowered again, and Mulligan's Boy put it beneath his arm-pits.

"All ready?" yelled the alderman.

"All ready," was the roped one's answer.

"Take aholt av the coil av rope," commanded the alderman, of the cook and Pete.

The order was obeyed.

Pete and the cook upon the roof, took a grasp upon the rope, their example being followed by the alderman.

"Pull!" said he.

They pulled.

The result might have been easily anticipated. The cook and Pete pulled fully fifty per cent. harder than O'Dowd, and pulled him off of the chimney.

He landed upon the roof with a dull thud. But he was soon upon his feet.

"Who done it?" exclaimed he.

"Who done did what?" Pete asked.

"Knocked me off av the chimney-pot?"

"Guess de rope did," Pete said, looking at the cook. "We pulled harder on do rope dan you did; de result wuz dat youse fell off."

"I am perfectly aware of it," he replied; "if I hadn't fell off, I wudn't have been where I am at present. Yez motive may be good, but yez muscularity is too forcible. Ye may mane well, but ye are too physically expressive in yez demonstration av the same. If I hadn't landed upon me head, it is kilt roight I'd



have been. Yet, I will not rebuke ye. To the rescue again."

This time they all pulled together.

Mulligan's Boy slowly arose, and helped his exit from the confining walls of the chimney by digging vigorously into them with his elbows, knees and feet, thus materially assisting the efforts of the rescuers.

Finally he appeared above the surface of the chimney, and a nice looking object was he.

He was black-faced, smut-nosed, watery-eyed, and the suit of clothes, nearly new, which he had on, were ruins of raiment. The most enterprising clothes dealers of the keenest speculative nature would not have given fifty cents for the whole suit.

"Catch hold av the biricks, ye bogie boy," bawled the alderman. "What a soignt ye are. Place ye in a

"N," Mike uttered.

"O," finished Pete.

"Keno—correct," Mike remarked.

That settled the darkey's exuberance of feeling, for was not that the formula of that awful organization, the "League of Death"—one of the by-acts of which declared that every member, upon pain of death, must stick by, aid and abet all of the other members?

Did not the same by-law state that the death of said recreant member was to be simply and unostentatiously torn to death by wild horses or calmly chewed up by alligators, a clause in the constitution mercifully giving him the alternative. Peter's conscience told him that he had not acted right in making sport of his associate. He made haste to remedy his mistake.

"Scuse me, Massa Mike," he uttered. "Jess youse

facial bath, and a large quantity of that useful cleanser had gotten into Mike's eyes, not adding at all to his vision, but adding decidedly to his irascibility.

He had his hat on and a carpet-bag in his hand.

"Good-bye, Mr. O'Dowd," snorted he, defiantly;

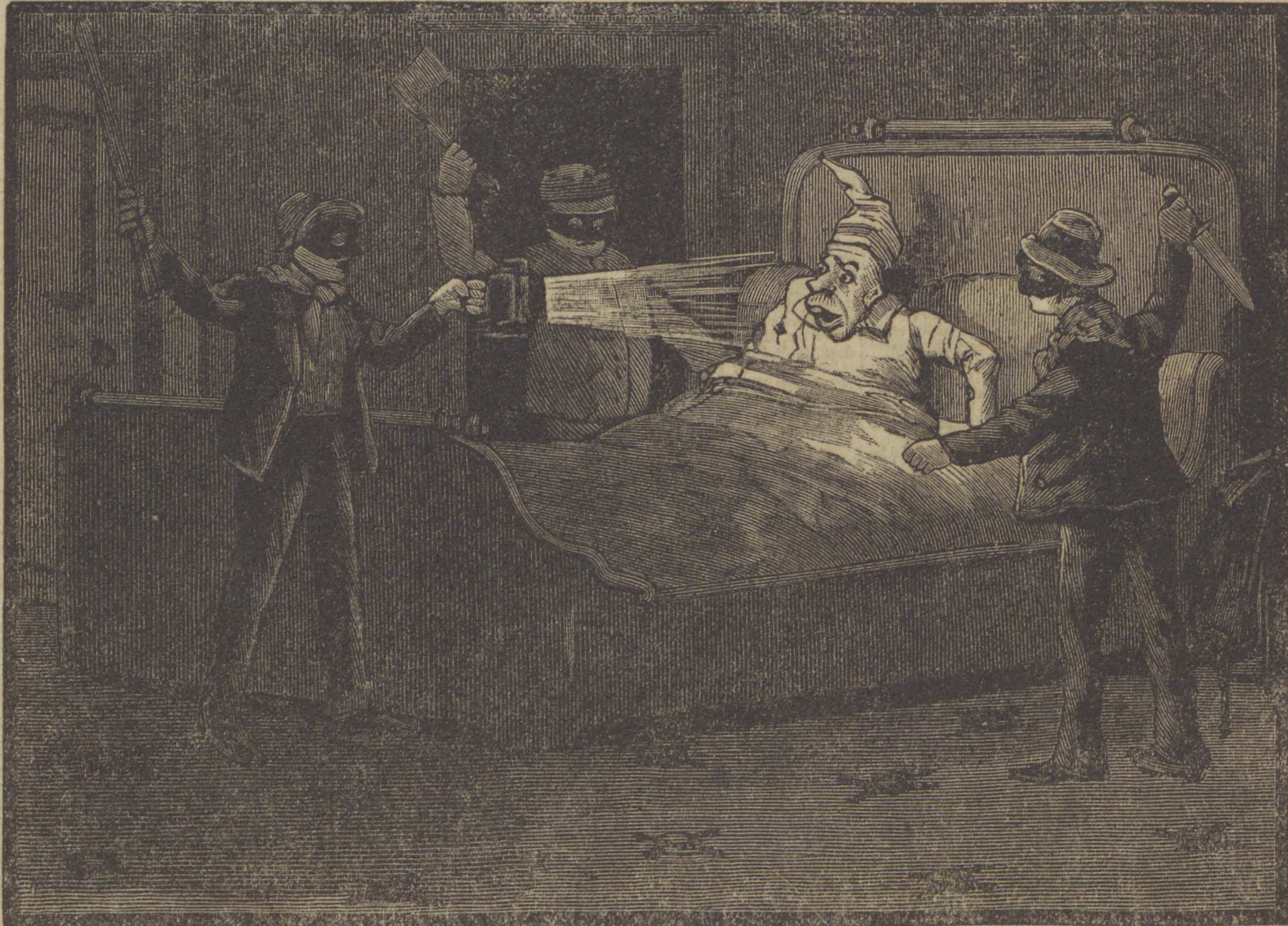
"I'm a going away."

"Going away!" repeated the alderman, taken all by surprise. "Going away!—where are yez going?"

"To be a pirut," fiercely said Mike. "I'm going to scuttle ships loike a thune pirut. Plaze tell Aunt Cordelia that I will find her home the first ship I scuttle as a philopena. Good-afternoon."

Mulligan's Boy made a stately, dignified bow (that is, about as stately and dignified as a jumping-jack in ill-health), and made a sortie for the door.

The alderman was after him in a twinkling. He re-



*They ranged themselves about the alderman's bed. As they did so, Mulligan's Boy coughed. He didn't mean to, but he couldn't help it. The sound awoke the alderman. He started up in bed. The three masked figures confronted him.*

morgue, and ivery corpse wud awake to loife, an' rinder the kaper's office a senecure."

The alderman really could not be blamed for his uncomplimentary remarks, for Mike was the saddest, smirched boy one ever saw.

He jumped dolefully down from the chimney.

He was half-crying.

"You'll get it," he wailed, as he brushed his face with his arm, therefore more thoroughly distributing, if such was possible, the black over his face, "you'll get it."

"Who will?" queried O'Dowd, struck by his conscience.

"You."

"Me?"

"Yis."

"Why will I get it?"

"Bekase if ye hadn't stbruck me wid yez cane, I wudn't have fell down the chimney. Jest wait till Aunt Cordelia comes home."

The alderman felt a cold shiver pervade his limbs.

He realized what his wife's—alias Aunt Cordelia's—conduct would be.

Visions of curtain lectures, too numerous to estimate upon, floated before his eyes.

"Be aisy, Mickey," said he, pacifyingly. "Go down-stairs, and, after ye bathe yez countenance wid cowl'd water—I advise ye to employ a hose—I will spake wid ye. Ye are too excited, also too sooty, to rayson wid now."

"Ki! dat's jes so," Pete put in. "Golly, Massa Mike, but youse am purty! When I'se looking at youse I'se spect dat I'se looking into a looking-glass an' seeing myself."

Mike glared at Pete.

"K," said he.

"E," Pete replied.

follah de boss' words. Come right down de stairs an' I'sell fix youse up all right."

Mulligan's Boy was willing, and he and Pete soon were out of sight, down the flight of wooden steps which led to the scuttle.

The cook followed next, the alderman bringing up the rear guard.

He had noticed the interchange of pass-words between Pete and Mike.

"K-e-n-o," said he—"it spells keno, and it is a gambling game. 'Tis meself who has lost many a dollar upon it, and is it possible me hopeful ward, wid his black accomplice, has been initiated into its worrukings! If I had proof av it, I wud lather him well wid the business soide av a shingle until he wud be forced to ate his meals in a stiffly erect attitude, for ivery stoop av his frame wud bbreak a blisther. Bedad, I will lather him anyway, out av principle's sake."

The last idea pleased O'Dowd so well that he hooked the scuttle very carefully, and jocularly pitched the buxom cook a quarter for her trouble.

"I will have the burglar alarum rung for a telegraph boy, who will speed wid electric swiftness to purchase a shingle from the nearest marble-yard. I believe I will have a few nails put in the shingle, too, their pints to mate Mike's flesh."

As he spoke he sat down in the easy chair, before the raked-out grate-fire, and was about to touch the knob of the telegraph-instrument within his reach, when Mulligan's Boy came in.

He was washed to a certain extent, but not fully.

The light may have been bad, or the water weak, or the soap of a delicate constituency, or the sponge with which Mike was cleansed at Pete's hand fragile; at any rate, big streaks of soot were visible upon his countenance, making him resemble a sort of two-legged zebra around the head.

Pete had not been sparing at all of soap in Mike's

alized what would be his fate at Cordelia's hands if Mike escaped.

"Pause, fresh bye!" exclaimed he; "wud ye mate an awful fate; wud ye be torn to pieces?"

"Who by?" asked Mike.

For the first time in his life was the alderman guilty of imagination.

"The whoopa-whoop is abroad!" he uttered; "he will tear ye limb from limb and spit yez mangled remains out upon the sidewalk."

Mike paused.

"What is the whoopa-whoop?" questioned he.

"The whoopa-whoop," rejoined the alderman, racking his brain for a fairy tale, "is a horned American baste, full of ferocity and fleas, which is incorporated in the American coat of arums adjacent to the aigle. It is protected by act av Congress, special legislation, and is allowed to sthroll about the avenues and ate up anybody it may fale loike to—especially about this toime av the day."

As luck would have it Pete put his woolly head and smiling black face into the room at this juncture.

"Pete," he remarked, fixing his eye upon the darkey, "Mike is about to lave. He can go if he wants to. I will dismiss him wid me benediction and a foive cint piece, unmutilated, but for his own welfare have I tould him about the whoopa-whoop! Ye know what it is?"

Pete didn't.

Nobody else did or probably ever will.

Yet, when he beheld the alderman's eye fixed upon him, he stammered out:

"Yes."

He was a knowing little coon, quick to "catch on," as the slang goes, and he had a very well founded upon experience idea that if he did not coincide with his master's remarks, he was likely to get a shoe or a boot flung at his head.



That was the reason why he said "yes," and looked at the alderman as if awaiting farther instructions.

"Ye well know the character av the whoopa-whoop!" continued O'Dowd, racking his brains as to what he should say next; "the whoopa-whoop is a—is a woid, untrameled—untrameled mastadon."

"Untrameled mastadon," repeated Pete.

"He has steel claws."

"Steel claws."

"And breathes foire."

"Breathes fire," cheerfully attested Pete.

"Upon this block," continued the alderman, gaining fresh courage, while he still kept the black Ananias transfixed with his eye. "How many byes did he ate last wake?"

wan of those bright flashes av intellect which place me far above me fellows."

Meanwhile Pete and Mike were having a confidential chat down in the kitchen.

"Didn't he jess fill youse chuck full?" Pete said, admiringly.

"Full av what?"

"Whoopa-whoop."

"Is there a whoopa-whoop?" cautiously asked Mulligan's Boy.

"Youse am fresh. De whoopa-whoop am a creation ob de boss'. He got it up so dat youse wouldn't runned away. Remorse chewed at his wittles fo' being de cause ob youse falling down into de chimbley, and he didn't want youse to go away."

"But I am going away," said Mulligan's Boy.

"But when the cook goes down after coal, she will foind him," objected Mike.

"She will not, because we will kill the cook," Jimmy returned. "We will bury her in the back-yard."

Jimmy's cool blood-thirstiness made such an effect upon the boys, that he was chosen leader right away, which post he accepted in a quiet little speech, in which he promised to torture every and all enemies of the League by such effectual methods as boiling in oil, crucifying, scalping, etc., etc.

Midnight found all arranged for the robbery and abduction of the alderman.

The disguises were procured by Jimmy, and armed with various weapons they stole up to the alderman's room.



"Bedad, a dangerous band av criminals," O'Dowd declared, with a twinkle in his eye. "Faix, instead av a League av Death I wil make it a League av misery."

"Guess 'twas six," sides de ole apple-woman, an' she doan't count," rang in Pete. "Dar wuz a hand-cart, too, dat he wuz suspected ob devouring."

The alderman removed his eye from Pete and looked at Mulligan's Boy.

That young gentleman was in a quandary.

He was thick-headed and gullible, but even thick-headedness and gullibility have their limits. The whoopa-whoop tale was a little too much for him to swallow without a protest.

While he was hesitating what to say he caught sight of Pete indulging in a series of gymnastic grimaces behind O'Dowd's back.

The grimaces were to the effect that Mulligan's Boy should take off his hat and remain where he was.

Mike recognized that he ought to obey, for was he not one of the League of Death; was not Pete another, and were they not bound to obey each other?—one of the beauties of the dread league being that all of the members must obey each other implicitly, a somewhat vague but nevertheless highly satisfactory rule, as it placed everybody upon a free and equal footing.

Therefore Mike took off his hat, which was his only earthly possession, and decided to stay.

"I will wait till the whoopa-whoop goes away," said he, following Pete out into the hall.

The alderman wiped the sweat of mental effort from his forehead.

"'Twur a narrow escape," said he; "if the bye had absconded Cordelia wud have driven me to a suicide's grave. I have had as sliought an escape from silt-destruction as I did whin I wur foreman av ould 'Black Jake Hose,' and 'Blue Nigger Truck No. 3' dumped the whole company, including the hose-cart, off av the dock into the East River, simply because we had kilt their foreman the wake before. Be Heavens that whoopa-whoop yarn was a glorious invintion. It is

"Wha'?"

"Going to sea."

"Wha' fo'?"

"Be a pirut."

"I'ee gwine away, too."

"Where?"

"Out West, to be a train-robbah. Jimmy's going to be a train-robbah, too."

"Bedad, the League shud always sthick together," Mulligan's Boy said; "instead av going to sea I will go wid ye."

"Pete was very much affected with Mulligan's Boy's resolution, and that night a meeting of the League, all except Paddy, was held in the O'Dowd kitchen, the cook being away."

It was agreed that just as soon as possible the League should start West to capture trains.

"We will lead a life of rapine and gore," spoke Jimmy, who recollected the words from some novel. "The boundless prairies will be our home, and we will revel in gold; we will have a cave, too, where we will seclude our booty from the sleuth-hounds of justice."

The only draw-back of the scheme was that the future conspirators were but illy supplied with funds. Six cents, one five-cent piece (lead), one penny (bad), were all of their assets.

Pete suddenly had an idea.

"We'll rob de boss," said he; "he always sleeps wif his pocket-book beneath his pillow. We'll diguise ourselves, sneak into his room, wake him up at de deadest ob midnight, and force him to deliber up to us all ob his valuables. He will never 'spect us."

"Agreed," solemnly said Jimmy. "I have another racket; we will abduct him."

"Abduct him?" exclaimed Pete and Mike.

"Yes; and place him in irons in the cellar. Then we will make your Aunt Cordelia pay a ransom for his recovery."

The door was unlocked.

They entered as noiselessly as possible. Like specters they crept in.

They ranged themselves about the alderman's bed. As they did so, Mulligan's Boy coughed. He didn't mean to, but he couldn't help it.

The sound awoke the alderman.

He started up in bed.

The three masked figures confronted him.

"For the love av Cordelia!" exclaimed he; "what do I see. Who is it that has placed the wax-works in me room? Is it a noight-mare or a reality?"

#### PART VII.

THE alderman, sitting up in his bed, was almost paralyzed at the three figures which encompassed his bedstead.

It was no wonder.

The trio was enough to paralyze anybody.

Their hideous disguises, not to speak of their up-raised weapons, were really quite appalling.

And their words were more appalling.

"Surrinder or doi!" exclaimed Mulligan's Boy, in a sepulchral voice.

That voice gave him dead away.

Before, in the episode of the chimney, had his voice betrayed him, now it did so again, for the alderman recognized its accents.

He took a careful survey of his surroundings.

Their forms revealed to him very plainly that they were not men.

"Cordelia's hopeful nephew is up to some additional diviltry," muttered he. "I belave I can aisily recognize him beneath that porous-plaster mask. Niver moind, but I will circumvent him. But first I will diplomatize."



So the alderman pretended to be having a perfect fever and ague of fright.

He shook all over.

"Who—who are ye?" asked he.

"The League of Death!" sternly said Jimmy.

"What do ye want?"

"Your hoarded gold."

"All av the hoarded gould I possess is a three cint piece engulfed beneath the clock. I placed it there for roots."

"You lie. Beneath your pillow is a pocket-book. Surrender it and come with us."

The alderman shook harder than ever.

"Spare me," begged he.

"The league spares none," feebly answered Jimmy.

"Step out of bed."

The alderman obeyed.

He got out.

Jimmy advanced.

In Jimmy's hands were a pair of rope handcuffs, manufactured by himself. With these he proposed to manacle the prisoner who was to be.

"Put out your hands, tyrant," exclaimed he.

The "tyrant," as exemplified by O'Dowd, did put out his hands.

Not the way desired by Jimmy, however.

He put them out right from the shoulder. Every blow told, and the touch of the alderman's fist was not as light as a feather.

He was the owner of good bunches of bones, and he knew well how to make the best use of them.

Whack!

Jimmy received a blow which sent him upon the floor, with a dazed sort of an idea that a thunder-bolt had suddenly struck him.

Smack!

The alderman, with great agility, sprang over Jimmy's form, and soaked it into Mulligan's Boy.

Mulligan's Boy sank sweetly down, too much surprised to wonder what sort of an earthquake had been woken up.

Pete turned to flee.

All of the wild, desperate, gory spirit had left him.

"Fo' de Lawd! I see a dead coon!" exclaimed he, as he struck a bee-line for the door.

His master, however, was too quick for him.

He grabbed him by the neck, as a terrier would a rat, and flung him down.

"Bedad, blood will tell!" bawled the alderman, excitedly. "I have laid out three already. Bhring me the rist till I furnish capital for a morgue!"

He waited a second for "the rist," but no "rist" appeared.

"I belave I have already extirpated the whole residue," presently he said. "I will turn on the loight."

He did so.

By the bright glare of the gas he was able to see the faces of his assailants, for his unexpected and vigorous attack had caused the masks to drop from their faces.

"As I expected," he continued; "it is me darlint Cordelia's proide, Mulligan's Boy, who has figured as a Claude Duval, and his accomplices are the naygur and, be heavens, Maloney's kid, James!"

A smile suffused the alderman's face as he identified Jimmy.

"It is up to Sing Sing to study shoe-making ye will go for foive years, me laddybuck," gleefully said he.

"How it will annoy yer father to have a son who wears striped clothing. Bedad, me revenge has arrived at last. Little did ye know, Maloney, whin last noight ye tied two cats by the tail and flung them in me studio window to annoy me, whin I wur preparing me bill to compel ivery owner av a canary bird to muzzle it in June and July, for fear av the hydrophobia, that I would so soon be able to wreak me vengeance. Thru, the cats fought all over the room and made it luk as if it had been the scene av a colliery explosion, but I will be quits. Come here, ye scullion-faced baboon!"

Jimmy obeyed.

"What did ye mane, ye pink-eyed caribou," respectfully requested the alderman, "by masquerading into me room?"

"We were only in fun, sur."

"In fun, hey?"

"Yis, sur."

"Ye meant to scare me, I conjecthure."

"Dat wuz jess de puppos ob de league," put in Pete, who couldn't keep quiet.

"What league, ye blackamoor?" said the alderman, turning fiercely upon him.

"De League ob Death, sah," faltered Pete.

"Ah, ha! so you have a League av Death, eh?" queried O'Dowd.

"Yes, sah."

"Do ye all three belong?"

"Yes, sah."

"Who ilse?"

"Paddy, the boot-black."

"Bedad, a dangerous band av criminals," O'Dowd declared, with a twinkle in his eye. "Faix, instead av a League av Death I will make it a League av Misery. Mulligan's Boy, go to bed. Maloney's kid, go home. Pete, bounce; I will attind to ye to-morrow. Meanwhile I will kape your pistols and other weapons. I will confiscate thim, and presint thim to the Old Men's Home. There are several veterans of 1812 in that institution who may derive great deloight from playing soldier wid thim."

The alderman's words sufficed.

Mulligan's Boy, and Jimmy and Pete slunk away.

All of their bravado was gone.

They did not want to be train-robbers any longer. They had an ample sufficiency of it.

Next day, true to his word, the alderman "attended to it."

He sent a note to Maloney, which resulted in a whipping with a solid leather strap, which Jimmy recol-

ected for a long while. For a whole week the act of sitting down brought it fresh to his recollection.

Mulligan's Boy was punished by being locked up in his room for several days and fed upon a diet of bread and water.

As for Pete, he was discharged, a proceeding which did not affect Pete at all, for he was always being discharged, remaining away for a couple of days and then being taken back again.

O'Dowd kept Mike incarcerated for several days, as we have mentioned.

There came a letter, one bright morning, from his wife, stating that she soon would be home.

The letter came to O'Dowd like a shower of water upon a slumberer.

It opened his eyes to what the consequences of his conduct might be.

Would Cordelia approve of his having locked up her nephew and banqueted upon the viands stated.

"Bedad she will not," emphatically he mused; "me only course is to make up wid the young divil. For sufficient pecuniary consideration he will kape his organ av conversation sealed. I will confer wid him at wanst."

So Mulligan's Boy was sent for, and arrived decidedly penitent. He had had all of the League of Death he wanted for awhile.

"Michael," sternly said the alderman, "if it wur not for me raygard for yez aunt are ye aware where ye wud be now?"

"Where?" feebly asked Mike.

"Upon the gallows."

"Wh—why?"

"Why? Ye are aware that I am an alderman. An alderman in New York city is a bigger man than Queen Victoria in England. The dignity av his person is sacred. For only knocking off me hat wid a snow-ball a news-boy was sint to prison for loife. Yet ye and yez rascally villains meant to abduct me and place me, chained, in a cellar."

"Niver will I do it again," Mike wailed.

"Ye will niver have the chance," said the alderman, watching the effect of his words. "To-morrow I place ye aboard av a catamaran, bound for Iceland, and the captain has ordhers to pitch ye overboard as soon as he gets out av the soight av land."

"Please don't," wailed Mike.

"I had fully resolved upon it," replied the alderman, "but there is something in yez blue eyes—if ye wud occasionally wash them the blue wud be more audible—which reminds me av a baby brother av mine, to whom I wur very much attached, but who now slapes in the grave—for he died before I wur born. For his sake will I spare ye, but upon wan codicil."

The alderman probably meant condition, and Mike understood it so, for he weepingly asked what it was.

"That under no consideration ye spake av the affair to yez aunt. Yez aunt, Michael, is afflicted wid leprosy av the jugular vein, and if iver she heard av yez conduct, it is wearing mourning for her ye wud be in a wake. Do ye promise?"

You bet Mulligan's Boy promised.

He would have promised anything to get out of that room and off of the bread and water menu.

"Thin I will forgive ye," spoke his uncle, magnanimously. "Here is a trade dollar; take it and spind it as ye plaze—excpt that I forbid marbles. I stepped upon a marble at the head of the stairs yisterday, an' I niver wint down to the door so quick in me loife. Whin I arose it wur a plisant surproise to me not to foind the ind av me spinal column exuding from me mouth!"

Mulligan's Boy was delighted at getting off so easy, and he was also delighted at the trade dollar.

"Thanks, uncle," he said, "I won't niver say no wurred to anybody."

"Bedad, if I wur ye I wud spind the dollar upon a grammar," remarked O'Dowd; "that is, if I had the schooling ye had. I niver had any schooling. At yez age I wur beautifying windows in a Reform School wid a rag, for it is a self-made man I am, and—"

"Ding!—ding!—ding!—ding!—ding!—ding!—ding!—ding!—ding!" went the brassy-noted clock upon the mantel-piece.

"Ten o'clock," exclaimed he, "and the procession moves at twelve. And, shure as St. Patrick dhrove the snakes out av Ireland, I haven't ordered me steed yet. Michael."

"Yis, sir."

"Will ye do an errand for me?"

"A dozen if ye wish."

"Do ye know where Levi O'Rourke's Parisian stables are?"

"Yis, sir, roight a few blocks beyant."

"Roight. Proceed to thim and ask him, O'Rourke, for a saddled horse fit for me to roide. I have to turn out wid the Volksgarten Musketeers, a German society av great influence in the ward. 'Tis a butter-cup I will be on horseback. I'll wager that ivery hotel we pass will have its windies full of chambermaids, waving towels at me. In confidence, Michael, I do more mashing thin any man av me soize in the city."

Mike took his hat and left.

He soon reached the Parisian stables.

There he found Mr. O'Rourke, a short, thick-set man with a barn-yard smell pervading his clothes, and a wisp of straw in his mouth.

Mike explained his errand.

Mr. O'Rourke gave a whistle of perplexity, removed his hat and scratched his head, evidently for inspiration, put his hat on again, chewed vigorously at the straw for several minutes, and then said:

"Der alderman struck me bad. I've only got one hoss jess now. Dat's his Duke."

As he spoke he pointed to a gray horse who was calmly chewing up the post to which he was tied.

Mike surveyed the equine.

He appeared all right to Mike.

He told Mr. O'Rourke so.

"Oh, he is all right," returned Mr. O'Rourke. "He's gentle enough, he wouldn't shy at a wagon load av hyenas with their tails burnt off, and he's a good traveler, but—but—"

"But what?" queried Mike.

"He's got one fault."

"What?"

"Funerals," said Mr. O'Rourke, chewing vigorously away at his straw.

"I don't understand," said Mulligan's Boy, with a puzzled air.

"I'll tell yer," said O'Rourke, spitting the straw out and substituting a tooth-pick in its place. "I used to furnish kerridges ter undertakers. It's a rule av der business allers ter put der best team av hosses inter ther first kerridge—the one which holds the head mourners near to der corpse; av course dey ar the principals in der persesh. Dat hoss followed hearses for eight years, him an' a mate. 'Bout six weeks ago der mate died, and Tombstone—dat's his name—wuz left out av employment, 'specially as I went outer furnishing funerals. I hired him out several times; went all right till he struck a funeral. The young fellow I lent him to was going to the park. Tombstone got right in behind the hearse; young fellow tugged at the reins, used the whip, nearly sawed the brute's jaw off. No good. Young fellow fetched up inter Greenwood Cemetery, head mourner behind a man whom he never knew in his life. Nice racket, wasn't it? Same thing happened twice after; innocent parties bound for picnic grounds landed helplessly in grave-yards. So I ain't letting Tombstone out."

O'Rourke's speech opened a grand vista of fun in Mike's mind.

Suppose his uncle should strike a funeral procession?

"'Tis the only horse ye have," asked he.

"Yes. All the rest are out," replied O'Rourke.

"Thin I'll have to take him. Uncle said to get any koid av a horse."

"Yer can have him," was the reply; "but I won't be responsible. Here, Micky (to an interested hostler), saddle Tombstone."

The hostler obeyed, and Tombstone, who was really a nice-looking brute, was caparisoned.

He was given to Mulligan's Boy's guardianship, while O'Rourke, who had chewed up his tooth-pick and was starting upon a lead-pencil, looked at him.

"Remember one thing, bye," he called out, as Mike led Tombstone down the street.

"What?" returned Mike.

"Kape away from funerals!"

"All right," answered Mike, as he took the horse over the cobble-stones.

When he arrived at the house, the alderman was all ready to mount the steed.

And a vision of loveliness, a fit head for a circus procession, was he. He wore a big red hat with a big green feather, a big blue sash was crossed over his breast, and a big sword, which plainly rendered him very uncomfortable, dangled against his big boots, which were garnished by big spurs.

Several small boys stood around and gaped at him in admiration.

Mike led up the horse.

"Here you are, sir," said he.

The alderman was plainly pleased at Tombstone's appearance.

"Ye did well, Michael," said he; "from the cock av the crathur's ears I can tell he is a thorough-bred. Give me a leg."

Mulligan's Boy obediently assisted Mr. O'Dowd to mount.

Having placed himself firmly in the saddle, the alderman gathered the reins up and prepared to cavort away.

Quite a crowd by this time had gathered. Their remarks of admiration were heard by the alderman, and pleased him greatly.

"Ain't he swate?"

"He looks like a fairy."

"Get onto that hat!"

"Stag the gold lace."

"He must be a general."

"Or he's an Hindian killer."

"It's an advertisement."

"Only one in the city."

So they ran up, while the worthy O'Dowd at last started off.

"Be a good bye, Michael," were his last words, "and tell the cook she needn't wait supper. If me expectations are fulfilled I will be too full to care for catables av any sex."

A pull of the reins, a prick of his spurred heels, and he pranced chivalrously away, followed by the plaudits of the spectators.

"Arrah, but what a gift it is to be popular," he soliloquized, as he checked his horse just in time to prevent it from running into a bob-tail car. "If Maloney were in me place he wud have been saluted wid bricks instead av cheers. Ivry boy in the ward wud have deemed it a privilege to cover him wid mud. Be gob, I wish I could get off on foot and luk at meself on horseback. I belave that I am the image av Napoleon the Great at the battle av Bull Run," so he soliloquized as he rode on.

He was near the place of meeting where the Volksgarten Musketeers were to congregate, and clad in holiday apparel, he them away to the festive strains of a brass band to a suburban park, where they were to shoot for various and costly prizes, ranging all the way from a pair of suspenders to an alleged diamond ring. The skies were blue, the air was balmy, a crippled Italian played merrily upon an organ, all seemed enjoyable to O'Dowd, especially as Tombstone moved at an easy pleasure-going gait.

"Shure, he is a pet," his rider said, stroking the



beast's neck. "I am in luck; for getting a good saddle-horse out av a livery stable is loike foinding a deed for a gould mine in a prize-package."

Alas, poor alderman!

Little were you aware of what the wheel of Fate was slowly but surely turning around to you.

As he came to a corner a funeral procession, led by a somber, black-plumed hearse, came up the street.

The alderman checked his horse for the cortege to pass.

Ill-advised act, for if he had headed off the pageant of woe, there is a bare probability that Tombstone might have passed on.

But, as we stated, the alderman reined up.

At the sight of the hearse Tombstone's ears stood up and his nostrils panted. The memories of by-gone days were evidently resuscitated.

He barely let the hearse pass, then darting suddenly forward he rushed in between it and the following carriage, jostling the horses attached to the latter out of the way.

The alderman was paralyzed.

"What do ye mane, ye rebel?" cried he, tugging away at the bridle.

Tombstone didn't mind the tug a single bit.

With head bent down he was meekly and decorously following the hearse.

The driver of the first carriage yelled at the alderman.

"Git out, yer blamed fool!" he yelled, "this ain't no place for yer."

The alderman tugged more.

No use.

Tombstone, with stately, sorrowful step, kept his nose against the rear of the hearse.

The engineer of that chariot of woe turned about.

"Wot are yer doing?" he called out; "this ain't a circus parade; it's a funeral. Are yer a relative?"

"Av who?" asked the alderman.

"The corpse?"

"No."

"Friend?"

"What wur his name?"

"Delancey."

"Did he kape a furniture store?"

"No—he was a blacksmith."

"Don't know him."

"Then the best thing yer can do, if yer ain't a relative or a friend, or don't know the gent in the hearse, is for yer to git right out av line. If yer mean ter distribute circulars yer've struck the wrong place."

"Tisn't me fault," rejoined the alderman, "'tis me horse's. The bloody four-footed son av a spoi won't move. Ye haven't oats in the hearse, have ye?"

"Likely story," was the driver's answer. "Yer can't tally me. Yer ridiculing the whole procession, yer are! Git out, or I'll call a cop."

Really, the alderman was not exactly fitted to appear in a funeral line, especially as chief mourner.

One is not apt to connect the idea of grief with a gentleman arrayed in a big red hat, with a big green feather, a big blue sash and big boots, with spurs and a sword by his side.

People stopped and looked at him, for his situation was about as suitable as a wagon load of crape-clad mutes would be in a bridal train.

Public indignation began to be manifested, cries of disapproval arose upon all sides.

"Shame!"

"He's drunk!"

"The rascal ought to be arrested!"

"Or lynched!"

"He must be crazy!"

"Somebody ought to shoot him!"

"Hang him to a lamp-post!"

"Knock him off of the horse!"

"The idea of his making a mockery of grief that way!"

The cries were audible to the alderman, and he began to feel afraid. He knew the headstrong nature of a New York crowd. It generally acts first, then reasons afterwards.

He kicked the horse.

He spurred it.

He leant back and pulled its tail with a misty notion that it might possibly be induced to go backward.

He actually unsheathed his sword and clubbed the brute's side with its naked blade.

He might just as well have tickled it with a feather.

Tombstone would not get out of line.

The threatening cry arose with fresh vigor from the augmented crowd:

"Knock him off of the horse!"

The alderman arose in his stirrups.

There was a paleness of despair upon his face.

"For Heaven's sake," shouted he, addressing the mob, "don't knock me off av the horse—knock the horse from undher me!"

#### PART VIII.

The crowd was surging up toward the alderman, full of wrath at his action.

No matter how bad a man may be, there is a certain reverence for the dead within his breast. And to think that the alderman, robed almost like a circus clown, for in gayety of apparel and brightness of colors he was not much behind a mimic of the ring, was, to all appearances, deliberately mocking at the corpse by riding behind the equipage which conveyed him to his last resting-place, was enough to incite anybody to deeds of violence.

Stones were hastily picked up by a dozen eager hands.

In a moment the alderman would have doubtlessly received a volley, had it not been for the brother-in-law of the corpse.

The brother-in-law was red-faced and broad-shouldered.

Great lumps of muscle, which persisted in standing out upon the brother-in-law's arms, above the elbows, denoted that, physically, he was not a canary-bird.

And he wasn't a canary-bird.

Not much!

He was a butcher! a genuine Washington Market beef-chopper.

He got out of the second carriage and surged up to the hearse.

"Why don't the funeral proceed?" asked he.

The driver of the hearse pointed back to the alderman, by a jerk of his thumb.

"S'pose I'm goin' ter head a funeral wid such a looking galoot as dat next ter me. Yer bet not!"

The butcher, visually speaking, weighed O'Dowd and his horse up.

"It's a shooting gallery target on horseback, an' on a lush," he remarked. "Say old cigar fer every time you hit the bull's-eye, get out!"

"Bedad, all nature wud be a fairy-land to me if I could," replied O'Dowd. "I would, but it wouldn't."

"What wouldn't?"

"The Derby winner. I belave I have cut the brute's mouth to fragments, but he will not sthir a sthep."

The butcher would not believe it.

"You can't give me no fat, you galvernized equestrian," gently said he. "If you don't get that horse out from behind the hearse I will!"

"Do it," serenely said O'Dowd.

The butcher pushed his hat over upon the back of his head, rolled up his sleeves and grabbed Tombstone's bridle.

He pulled.

Tombstone quietly braced his feet and resisted the effort.

Tombstone won.

The bridle broke and the butcher landed unexpectedly and painfully upon the cobble-stones.

The alderman smiled serenely.

"If I were you, I would pull again," he observed. "Nixt toime take the mottled charger by the tail. That will not bhreak."

The crowd laughed.

The average street crowd is as fickle as an April day—one moment showers, the next sunshine. Before they were willing to tear the alderman off of the horse, now they were his allies.

The butcher by his ludicrous fall had become the butt.

As they had bawled out at O'Dowd, so now did they bawl at the butcher:

"Ye dropped something."

"Git a sponge an' wipe yerself up."

"Did it hurt?"

"Who fired the brick?"

"Dere's an ambulance comin' fer yer."

"The city will sue you for the dent in the pavement."

"Did yer think the bridle waz steel?"

"Golly, wat a pull yer must have."

These remarks did not tend to soothe the butcher's temper, which was decidedly ruffled by his fall. You sit down unexpectedly and with force upon a nice hard pavement and see if it makes you feel good-natured.

The first person he beheld when he got up was the alderman, who sat upon his horse grinning away like a baboon, for in his moments of hilarity there was certainly a decided resemblance between the O'Dowd and a baboon.

The butcher jumped like a bull-dog for the alderman.

He pulled him off of the horse by one leg and proceeded to pulverize him.

He rolled him over and over on the cobble-stones, and gave him a kick and a punch at every roll.

But O'Dowd was not much left.

He fought like the little bantam that he was, and gave his assailant just about as good as he received.

The driver of the horses saw a good opportunity to get away.

Leaving the two to fight it out, he licked up his horses.

The horses moved on.

And Tombstone, with head bent down, remained and solemnly followed on behind as if he was the last loving relative of the dead man.

The carriages rolled on, but the spectators repaired to witness the fight.

The two combatants kept at it with unabated fury, and might, like the famous Kilkenny cats, have kept at it till nothing was left of either, if it had not been for a policeman who suddenly appeared, and went to work separating the antagonists, not by moral suasion, but by his club.

Club logic is more effective than language always, and a few stiff taps of the locust soon stifled the fire of pugilism which had raged so fiercely in the breasts of the butcher and the alderman.

They suffered themselves to be parted and dragged up by the collar, one collar in each of the policeman's hands.

The policeman was in a dilemma as he recognized the faces of both of the fighters.

"Alderman O'Dowd—Mr. Cutlet!" he exclaimed.

"Patrolman Riley," said the alderman, as soon as he regained his powers of speech, "take in this man. He has attempted to murder me."

"Pat Riley," said the butcher, wiping away the blood which was flowing over his mouth from a cut-lip, "run in that monkey-faced assassin."

O'Riley hesitated.

"Alderman O'Dowd—Mr. Cutlet," reiterated he, "what do you mane? It is a nice thing, is it not, for gentlemen like you to be brawling upon the street. Why is it?"

They both began explaining.

They spoke together, however, and the officer, confused by the mixture of words, could not make out either of

their statements. As was stated before, he was acquainted with both of them. It was the alderman's influence which had placed him upon the police force, and it was the butcher, Cutlet, who had married a sister of his. So, between politics and domestic affairs, bold patrolman O'Riley was in quite a fix. He solved it in a way worthy of Macchiavelli.

He suddenly raised his club.

"Begone, both av yez," he said, with great ferocity, "or it is club ye to atoms I will. Fly, ye vagabonds."

The alderman and Mr. Cutlet concluded that they had better obey his orders.

So, with a glance of mutual hatred, they parted, the alderman to go home, the butcher to race wildly down the street in pursuit of the funeral procession.

The alderman arrived at his home, followed by an interested crowd of small boys, who yelled and hooted at his generally demoralized appearance.

Mulligan's Boy was reclining absently upon the stoop, looking at a game of marbles, when his uncle arrived.

The cigarette dropped from Mulligan's Boy's mouth; a shade of fear crossed his face.

"Be Heavens! the horse must have met a funeral!" he exclaimed; "he lugs as if he had journeyed through a hay-cutter."

The alderman came up the steps while the small boys, evidently laboring under an idea that he was drunk, stood at a respectful distance, and yelled "Hooray!" with all the vigor of their youthful lungs.

Mulligan's Boy descended quickly to his uncle's assistance.

"What ails ye?" he asked, as he helped O'Dowd up the steps into the house.

"Ails me, nothing," was the answer.

"But yer face is all bruised."

"It is not bruised—it is the heat rash," was the alderman's reply, and that was all he vouchsafed about the adventure, although Mike found out about it later, as Tombstone was seized at the entrance to the cemetery and publicly advertised, Mr. O'Rourke being forced to pay about five dollars to regain his precious acquisition.

For the next two or three days Mr. O'Dowd did not stir out.

The butcher's brawny fist had left marks upon his person which required the hand of Time to obliterate.

Yet he was consoled, partially, for every cloud has its silver lining. The silver lining of the alderman's cloud was the fact that Cordelia had written him that her stay in New Jersey was to be prolonged for a week or so longer.

In the exuberance of his spirits over this intelligence the alderman asked Mike to sleep with him.

Mike, of course, could but comply.

So one night found Mike undressed and in bed, while the alderman, partially disrobed, sat upon the sofa looking over the evening paper.

The alderman generally took off his coat and read the first page. Then he doffed his vest and pants and struggled through the second page. Off went shoes and socks, and the third page was finished. The last page and the alderman's night-shirt generally went on together.

He was reading the third page of his favorite journal at the time of which we speak.

One article appeared to interest him greatly.

"Bedad, bye," he presently uttered, addressing his nephew, "it is terrible!"

"What?" asked Mike.

"The scourge."

"What scourge?"

"Av small-pox. Have ye read to-noight's paper?"

"No, sir."

"It is lucky ye have not."

"Why, sir?"

"The statistics raygarding the small-pox wud chll yez young blood. There are already forty cases av small-pox reported in Calcutta."

"But Calcutta isn't here, sir."

"True; but small-pox, so the article says, can be communicated by personal contact. It can be carried in wan's clothes, and it wur but a wake ago that I saw Gerald Docharty, and he is first cabin-boy on a Calcutta steamer. Suppose I should be afflicted with the small-pox?"

"How does it begin?"

The alderman referred to the paper.

"Small-pox," he read, "begins with severe pains in the back, headache, fever and excessive thirst. Presently small crimson blotches appear upon the face," and he kept on reading till Mulligan's Boy was fast asleep, for nothing so induces sleep as the drawl of a monotonous reader.

An hour, perhaps several hours, passed by, when Mike was awakened by a kick in his side.

He started up in bed.

The gas was turned out, but the bright rays of the moon shining in at the window revealed the fact that the alderman was in trouble.

He was splurging about the bed like a whale out of water.

His face was distorted.

His fists were clenched.

His night-cap was all awry, and his knees were doubled up almost to his chin.

Plainly he had the nightmare.

"Small-pox!" gasped he, making a sort of unconscious effort to stand upon his head. "I've got it; I know it. Be jabers, luk at the crimson blotches!"

Then he made an ineffectual endeavor to bite off his toe-nails and subsided for a while.

Mulligan's Boy was now wide awake.

So wide awake was he, that an idea, an idea utterly wicked came into his head.

He looked at the nightmare afflicted alderman, who appeared to have succeeded, at least partially, in tying his legs around his neck.



"I'll do it," grinned Mike. "I'll do it if I am kilt for it."

So saying he crept silently out of the bed.

He made his way to a small table by the bureau.

Upon that table was a small bottle filled with red ink, said bottle being used frequently by Mulligan's Boy for writing letters, for ink of a sanguinary color just suited the natural piratical disposition of Mulligan's Boy.

The light was turned out, but the rays of the moon lit up the apartment perfectly.

Mulligan's Boy glided to the table and picked up the ink bottle.

He uncorked it.

From a safe upon the wall did he take a match.

He dipped it into the ink.

up in a wad at the canaries, in the hope of stilling their song.

They ceased for awhile, and, gratified at the result, he proceeded to partially dress.

"Shure, I fale as if I had been out all noight wid the byes," he said. "Me head feels like a balloon. I couldn't have slept aisy last noight; I must have the noightmare. Come to recollect, I belave I did have the noightmare. It dimly occurs to me mimory that I wur laboring undher an idea that I had the small-pox and wur being carried off to the hospital. I—"

He suddenly paused.

"Me face feels as if it wur dried," said he. (And so it did, for the drying of the ink had naturally affected the pores of the skin.) "I will waft meself to the glass and take a luk at me countenance."

broom which the housemaid had dropped. "Stand off!"

The alderman put down the glass and pranced madly about.

He was half crazy.

"To think that ather being vaccinated foive toimes that I should mate wid the small-pox," said he. "Oh, I will die, I know I will!"

The cook and housemaid meanwhile had scurried out into the street.

Policeman No. 684, a particular friend of the buxom cook, was passing by, leisurely swinging his club.

He was astounded at the sudden appearance of Norah and Lettina.

"Vos you blaying teg, girls," asked he, in his German accent, for he was a son of the saurkraut.



The alderman sprang in upon them, the glass clutched in his hand. "By the piper who played before Moses!" he exclaimed, "I have the small-pox! Luk at me face; it is full av crimson blotches. Mike, if ye love me, sind fur a pest-house!"

Then he crept silently but swiftly to the bed where the alderman lay.

The nightmare was plainly afflicting Mr. O'Dowd yet, for his posture was changed.

He had untied his legs from about his neck, and was lying flat upon his back, sparring fiercely at some unseen enemy.

Mike managed to deftly dimple his face with the ink.

Several visits were necessary to the red ink bottle before the alderman's face was fully finished.

When Mike had concluded the job to his satisfaction, O'Dowd was a nice looking sight.

His face was ink-blotches all over; it looked as if a blood-rash had suddenly broken out upon his face.

Mike surveyed him by the friendly light of Luna.

"I have done it well," said he; "bedad, whin he awakes in the morning and beholds his vaccinated visage, it is the jim-jams he will have."

And Mike crept into bed, just as if he was a nice, good little boy, who never did what was wrong, and was soon sound asleep.

He was up, however, long before the alderman, and was down-stairs talking with the milkman's boy long before O'Dowd had shaken off the chains of slumber.

The shrill notes of his wife's canaries awoke O'Dowd.

He raised himself up in bed, and shook his fist at the feathered vocalist.

"Whativer Cordelia beholds in those devils I do not see," exclaimed he. "Faix, I wud just as lief have a pair av twin fog-whistles for pets. The first loight av the day sets them to singing, an' whin wanst they are singing no slape is possible. Some day those birds will be missing, and although we will have quail upon toast that same noight, I bet that me leddy woife will niver tumble."

The alderman got out of bed and flung a sock done

Unsuspectingly he walked up to the glass.

He took but one look.

His mirrored features fairly rendered him incapable of utterance for awhile.

He staggered back.

He grabbed a chair for support.

"Blissid St. Patrick!" exclaimed he, after awhile, just as soon as he recovered his breath, which appeared to have been temporarily knocked out of him by that one glance in the glass, "me face appears as if it had been used for a pin-cushion. What can occasion it?"

Not daring to look into the bureau-glass again, he grabbed a small hand-mirror.

He furtively peeped into that.

His face looked worse than ever.

"Have I the mayles?" exclaimed he, "or—or bejabbers, it is the small-pox!"

The last part of the sentence was uttered in a shriek.

A panic seized him.

He rushed wildly down-stairs, three steps at a time.

Finally he ran into the sitting-room, where was Mulligan's Boy, the cook, and the housemaid, a blithe Irish damsel named Lettina.

The alderman sprang in upon them, the glass clutched in his hand.

"By the piper who played before Moses!" he exclaimed, "I have the small-pox! Luk at me face; it is full av crimson blotches. Mike, if ye love me, sind fur a pest-house!"

The alderman's speech drew a result similar to that which would have followed upon the explosion of a bomb-shell.

The cook and housemaid uttered simultaneous yells, and fled as if for their lives.

Mulligan's Boy, to keep up appearances, yelled also.

"Help! help!" shouted he, as he picked up a

The cook beheld in him a friend in need.

So did Lettina.

They fairly hurled themselves upon his person and flung their arms around his neck, greatly to his surprise, and not to say discomfiture.

"Mein grachus, girls, vot vos ye apout," he queried. "I vosn't a masher. I vos engaged. I vos nefer dink auf you but as a friend. Vos you been daking laughin-gas?"

"Oh, Mr. Beerman," they both exclaimed in chorus.

"Dat vas my name," returned he.

"Save us."

"Save you?"

"Yes."

"From vot? Where vas he?"

"Oh, it isn't a man," replied the cook, clinging tight to him.

"Vas it a woman?"

"No, no!"

"Den vot vas it? a peast?"

"No—small-pox."

"Small-pox," repeated the guardian of public morals; "small-pox! Where vas it?"

"In the house."

"The house you vas yoost gom out auf?"

"Yes."

"You vas oxboxed to id?"

"Yes."

The sturdy policeman's face paled, and he hurled both of the females away.

"Bounce! get away," roared he, "you vos put your arms about my berson, und you vas haf been oxboxed to it. Himmel, und I vas an engaged man, mit a date to meet mine Katy dis night; vomans, advance vun inch towards me, und I vill club you if you vas my grandmutter."

With which threat he fled away as if he was a professional runner instead of a policeman.



The alderman, during the occurrence of the above episode, had sunk down upon his sofa a mental wreck. "Small-pox!" he groaned. "Av all the diseases to be kilt by! Why, when I fell into the river at the picnic av the Johnny McCarty Guards last summer, wur I resuscitated by a boat-hook and rolled upon a beer-keg for an hour an a half only that I moight live to do av the small-pox? Small-pox! Not a person will be at me funeral—not a representative of a target company. And it has always been me ideal to have a populous picnic at me obsequies. It is a matter av conjecture if I aven get a tomb-stone, not to breathe av a monument. It is lucky I will be if I even get a shingle stuck up over me head."

Here he noticed that Mulligan's Boy was yet there. "Mike," said he, "for Heaven's sake flee!"

"me to be carried away in a common ambulance. I should have conjectured that knowing me political rank they would have at least sint a barouche!"

## PART IX.

Yes, it was so.

At the alderman's door stood the ambulance, while a spry young doctor, recently licensed to kill or cure, pitched away his cigarette, jumped out of the rear of the wagon and hurried up the steps.

He tugged at the door-bell.

Mike responded.

"Where's he?" queried the doctor.

"Who?" asked Mike.

wur as merry as a gad-fly upon the back av an army mule."

The young doctor bit thoughtfully at a tooth-pick which he had fished out of his pocket.

"Very strange," he muttered. "How do you feel now? Are you unwell anywhere?"

"Bedad, I will confess I am not," answered O'Dowd. "I am fully capable av sparring wid a beef-steak if I were allowed to."

As he spoke he drew his hand across his face. Fear had rendered the hand moist with perspiration.

The moisture caused the ink-spots to blur and run together.

The young doctor started back, as he caught sight



Soon both of the conspirators were at work with jack-knives upon the harness of the cab-horse, while the unconscious driver nodded above their heads.

"What for?" inquired Mike, with apparent innocence.

"Do you wish to expire?"

"Av coorse not."

"Then flee, fool! I have the small-pox."

"Dade, I belave it."

"Are ye mad?"

"No, sir."

"Thin flee! Ye will catch it."

Mike put on an air of affectionate resolve.

"Uncle," said he, "I will not lave ye. It is me place to stay wid ye. If ye had the plague I wud not forsake ye."

This unexpected affection fairly moved the alderman to tears.

"Mike, me gossoon," he said, "I did not expect this. I niver rayalized that ye cared so much for me. I may not have exactly thrated ye roight, lad, but I meant well. Ye will not be sorry for yez acts—if ye do not die av the small-pox also. I will lave to ye me diamond stud—ye cannot tell it by noight from rale—and me gould watch. When the gould wears off ye can get it replated for a trifle."

Hardly had he ceased speaking before a noise was heard outside.

Clang!

Clang!

Clang!

It was the sharp, successive strokes of a bell, accompanied by a rattle of wheels.

Mulligan's Boy sprang to the window.

He pulled aside the curtain and looked out.

"Hey, uncle!" he exclaimed, "it is the—the—"

"What?"

"Ambulance!"

Alderman O'Dowd gave a groan of despair.

He sank in a heap upon the floor.

"To think that I have kum to this!" he gasped;

"The case."

"What case?"

"The small-poxer."

"Nobody possesses small-pox here."

"See here, young fellow," answered the young doctor, "you can't conceal it from us. Didn't a policeman come around to the Hospital and give it dead away about the alderman having the small-pox? He's got it, and I've got to get him. Where is he?"

Mulligan's Boy pretended reluctantly to yield.

"He's in the parlor," he answered. "Plaze trate him kindly."

The young doctor eagerly assented.

He went into the parlor.

There was the alderman reposing upon a chair, a picture of woe.

"Who are ye?" he feebly asked.

"Ambulance surgeon," was the reply.

"The vehicle outside is yez?"

"Yes."

"'Tis a small-pox caravan?"

"That's about it."

"An' meself is meant for its inmate?"

"Precisely."

As the young doctor spoke he took a look at O'Dowd's spotted phiz.

"You've got it awful bad, it appears," remarked he, "but I must say the postules are rather remarkable. When were you taken?"

"Last night."

"Have a pain in your back first?"

"No."

"Limbs ache?"

"No."

"Head ache?"

"No."

"Feel bad before you retired?"

"Fale bad! Faix, I felt loike a two-year-ould. I

of the transformation in his proposed patient's visage. He went up and felt of the alderman's cuticle.

Then he wet his finger tip, and rubbed it over said cuticle.

The spots disappeared.

The doctor gave a low whistle.

"What are ye piping about?" queried O'Dowd. "Be gob, I see no occasion for whistling. It is a corpse I moight be in an hour, for, judging from the complexion av the spots, it is the red small-pox I have."

The youthful boss of the ambulance grinned.

"You needn't worry about dying," he replied.

"Whoi?"

"You ain't go it."

"Not the small-pox?"

"No."

"Thin, be Heavens, it is the maysles."

"Nixey."

"Is it scarlet faver?"

"No."

"Thin what is it?"

"Ink," laconically answered the youthful M. D.

"Somebody's put up a job on you."

"What do ye mane?"

"Those spots upon your face are not marks of disease; they are simply marks of ink—red ink. You are just as well as I am. From what that Dutch policeman said who summoned us, I supposed we had a real case of small-pox. Sorry about it, too, for Chambers Street Hospital has got two cases of genuine cancer, and a nigger with the yellow fever. They're putting on lots of airs about it, and if we could have only got a real fatal case of small-pox we might have got even with them. So long."

So speaking the boyish disciple of Esculapius lit another cigarette, cocked his cap over one eye, and went back to the ambulance.

"False alarm, Bill—no case," he said to the driver;



and away went the somber vehicle of disease and death. The alderman, for fully five minutes remained as one dazed.

"Small-pox—a put up job—red ink—what does it mane?" he repeated. "Shure, I must have small-pox marks upon me face, for didn't I behold thim in the glass? I will take another survey of meself."

He proceeded to the glass.

The smear when his wet hand had passed along his face was plainly perceptible. The spots were all merged in one red stain.

He regarded himself for a while in surprise.

A sudden idea occurred to him.

"I wondher what effect a wet sponge wud have," he uttered, as going up to his room he procured the article specified, and proceeded to place it beneath the cold water faucet.

The sponge was soon dripping, and he rubbed it quite severely over his face.

When he picked up the hand-glass again his visage was as clean as the mirror itself. He looked perfectly natural.

He felt relieved.

But he also felt mad.

It was evident that somebody had played the joke upon him.

Who could it be?

He racked his recollection.

"As I am not endicted to slape-pedestrianism, I cudn't have done it meself," soliloquized he; "it must have been—Be jabers, I have it!—Mulligan's Boy, me nephew by marriage, is aquil to anything."

That night he questioned Mike.

Not a bit of satisfaction could he get out of that promising young man.

Mike falsely said he knew not a thing about it, and advanced a theory, that instead of the spots being ink, they were a sweat rash.

"Shure, uncle," he said, "I have heard av it meself. Mister O'Toole, the Spaniard who taught Latin at me school, used to be afflicted wid it. He had it upon his forehead, three crimson pimples as big as sthrawberries, an' the docturs said they were created by the pressure av the band av his hat upon the skin av his brow, and the result proved that the docturs were roight, for wur the wint bare-headed for a wake, and ivery pimple disappeared. Suppose ye go bare-headed."

The alderman gave Mike a glance which ought to have crushed him, only unfortunately it did not.

"If it wur not fur Cordelia," spoke he, "I wud situate ye in a place where ye wud have to dilute yez taffy to the arias av stone-bhbreaking. 'Tis breathing the air av Blackwell Oisle ye wud be by to-morrow's twilolight, if I hadn't wed into yez family circle. Retoire to yez garret boudoir, and thank yez fate that it is meself who is mated in Hymeneal chains wid yez aunt!"

Our hero was only too glad to obey.

"I got out av it aiser thin I expected," he said to himself, as he went to sleep that night, "but it is an ould saying that the fairies, are always good to the Irish."

It might be so in Mike's case.

It did not, however, appear to be so in the alderman's.

The very next day he got himself in a muss again. There was a friend of his named O'Donnill. There was a friend of his named Casey.

For a long while they had been partners in a circus. "O'Donnill and Casey's African Conglomeration of Animals and Royal Peruvian Arenic Wonders."

After twenty years' experience Mr. Casey decided to retire.

He did so, and an equable division of the circus properties and animals was made. Mr. Casey selling his half afterwards to his partner, all except one ostrich, which Mr. O'Donnill, probably warned by previous experience, said that he did not want and would not buy.

Mr. Casey desired to return to the Emerald Isle, where he was born, and whether it was because he realized that an ostrich would not be a desirable companion upon a voyage over the sea, or what it was, he presented it to the alderman, who was an intimate friend of his.

The alderman was at first delighted.

"Bedad," said he, "I will build the bird a pagoda in the back-yard. I will be the invy of the neighborhood for it is bet a bottle av champagne to a bottle av ink will I, that not a citizen in New York, excipt meself, has a private ostrich."

So the ostrich arrived.

He was a big, ungainly mass, and the alderman was astounded at his size, also at his ugliness.

"If good looks carry a person to Heaven it is to the other place ye will go," he said, as he surveyed his present. "I will have to instruct the carpenter who is architecturing the pagoda to put a sicond figure upon it."

But where could the ostrich be placed until the pagoda was built?

He finally decided at last to put the bird in the kitchen for that afternoon at least, as O'Dowd had to go out on some business.

So the ostrich was put down in the cook's domain, and the alderman went off.

He told everybody that he came in contact with about the bird.

A friend of his, Mr. O'Quirk, became very much interested, and expressed a violent desire to behold the creature.

O'Dowd readily consented.

The two, after the alderman's business had been disposed off, were soon at the house-door.

Their ring was replied to by the cook.

She looked mad.

And red-faced.

There was war in her visage.

"Thank Heaven, ye are back," she said.

"Why?" asked O'Dowd.

"On account av yez new gift."

"The ostrich?"

"The same devil."

"Why do ye allude to him as a devil?"

"Bekase he is. Ye will have no supper to-noight at all, alderman."

"Explain, yeself."

"The ostrich has ate it all up, not to spake of Sunday's turkey which is in his stomach whole. He bolted it widout taking breath."

"But how did it occur?"

"Ye know ye lift him wid me down in the kitchen?"

"Yes."

"I tied him to the leg av a chair whoile I wur preparing supper. He appeared to be as harmless as a kitten, wint fast to slape, so I supposed. By and by I placed the supper upon the table, and wint up-stairs to flx meself up a troifle. I wur absent about an hour; whin I came down I wur fairly pulverized wid surprise. That bird had ate up the table leg, not to mention his own chain, had snapped all av the supper, devoured the coal-scuttle and all av the coal, and whin I arroived was chewing away at the stationary wash-tubs. I got a club and chased the crathure into the yard—bad cess to me sowl for the stupidity av the act!"

"Why?"

"To-day be wash-day, sur?"

"I believe so."

"All av the wake's wash was upon the clothes-line."

"Well."

"There isn't aven a leg av a pantalet upon the loine now. The ostrich has ate up the whole laundry."

The alderman scratched his head thoughtfully, and Mr. O'Quirk remarked:

"Ye might have known it, O'Dowd. It is a thrait of ostriches, as ye will diskiver in the Botanical Guide, which trates all about birds and bastes. I recollect reading of a load av ostriches wanst which were sint across from Africa to Amerika in a packet-ship. Nayther ship or ostriches were iver heard av afterward, and it is currently supposed that the ostriches ate the ship up and both perished. Let us go down and take a luk at the creature."

They did so.

The ostrich was busy at work eating up a clothes-pole with evident relish.

The alderman looked at him in despair.

"What can I do?" asked he.

Mr. O'Quirk was equal to the emergency.

"Muzzle him!" he exclaimed.

"Bedad, the idea savours of practicability," said O'Dowd, "and I have a dog muzzle hung up in the basement. It wur sint to me upon me last birthday anniversary, and I belave it wur meant as a studied insult. But it will be av use, afther all."

He hurried off and got it.

It was a stout wire affair meant for a bull-dog, and it was plainly to be seen that it would not fit the ostrich very well.

But any port in the storm, so O'Dowd crept toward the bird carefully with the muzzle in his hand.

The ostrich did not seem afraid at all.

"Nice bird, purty bird, birdie want a soda-cracker," said the alderman, preparing to put the muzzle over the nice bird's head.

Suddenly the nice bird stretched out its ungainly neck and savagely picked at O'Dowd's hand.

The alderman gave a yell, precipitately retreated, dropping the muzzle down upon the ground as he did so.

"The divil has a kisser upon him loike a harpoon," he woefully exclaimed, as he rubbed his hand.

Mr. O'Quirk, who was a rather pompous man, he was an undertaker, and most all undertakers are pompous, smiled pityingly at O'Dowd.

"Serves ye roight," said Mr. O'Quirk.

"The rayson av it?" questioned O'Dowd.

"Ye didn't approach the bird roight."

"I did the bist I could."

"Loikely, but ye are not on a familiar basis wid ostriches. Ye have to use strategy in dealing wid them. An ostrich is not loike a cow. Why do ye not pick up the muzzle?"

The alderman refused emphatically to do so.

The muzzle lay at the ostrich's feet, and he appeared to be standing guard over it.

"I wudn't rescue that muzzle if ye wud bury me free," declared O'Dowd.

Mr. O'Quirk, with a pleasant expression of superiority, took off his coat, and hung it carefully over a bench near by, from which it flew off, of course, as soon as his back was turned, as coats always do.

"I will have that ostrich's head in captivity in five seconds by a stop-watch. Just stop yez watch now an' toime me, alderman."

Then Mr. O'Dowd warily walked towards the bird.

"Ye have to approach him carefully in the rear," he said.

Finally Mr. O'Quirk got down upon his hands and knees, and tried to creep cautiously past it, so that he could rush victoriously upon it from the rear.

Mr. O'Quirk, like all fashionable gentlemen of the present era, had a pocket in the bustle, or back-yard, of his pants.

In that pocket he carried a red handkerchief, a nasal wipe of very fiery and lurid hue.

Probably it was the sight of this handkerchief which drew the ostrich's sudden notice to Mr. O'Quirk, and caused it to make a sudden and unexpected rush at that gentleman's rear end.

At any rate he caught Mr. O'Quirk by the part of the pants which bulges the most and fairly lifted him off of his hands and knees.

Mr. O'Quirk gave utterance to a yell of pain, which caused most of the windows in the vicinity to spring suddenly up, while neighbors' heads appeared all around, to see who was being killed, for the yell emitted by Mr. O'Quirk was certainly akin to that of a human being in fatal anguish.

Just at this moment Mulligan's Boy arrived. He had been playing marbles next door with Jimmy Mahoney all of the afternoon, and had not been aware of the ostrich's arrival, but O'Quirk's vocal ebullition caused him to scramble over the fence in a hurry.

"What's up, uncle?" asked he.

"What's up?" repeated O'Dowd; "faix, O'Quirk will soon be down, for the ostrich will swallow him, sure as fate."

"An ostrich?" repeated Mike. "Hurray! Hey, Jimmy, ye are missing half av yez loife! Come and luk at the ostrich. Can't we play circus now, cully?"

Whether they could play circus or not the ostrich was certainly playing circus with O'Quirk.

He had dropped the undertaker down upon 'the ground, and was pulling him along backwards, much as a tug drags a heavy freight barge.

"O'Quirk was bawling like a bull."

"Save me!" ejaculated he. "Alderman, if ye have a revolver in yez pocket, for the sake av ould acquaintance put a bullet through the fiend."

The alderman chuckled.

It is a sad commentary upon human nature, but, as a rule, we derive a sort of secret pleasure, all of us a sneaking self-gratification, so to speak, of beholding a friend in trouble.

And the nearer and dearer the friend the more delight it seems to afford us.

It tickles our vanity indirectly.

He is in trouble.

We are not.

Ergo, we are a good deal better than he is and we are glad of it!

The alderman was not any exception to the hypothesis stated above.

He actually sarcastically cried at poor O'Quirk:

"Use strategy, O'Quirk! use strategy. Faix, a bloind man could see that ye have made a study of ostriches. Oh! look at him, Mike; look at the know-all. Bedad, his pants have parted and he is saved."

It was so.

The tugging of the ostrich one way, the resistance of O'Quirk the other was too much for any pair of pants.

The fabric tore apart, the ostrich staggering back with a big bill-full, while O'Quirk fell flat upon his face.

The fact was received with great applause from the spectators, for by this time the main windows and back fences of every house on all sides of the block appeared to be full of delighted witnesses.

"Bully for the ostrich!"

"Whoop for the pants!"

"They have parted from each other, and they ne'er will meet again."

"He wears a red shirt."

"The ostrich is in a handkerchief, any way."

"Fight a draw."

"Regular stand off."

So called out various voices, while O'Quirk, with a face as red as the undergarment of flannel which had been alluded to, retreated ungracefully to the alderman's kitchen, pursued by an old cabbage, hurled after him, probably as a bouquet, by some interested admirer.

"There is nothing loike knowing all about ostriches," said O'Dowd, carelessly. "A man who knows the thraits av the bird loike yeself can muzzle a dozen aisily in foive minutes. Wid proper care, he can—"

"Alderman O'Dowd," said Mr. O'Quirk, hoarsely, "altho' I have not been successful, I will not brook yez ironical calamities. Henceforth I will never put me fut in yez rookery again; and I will obtain a permit from the mayor to have that demon fowl massacred. It pains me to necessarily ax a favor av ye, but I am forced to do so."

"What is it?" merrily asked O'Dowd, who knew that just as soon as his friend got over his temporary irritability he would be all right.

"If I shud leave yer domicile the way I am I wud be arrested for indecent exposure av person. Will ye plaze lind me a whole pair of pants?"

Of course O'Dowd did, and O'Quirk went off with a haughty step, metaphorically shaking the dust of the O'Dowd house from his feet.

As for the ostrich, Mulligan's Boy, aided and abetted by Jimmy Maloney, succeeded in lassoing him with a rope and triumphantly incarcerating him in the cellar, where, upon a diet of coal, he appeared to wax fat and vigorous, and where, for the present, we will leave him.

The day after Alderman O'Dowd was a victim again. It was nearly nightfall.

A cab was waiting at the door to take the alderman to some caucus of his political party.

While waiting the cab-driver, who had been up all the night before, fell asleep.

He dozed forward upon his box.

There he was spied by Mulligan's Boy and Pete, who, as we prophesied, had been taken back by O'Dowd upon a solemn promise of amendment.

"K," said Mulligan's Boy.

"E," answered Pete.

"N," uttered Mulligan's Boy.

"O," replied Pete.

"The League of Death will be rayvined for the licking the alderman gave us," said Mulligan's Boy. "Hark!"

He unfolded a plot to Pete.

The coon nodded delightedly.



Soon both of the conspirators were at work with jack-knives upon the harness of the cab-horse, while the unconscious driver nodded above their heads.

## PART X.

THE boys soon had their work perfected. The horse was free from his cab, only the reins held by the dozing driver attached him to the vehicle in his rear.

Then the boys retired to watch the effects of their deed of darkness from a convenient point of view.

Presently the alderman came out. The noise of the front door closing behind him awoke the cab-driver.

He started up and sat bolt upright as if he had not been asleep at all. He did not notice that his lines were attached to an unharnessed horse.

"Pythagoras Hall," said the alderman; "droive loike fury, for I am in a hurry. Red-headed McGhane, I am tould, will be chairman av the committee av dis-organization, an' he may lave me out."

"All right," replied his obsequious charioteer. "Get ep, Joe."

Joe—Joe was the horse—did get "ep." He darted forward, pulling the surprised driver nearly off his seat.

"Great crickets!" exclaimed he, "what does it mean? Blast my eyes, if the brute ain't loose."

The alderman put his head out of the cab window.

"Why don't ye go ahead?" he exclaimed. "Bedad, I'll get out and walk prisintly."

The cab-driver, meanwhile, had regained control over his horse.

He had become thoroughly awakened, and discovered the source of the catastrophe.

"If I ever catch whoever did it I'll kill them," he savagely swore.

"What have they done," asked the alderman, "and who done it? Faix, if ye don't droive soon I will do something meself."

"How's a man going to drive anywhere when his harness is all cut?" sulkily queried the driver. "Yer might just as well try to run a gondola down a plank-walk."

The alderman got out and surveyed the wreck. While gazing at it he noticed a knife lying in the gutter.

He picked it up. Upon its handle were his own initials, P.O'D.; furthermore, he recognized it as his own knife.

The knife was open, and upon its blade were several particles of leather.

A flash of intuition occurred to him.

"I see it all," he exclaimed; "'tis me bewtching nephew who has did it. Me knoife has been absent for a week, and I suspected its locality, and—shure, I behould Mike and that black divil av a soide-partner av his now."

He called to them. Only Mike came, for Pete, suspecting mischief, dove down into the area.

"Mike," said the alderman, with a smile, "wud ye plaze lind me a knoife? I have a small log av wood beneath me nail which I wud loike to extricate."

Mike put his hand down into his pocket.

His face paled.

He had no knife.

He realized that he must have dropped it in his hurry to get away from the scene of his crime.

"I—I—I've left it in the house," he faltered.

"Tied to the ostrich's neck probably," sarcastically said O'Dowd. "Mike, I want a few seconds' chat wid ye wid me boot-jack. There are wrinkles in yez pants which need smoothing out."

"What have I done?" gasped Mike.

"Luk at that picture av misery who is droiving a horse down the strate; luk at this impty cab which stands lonesome and forlorn in front of me house till its proprietor can get a new set of harness. Who caused this state of affairs? It wur yerself. Michael, pedestrate into the domicile. Lade on; I follow ye."

"But ye have got to go to Pythagoras Hall," Mike said, as a last resort.

"Pythagoras Hall will have to wait for me presince," sternly answered O'Dowd. "Home duties before public acts. Go ahead."

Mike felt he was doomed.

So he was.

Doomed to get as nice a trimming from the boot-jack as any young man ever got.

"Wait till aunt comes home," he bawled.

Whack!

Whack!

Whack!

The boot-jack descended firmly.

"Owing to me good angel (*whack*) yez aunt (*whack*) will not be home for (*whack*) another week. She is (*whack*) happily afflicted with a (*whack*) fit av malaria. Even if she wur (*whack*) here it wud not prayvint me laying yez (*whack*) out wid the boot-jack. Cut (*whack*) a poor devil's harness, will ye?" and the alderman finished his speech and castigated Mike with a whole volley of "whacks."

Then Mike was conducted to his room and locked in.

"Ye will stay there for three days, and yez banquet will be bhread and wather," were the alderman's last words as he went away.

"Bedad, I feel resurrected," he chuckled, as he put for Pythagoras Hall; "there has been an ache in me arm to get at that young son av a gun iver since he has afflicted me house wid his presence. Now I have did so, I am five hundred per cent. better."

Meanwhile Mike was having lots of fun.

He was too sore to sit down, and so he was forced to roam about the room.

Wild thoughts of vengeance towards the alderman filled his head.

He would kill him.

He would shoot him.

He would stab him.

Or he would put arsenic into his coffee. At last he decided that arsenic would be the best racket.

Victims of arsenic generally died in the most terrible agonies, and Mike felt that the famed and horrible tortures of the Spanish Inquisition would not be half bad enough for the alderman.

While these vindictive ideas were filling his head, he suddenly heard a voice in the back-yard.

The voice was cheerfully singing:

"Coon and monkey had a fight—

Oh, Lord, de bells am ringin';

It tuk place in de moonlight;

Oh, Lord, de bells am ringin'.

Den clar de way.

Clar de way fo' Mary.

Clar de way—

We'se all a-gwine to hebben.

Mulligan's Boy recognized those dulcet strains.

They were Pete's.

Mulligan's Boy opened his window. His room was only two flights up from the back-yard.

"Pete!" he cried.

Pete's song suddenly ceased.

"Who's calling?" he asked.

"Me."

"Dat youse, Mike?"

"Yes."

"Wha' youse doing up dah?"

"Locked in."

"Wha'?"

"Fact."

"How long?"

"Three days."

"Wha' for?"

Mulligan's Boy felt insulted at the question.

Here was his companion in crime, who was free and out in the back-yard, poking fun at him.

"Ye know well enough, Pete," he said, "the rayson av me incarceration. Wasn't I found out about the harness racket? I wur collared dead by that ould villain av me uncle."

Pete, who was engaged in the airy task of sweeping up the yard, paused and listened with great interest.

"Wha' did the ole cuss do?" he asked.

"Licked me."

"Hard?"

"I won't be able to sit down for a century."

Pete laughed.

"I got off good," he said. "Wha' did he lick ye wid?"

"Boot-jack."

"Any nails in it?"

"Faith, it seemed to me all nails."

Pete laughed again, for isn't it really delightful to know that your friend is in trouble, while you have escaped.

The two boys talked for quite a while longer, and Mulligan's Boy began to feel better. His smarting pain to a great degree subsided. So did his murderous feeling towards his uncle.

Like the break of the sun's bright rays through a dark, black thunder-cloud came an idea.

He would not kill his uncle either, by arsenic or otherwise. The alderman's life should be spared, and Mike still would have his revenge.

He would run away.

But in order to run away he must first get out of his room.

He could not get out of the door, for that was locked, and as the door was pretty stout he could not kick it down.

How did prisoners locked up as he was generally escape?

By aid of a rope and the window, of course.

"Pete," he cried, "have you a rope?"

Pete felt through his pockets, carefully looked into his hat, and returned an answer that he didn't have a rope.

"But dah's de clothes-line," he said; "what fo' yours want de rope?"

"To escape."

"Gwine to climb outer de window?"

"Yes."

The audacity of the idea tickled Pete, and he proceeded to take down the clothes-line, slinging whatever clothes were upon it in a corner of the fence most unconcernedly. Had the alderman witnessed the proceeding the result would have probably been a colored corpse.

Having secured the clothes-line, the next question was how to get it up to Mike.

After a dialogue upon the subject, it was decided to tie it securely around a base-ball club and throw it up.

The decision was carried out, and the ball club thrown.

In fact it was muchly thrown.

Pete was not a remarkable throwist, and it was only after half a dozen windows had been demolished and the seats knocked out of several shutters that Mike succeeded in getting the ball club and its overcoat of clothes-line.

Unwinding it, he tied one end around the foot of his bed.

Then he got upon the window sill and let the rest of it down.

"Jist ye catch on, Pete," he said; "hould tight."

Pete willingly obeyed.

The whole proceeding was as good as a circus to Pete.

He caught hold, and Mulligan's Boy came slowly down the rope, hand over hand. When about half way down, what might have been expected occurred.

There was a snap!

The rope had broken.

Thud!

Mulligan's Boy, apparently all arms and legs, landed like a land-side upon Pete, who went to ground like a smitten bullock.

Mulligan's Boy was on top, and resultantly he was first up. The fall had not hurt him any.

Pete was on his pins a second or so later. He looked confused, and he dazedly glared at Mike, while he rubbed his head, which had suffered somewhat by contact with the hard brick walk.

"Did youse do it on purpose?" demanded he.

"Do what?" interrogated Mike.

"Fall on me."

"Av coorse not."

"It's lucky youse didn't," Pete replied, "fo' we is pals and membahs ob de League ob Death. If I suspected dat ye did it purposely, I'd cut youse; yes, sah, cut youse wid a razor, dat is, if I had a razor. All I'se got now is a pen-knife, but I'd cut youse wid dat. Cullud blood rise berry quickly."

"Arrah, be aisy," Mike returned, not much scared at Pete's language. "Do you know what I have made me escape for?"

"Wha'?"

"Going to run away."

"Where?"

Mulligan's Boy could not exactly say; as yet he had not decided. However, he was going to run away somewheres. Would Pete go along?

Pete would.

"Shuah, I wuz gwine to do it myself," he confided.

"De ole gal's married again."

"Who's the old gal?" asked Mike.

"Mudder. She wuz a widowess; now she's dun gone got married."

"To who?"

"Cullud gemman; youse spouse dat my mudder's got no mo' pride den to catch a white gemman? Not much, my mudder's a lady, she is, eben if she hab done gone married de coon dat I am speaking ob. 'Tween youse and I, he married her fo' her money. My mudder wuz alwuz fo' handed, she be. Bet dat she had fully fifty dollahs saved up. Dats de reas'n. He knew dat she wuz de wealthiest heiress in all Sullivan street, and he caught right on."

Mulligan's Boy, it must be owned, was rather glad of Pete's family misfortune. Did it not secure to him a confederate and an ally?

Further questioning developed the fact that Pete's animosity against his step-father was due to a severe licking received by him but a night or so before at the hands of said step-parent, simply because Pete had abstracted a quarter from his father's (by proxy) coat, and spent it riotously in candy and cakes. Therefore Pete was perfectly willing to flee with Mike.

That agreed upon, a very important question came up.

A person cannot flee, except he walks, without money. Even if you flee in a street car it is going to cost you five cents.

Mike's and Pete's finances, all told, resulted up to seventeen cents, cash, which was not a very large capital to start a runaway expedition upon.

They realized the fact.

What was to be done?

They both cogitated over the problem.

Pete was the first to solve it.

"I'se got it, dead suah!" he ejaculated; "wese'll sell de ostrich! De boss done tole a party de udder day dat de bird was worth five hundred dollahs!"

Mike soon resolved.

"Bedad!" exclaimed he, "we will sell him for seventy-foive."

The cook was away at the bakery, and had been away for fully an hour. There was a nice young baker, with his hair soaped down over his forehead and parted square in the middle, who presided over the destinies of the bakery, and as he came from the same part of Ireland as the cook, it was actually remarkable how long it took her to get the pastry for the evening supper.

She had only been away for twenty minutes, and Pete knew by experience that it would be fully twenty minutes more before she returned, and as Mr. O'Dowd was away, the cook's absence would probably be extended to half of an hour, if not more.

The only person, therefore, left in the household was the housemaid, and she was up in her room, fixing up, as it was her night out.

So Mike and Pete had the coast clear to abduct the ostrich.

They went down into the cellar.

The ostrich was there tied to the foot of the refrigerator and feasting off of a stray soda-water bottle, which chance had placed in his reach.

He was in a very tranquil mood.

He followed Mike and Pete as if he was a pet dog, instead of an overgrown bird.

They walked him up the kitchen stairs and out upon the sidewalk.

"Who'll we sell him to?" questioned Pete.

Mulligan's Boy considered.

While he was considering his eyes fell upon the three golden balls, by which Mr. Levi Isaacs, who lived opposite, designated his trade.

"I'll tell yez what, Pete," he said, "we'll not sell the ostrich."

"Why not?" Pete asked.

"It's me uncle's ostrich, and it would not be fair to sell him. It would be almost aiquil to stealing; I have a better idea. We will go over to Levi Isaacs' and pawn him. We'll sind the ticket back by postal card."

So with the ostrich, which continued to act beautifully, just as quiet and nice as a Sunday-school scholar out upon an anniversary walk.

He went right into Mr. Isaacs' loan-agency, causing a small boy, who was trying to get five cents upon a battered frying-pan, to leap precipitately upon the



counter, under the idea that a circus had broken loose.

Old Isaacs nearly fainted.

"Shacob on a golden calf!" cried he, "vot vos you got? Dake it away!"

"How are ye, Mr. Isaacs?" inquired Mike, while the ostrich, catching sight of a scale upon the counter, reached over his long, ugly head and began nibbling at it.

Mr. Isaacs yelled with fright:

"Poys, poys, pud id owit!" he begged; "vot you pring him py here for, anyway?"

"We want to hock him."

"Hock him? Good Moses! I wouldn't lend a cent on dot ting for the vorltd. He—"

Mr. Isaacs' remarks were interrupted by the ostrich

Besides, he attracted too much attention.

Groups of small boys and flocks of girls followed along in his wake, and surreptitiously pulled on its tail feathers.

Mike grew alarmed.

Suppose a policeman should arrive.

He, of course, would want to know where they got the ostrich, what they meant to do with him, and other unpleasant questions, for two small boys are not apt to stroll leisurely around in the society of an ostrich.

"We've got ourselves into it," groaned Mulligan's Boy.

"Shuah," groaned Pete.

"What will we do with the baste?"

"Kill him."

The butcher, taken by surprise, retreated back a few steps.

"What the deuce have you got there?" he asked.

"An ostrich. Won't ye plase buy him?" Mike begged.

"Buy him?"

"Yes, sir."

"What for?"

"He's good to eat."

"An ostrich is?"

"Certainly, sur. In the ould counthry ostrich steak is esteemed as a delicacy. The queen has it regular for her lunch."

The butcher laughed.

"I guess I can get along without ostrich steak," he



"Get ep, Joe." Joe—Joe was the horse—did get "ep." He darted forward, pulling the surprised driver nearly off his seat.

making a dive for the skull-cap which ornamented Mr. Isaacs' bald pate.

"Rebecca at the vell!" exclaimed he, his face white as a sheet, as he succeeded in dodging the bird's attempt, "auf you don't get owit with dot vot-it-vos I'll holler for a boliceman, und you vill be put in jail."

"We've only want sebenty-five dollahs," pleaded Pete.

"You might shoost as vell ask for the earth," said Mr. Isaacs, as he reached below the counter and grabbed a big revolver, rusty with age, which was more dangerous to the person in whose hand it was than to the person at whom it was aimed.

This very fatal weapon Mr. Isaacs pointed at the ostrich.

The ostrich did not seem to be the least scared.

He calmly protruded his bill for the pistol.

Mr. Isaacs hurriedly retreated.

"Auf you don't dake dot defil right away owit, s'elep me gracious I vill plow owit his brains. The next thing he will be eading up the gounter."

The boys saw that not a penny could they get upon the ostrich.

So they backed him out.

"Sold."

"N. G."

Those were their remarks upon the failure of the negotiations, while Mr. Isaacs called to his wife in the back room.

"Rebecca, yoost come owit and help me put up the shutters. I vill glose der peesness dill dot ostrich vos daken right owit of sight. Moses, vat a peast! I nefer vos so near death in my life, not even when I daken a Russian bath."

The boys walked along with their ostrich.

He began to be a white elephant.

Ostriches are all right enough in a cage or in their native desert, but as a companion in a stroll an ostrich cannot be said to be pleasant.

"No, that wouldn't be square.

Various other plans were evoked about getting rid of the bird, but none seemed to please.

And the crowd was getting larger.

The ostrich was heading a perfect procession.

Boys and girls appeared to spring up on all sides, while even people of larger growth did not hesitate to swell the array.

Mike and Pete were overwhelmed with questions.

"What is it?"

"Is it good to eat?"

"Can you ride on it?"

"Who's is it?"

"Does it belong to a circus?"

"What's its name?"

"Was it born here?"

"Where are you going with it?"

"Can it swim?"

"How old is it?"

"Is it male or female?"

To which catechisms Mike answered at random that it was an ostrich, was elegant to eat, belonged to a rich gentleman up the street, was named Clara, was born in Ireland, could swim, was one hundred and five years old, was a female, and they were taking it out for an airing.

The cavalcade proceeded for four or five blocks farther, Mike and Pate feeling as fine and cheerful as condemned criminals *en route* for the gallows tree.

Suddenly a butcher shop appeared in sight.

Desperately Mike steered the ostrich towards it.

The meat of most birds was eatable; why shouldn't ostrich meat be very fine?

Maybe the butcher would buy it.

The butcher stood outside of his shop, round and rosy-faced, as all butchers are. Whoever saw a lean or care-worn butcher?

The ostrich pageant stopped in front of him.

answered, laughing till the top of his head looked like an island.

Mike felt that his last chance was gone.

What could be done with that awful ostrich!

## PART XI.

PETE and Mulligan's Boy felt that they were at their last resource.

The butcher declined to purchase the ostrich, and what was to be done?

Doubtless it was valuable, but if an article is worth fifty million dollars, if you cannot sell it it isn't really worth a penny.

So Mulligan's Boy desperately said:

"Will ye kape it. It will dhraw big custom."

The butcher winked at Mulligan's Boy.

He knew him by sight; knew that he belonged to the O'Dowd family.

"Who owns the bird?" he queried. "Is it not Alderman O'Dowd's?"

Mulligan's Boy confessed that it was and in a spasm of fiction stated that the alderman had got tired of it and desired to obtain it temporary headquarters.

"Put the bird in a cage and exhibit it in the windy," farther spake Mike. "Faix, ye will win its board in a fortnight."

The butcher seemed to be convinced by the argument.

"All right," he replied; "I'll take it."

Pete nudged Mike.

"Youse hain't solided yourself," he whispered.

"Solided mesilf?"

"Yes."

"How?"

"Get a receipt, or clar to de Lawd, he will tink somefin funny."

Mulligan's Boy dropped to the logic of his sable companion right away.



"Will ye plaze give me a bill av delivery for the ostrich?" requested he; "me uncle will want it."

The request seemed certainly reasonable, and the butcher made out a receipt for the custody of the ostrich. He was not one-quarter as expert with pen and ink as he was with a cleaver, and while he was laboriously writing it out, Mulligan's Boy wrote out a message to his uncle.

That message and the butcher's receipt for the ostrich he sent by a boy, hired for the errand at the munificent sum of ten cents, to O'Dowd's residence.

Then the two lads got out of the butcher's bazaar as quickly as possible and made tracks for a ferry.

For a brief space we will leave them.  
We will return to Alderman O'Dowd.

his blood in worruking ordher and prevent dyspepsia."

The idea tickled him hugely.

While he was chuckling over it, and slowly and with difficulty mounting the stairs, he beheld in a corner an old ball club of Mike's.

He grabbed it.

"'Tis jist what I daysire," he uttered. "I will soothe the bust av his undher-garments to the quane's taste. Begob, it will be a piece of sudden and justly-earned rethribution to chastise him wid his own ball-stick. Me arm aches fur exercise, anyway."

The alderman went by easy stages to the room of his nephew.

It was locked.

The match, for a wonder, blazed steadily, and he, after various unsuccessful efforts, located the gas-jet, and, turning on the gas, ignited it.

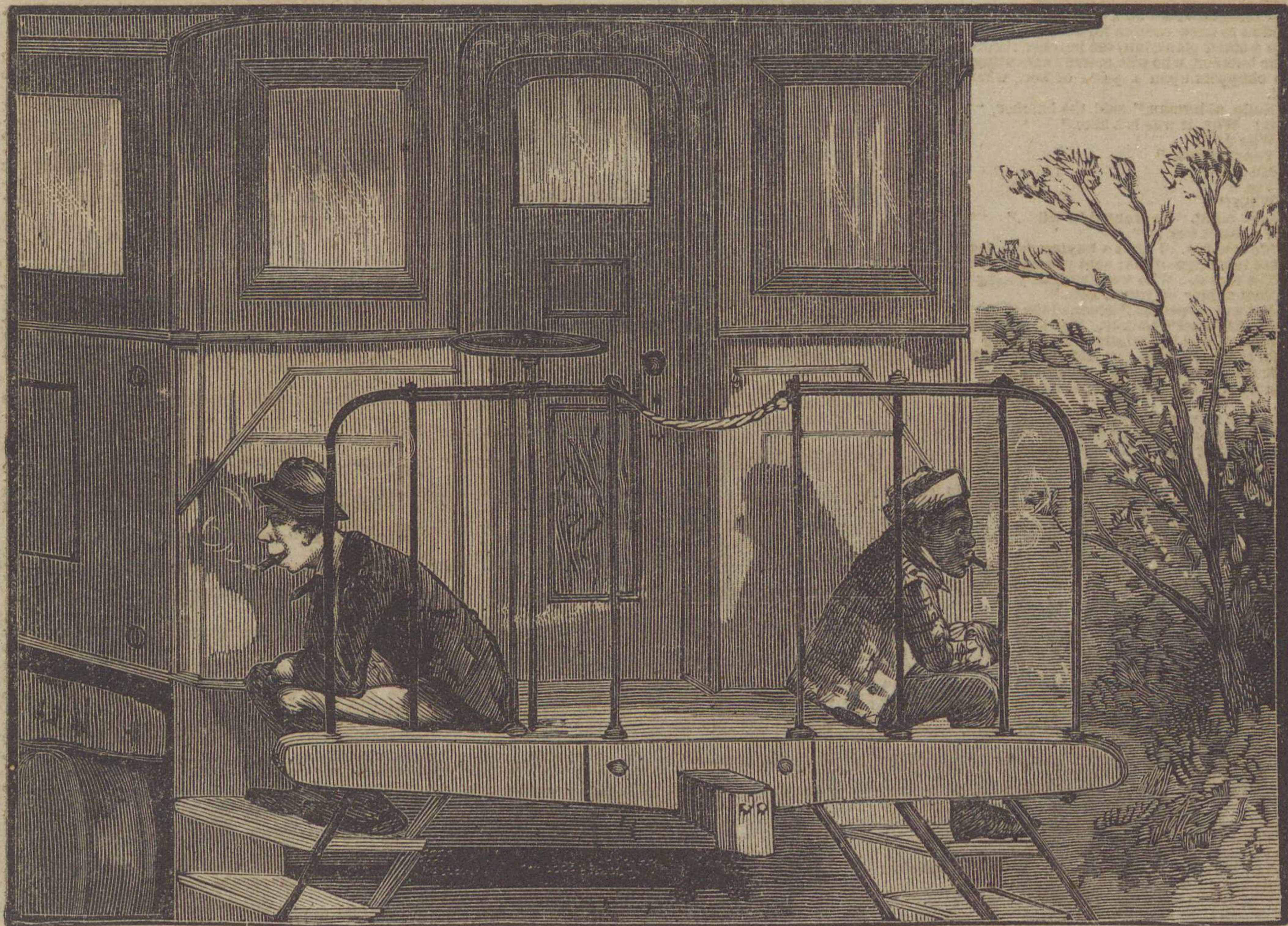
The first object which met his view was the open window, with the clothes-line yet secured to the bed—and Mike nowhere to be seen.

Befuddled as the alderman was, the truth burst upon him.

Mulligan's Boy was gone—escaped from his temporary durance.

The alderman sank down into a convenient chair. "Parthially it is me own fault," uttered he. "I should have locked him up in the sub-cellar where I reservoir the coke an' coal."

"He has fled. But niver moind, it is back he will be, I'll wager, before morning."



A certain train which moved out of the yard bore upon each step of a certain car a passenger whose fare was not paid. The two deadheads were Mulligan's Boy and Pete.

About eleven o'clock that night a carriage drove up in front of his habitation.

From it alighted the alderman himself.

From his appearance it was easy to denote that he had indulged too much in the convivial bowl.

His hat looked as if Jumbo had sat upon it, his coat was covered with dirt and dust, and he was puffing away upon a lead-pencil, which he seemed to mistake for a cigar.

After a heroic but ineffectual effort to induce the carriage-driver to take a brass trunk check for his fare, he finally fished out a trade dollar, which article of legal tender being accepted, the driver left.

By good luck the alderman succeeded in getting up the steps of the stoop without more than half a dozen falls.

He attempted to open the front-door with a cigar, a tooth-pick, and a jack-knife. All of the attempts proving unsuccessful, it finally dawned upon his bewhiskied intellect that a key was necessary.

A trial of all the keys dependent upon his ring followed. The right key naturally was the very last one.

By strenuous exertions the alderman finally got the door open, and in about fifteen minutes he accomplished the feat of shutting it after him.

He then took a careful survey of his surroundings, to be sure that he was all right. Convinced of that fact, he slowly ascended the stairs.

While so doing, his encounter with Mulligan's Boy occurred to him.

He laughed over it, and its remembrance, altogether, afforded him a great deal of pleasure.

"Shure I can fale the strhain upon me arm yit, from me muscular effort when I chastised him," he said, without a stutter or a hiccough, for the alderman, although, to use a popular expression, might be as "full as a goat," he never stuttered or hiccoughed. "Bedad, I belave I willlick him again. It will kape

He tried the door-knob several times before he realized the fact.

Then it suddenly occurred to him that he had locked it himself.

A tedious search for the key ensued. He knew he had put it in one of his pockets, but which one he was not really able to decide.

So he looked through them all, some of them three or four times, and at last discovered it.

His eyes brightened with expectation as he unlocked the door.

"Be jabers, I will foind Cordella's darlint aslape," he muttered, as he took a tighter grip of the ball club; "'tis mesilf who will wake him out of his dramy ray-pose."

He stumbled into the room.

All was dark.

A fall over an obtrusive rocking-chair and a collar-and-elbow wrestle with a lounge convinced him that a light was necessary.

"Michael!" he exclaimed, in a voice which if it was a trifle husky was dignified, "loight the gas. It is I, yez uncle, who orders it."

But all was quiet.

No answer came to his injunction.

He repeated it.

All was as silent as before.

"If the bye is aslape it must be the slape av the dead," he soliloquized; "if he is playing possum, though, not an unfriecaseed bone will I lave in his body."

He fell over a second chair, and was knocked clean out of time by the bureau; then, after repeated calls for Mulligan's Boy, which repeated calls, of course, were not answered because Mulligan's Boy was not there, it occurred to him that he might just as well strike a light himself.

He did so.

He patiently waited.

Twelve—one—two o'clock struck.

No Mulligan's Boy.

The alderman began to feel sobered.

Was it possible that Mike had actually ran away?

Three o'clock.

The alderman, worried as he was, succumbed to sleep. His eyes closed, his head fell upon his breast; soon he was wrapt in slumber.

He awoke about nine the next morning with a feeling that his head was as big as a barrel.

He gazed about the room in a dazed sort of way.

"What the devil am I doing in Mike's boudoir," he queried. "How did I get here? Shure, I knew that Mike O'Leary's whisky wud knock me clane out, for it is the koind they use to blast rocks wid. I—"

Here the recollection that Mike was gone dawned upon him.

"I recollect now," he uttered, "how I got here. I came up to chastise Mike, and Mike wasn't here. It is escaped out av a balcony window, hoop la Romeo and Juliet, that he has. Bedad, I will have to put skilled detectives upon his thrack."

He went down-stairs.

The house-maid met him at the foot of the flight.

"A lether, sir," she said.

He took it and opened it, not, however, before he had questioned her about Mike.

All she knew was that he had left the house with Pete, at least she supposed Pete was with him, for that young darkey had not shown up at all that morning.

The letter added to the alderman's woes.

It was from his wife.

She stated that she was still too ill to come home, and concluded as follows:

"Take care of Michael. If anything should happen to that dear, sweet, innocent child, I feel that I would go wild. I will hold you strictly responsible for his



welfare. Let him come out Saturday night to see me and stay over Sunday."

The alderman turned pale.

Here it was Friday, and Cordelia wanted Mike for over Sunday.

Besides qualms of conscience were smiting him. He began to wonder if really he had had a right to lick Mike and lock him up on a bread and water regime.

There was one thing palpable.

Mike must be found.

Without waiting for breakfast the alderman went down to the station-house to have a general alarm sent out for Mike and Pete's apprehension.

On the way he passed the butcher-shop. A big crowd was congregated outside of it staring at the ostrich, which occupied a prominent place in a temporary cage which the butcher had put up for it during the night.

The alderman paused in surprise.

He recognized his own property being used as an attraction to draw custom for somebody else.

He walked plank into the butcher's store and asked of the butcher, who was merrily executing a duet with two choppers upon a piece of beef, where he got the bird.

"Hollo, alderman," said the butcher, "where did I get it? Why, it was left here."

"Who by?"

"Your nephew."

"Mike?"

"Yes."

"Whin?"

"Last night. He wanted to sell it."

"Ye didn't buy it?"

"Course not. I ain't a buying ostriches, so he left it here in charge of me; said you had got sick of it!"

"The rascal. Who were wid the young Belzebub?"

"That nigger of yours, Pete."

"Jist as I suspected," groaned the alderman. "They are in aich other's society. The idea av Mike disgracing himself and his relatives by eloping wid a coon. As for the ostrich, ye can kape it fur a while. I have other matters to occupy me moind."

He went to the station-house and had the alarm sent out.

Then he returned home.

There was a second letter ready for him.

The writing was that of Mulligan's Boy.

Its contents were as follows:

"DEAR UNCLE O'DOWD:—Pete an me are in trouble. We have been kidnapped for a reward, and are in a cellar beneath the grocery store kept by the Dutchman at Eighth avenue and ——— street. We are starving. Come for us at once.

"Your affectionate nephew,  
"MIKE."

The alderman hardly waited to put on his hat. Kidnapped.

"Begob, the Dutch scoundhrel has done it to obtain a reward. They are well aware av me pecuniary liberality, and expict, doubtless, to rayceive a royal ransom for Mike. If it wur not for Cordelia, divil a penny wud they get, for if it wur not for family influence I wud dance an sing wid joy at the bare fact av me nephew by marriage being kidnapped. But as it is, I must scurry to the rescue."

For a second he thought of invoking the aid of the police, but it occurred to him that if he did the affair would get into the papers, and Cordelia would become aware of the incidents of the last day or so, and the alderman had a pretty well defined idea that he would have it made decidedly hot for him. So he resolved to carry on the enterprise single-handed.

He called a cab. A street-car or stage was too slow for his heated blood.

He drove up before the grocery-store designated, which was kept by a Mr. Woltertam, with a flourish.

Mr. Woltertam, a fair specimen of the average German green-grocer, came out. He thought it must be some new customer, and visions of the profits to be derived from a customer who could afford to come to his grocery in a cab filled his head.

"Vell, sir, vat can I do for you?" he asked.

The alderman fixed a look upon him which ought to have petrified him—only it didn't.

"Are ye the groceryman himself?" he queried.

"Yaw," smilingly replied Mr. Woltertam.

The alderman's face reddened with determination.

"Come into yez hall av vice," said he; "I want to spake to ye in seclusion."

The grocer wondered at the request, but complied with it.

Through the usual labyrinth of boxes, barrels and baskets to be found in the interior of a grocery store, he conducted the alderman to a little room in the rear.

As soon as the alderman arrived inside he shut the door.

His next move was to pull out a revolver.

The revolver he placed square at Mr. Woltertam's temple.

The grocer was fairly paralyzed with fright.

"Mein Gott, vot vos you mean?" exclaimed he; "vos you grazy?"

The alderman smiled frigidly.

"Crazy, ye villian!" he answered, "ye will foind out the method av me madness. Produce the byes."

The grocer was staggered.

"Vot boys?" he questioned.

The alderman gave him a glance of knowingness.

"Perhaps ye may dissemble, but ye cannot dayceive me," he uttered; "unlock yez cellar, or begob I will blow yez bhains to the four quarters av the earth. 'Tis a holocaust av intellectuality will I make av them."

Mr. Woltertam seemed paralyzed.

He opened his mouth as if to cry for help.

Mr. O'Dowd was right onto the action.

"Open yez fist-neh and a bullet crashes through yez head!" spake he. "I want me nephew!"

"Vot you means?" gasped the grocer, almost as pale as the sand which, so said popular repute, he placed in his own sugar.

"What do I mane?" repeated the alderman. "Just what I say. I want me nephew."

"You want your nephew?" repeated the grocer.

"Vot vos I got to do py your nephew? Who vos you, any vay?"

The alderman drew himself up to his full height, while his finger played ominously with the revolver's trigger.

"Ye Dutch outlaw," he vociferated, "it is useless for ye to attempt a deception upon me. Yez plot has failed ignobly. Ye may thry to play innocent, but it is av no avail. Ye have me nephew Mike in subterranean quarters beneath yez ould potato bazaar. With him is also a naygur."

The Dutchman protested that it wasn't so. He offered as a proof of the reality of his words to take the alderman down into the cellar.

The alderman consented to it.

They passed down a flight of stairs to the cellar, which was just about as dark and damp and dreary as a cellar could well be.

A sudden idea came to the grocer.

He stepped aside to let the alderman pass in first.

O'Dowd did so.

Slam!

The heavy cellar door closed behind him, and the click of a bolt being sprung outside saluted his ears. He felt a clammy feeling of fear creep over him.

He, too, was a prisoner.

He yelled to be released.

All the satisfaction he received was the sound of the grocer's retreating footsteps upon the stairs.

"I am thrapped meself," he exclaimed. "Where can Mike be, though?"

The cellar was dark, but gradually his eyes grew used to its obscurity.

A careful search convinced him of one thing.

Mulligan's Boy or Pete wasn't there.

Satisfied of their non-presence, he commenced to kick furiously at the cellar door and pound upon it with his hands.

He might just as well have tried to batter down the rock of Gibraltar.

Meanwhile the grocer had rushed up-stairs. "Otto," he excitedly said to his red faced, flaxen-haired clerk, "I vos been safed from death by a miracle. You pehold dot veller dot gooms in a little while ago mit me?"

"Yaw," replied Otto.

"Vot you exbect he vos?"

"Vot?"

"Grazy."

Otto in turn looked surprised.

"You say he vos grazy?"

"Yaw. He vos a vild maniac. Vot you subbose he do?"

"Vot?"

"He dells me dot I vos a child-sdealer, dot I vos got two poys locked out in my cellar. He broduces a bistol und boimts it away from my head, und bleasantly bromises me dot if I don't gif ub dem poys dot I will be killed righd off. Dot vos agreeable."

"Vot you do?"

"Otto, I demporize."

"How?"

"I humors him. Always humor grazy beoples. I dakes him down und shows him dot he vos a liar, dot de cellar vos unacquainted mit poys of either sex. Den my head vos schmall, but dere vos lots in it und I safe mein life."

"Which vay?"

"I lets him go in first, den I shuts him fast in the cellar. He vos dere now. You sday py the sdore velle I skade oud for a boliceman. Und Otto——"

"Vell."

"If he should preak oud velle I vos away, dere vos de oldt revolver pehind der gounter. Don't hesitate for a second. Shood him righd down."

Otto promised, and Mr. Woltertam hurried out in search of a policeman.

For a wonder he found one.

He explained his errand.

The policeman hesitated.

"How big is the maniac?" questioned he.

"Six feet," exaggerated the grocer.

"Strong?"

"Yoost like a pull."

"Got a pistol, you say?"

"He vos got vun in his hand, and I dinks I sees nine or twelve others sdicking oud of his bockets. Dere vos also a lump beneath the breast of his coat, dot I dakes fur a cutlass."

The policeman reflected.

If the maniac was so strong, so fierce, so well-weaponed as stated, it would be sheer lunacy to try and capture him alone.

He rapped for aid.

A roundsman and two other officers responded.

The first officer explained the situation, and the whole four started to the grocery store with the air of men who were carrying their lives in their hands.

Arriving inside, the alderman's voice could be distinctly heard from the cellar below.

He was swearing and threatening in language, which if not chaste, was certainly very forcible.

He was concluding a vociferous declaration that if the blank, blank, extra blanked Dutchman didn't appear right away and let him out, he would proceed to set fire to the house.

"You vos hear dot," exclaimed Mr. Woltertam, fairly shivering with fright. "He vill burn down der house—and he means efery vord dot he vos rebeat."

The policemen unbuckled their clubs, and guided by the grocer, that is to say, guided to a certain extent, for he was very careful to keep in their rear, even

while he indicated the route they were to follow to the cellar, came in front of the door behind which was O'Dowd.

He had heard their footsteps as they approached, and frantically appealed to be let out.

"Whoiver ye are plaze to raylease me," he bawled, "I may be catacombed for loife. Let me raych the Dutch kidnapper an' I will fill him so full av holes that ye kin see to read a newspaper through him. He has kilt or carried away me nephew."

The alderman was wrong.

The note which he had received, signed by Mike, was but a lark of Mulligan's Boy.

After placing the ostrich in safe quarters Pete and Mike had gone to Jersey City.

They sought the Erie Railroad depot.

At first they desired to go to Nevada, but investigation revealed the fact that if they could get to Newark upon their cash capital they would be lucky.

They held—well, not exactly a council of war, but a council of cash.

And Pete had a great idea.

"Wha's de good ub paying?" said he. "Let us steal de ride. Wese kin catch right onto de train when de conductor ain't obserbing!"

Mulligan's Boy was willing. It might be wrong morally to defraud a railroad corporation as they proposed doing, but boys of our hero's age are not apt to take much stock in such an issue.

So it occurred that a certain train which moved out of the yard bore upon each step of a certain car a passenger whose fare was not paid. The two dead-heads were Mulligan's Boy and Pete.

## PART XII.

THE two lads sat complacently upon the steps of the car, while visions of future Indian-hunting filled their heads. They felt that at last they were en route for the great west, where the noble Indian resided, and where they could win fame and glory as his sworn foes and destroyers.

For awhile all went well.

The train sped swiftly over its iron pathway and the boys held firmly on to the guard rails of the car platform.

"How's dis," grinned Pete, "free ride?"

"Bedad, ye are roight," Mulligan's Boy replied, "shure, it is ourselves who have run away in luck. Ye owe the good fortune to me, for do not ye recollect the ould proverb, 'The sun shines all the year around in ould Ireland.'"

"Dat ain't so," Pete answered.

"Why not?"

"De boss is Irish, ain't he?"

"Ye mane me uncle?"

"Yes."

"Av coorse he is."

"Golly, den de sun ain't a-shinin' fo' him, fo' when de missus gets home an' finds yonse gone, dah will be blood in de air. Dah won't be a hair left in de ole man's head, fo' dat yere cranium ob his, after she hab done got frew wid him, will look like de sole ob yonse foot."

"It will sarve him roight," declared Mulligan's Boy, "for if he niver had laid his hand upon me, niver would I have run away. Hould on toight, we are about to span a river."

Sure enough the train slowed up as a river—the Passaic—was crossed.

Hardly had the train got across before a calamity occurred to our heroes.

The conductor arrived.

He caught sight of the pair of ride-stealers.

"Tickets!" he exclaimed.

Tickets!

He might as well have asked them for diamonds.

The only ticket Mulligan's Boy possessed was a ticket for a raffle which he had picked up in the street, and Pete's ticket consisted of a ticket for soup.

They grew pale as they looked at each other and then at the conductor.

"What—what do you say?" stammered Mulligan's Boy.

"Tickets!"

"For what?"

"Not for the circus, certainly," sarcastically answered the conductor. "I want tickets for your ride. Hurry up!"

Mulligan's Boy felt in every pocket, then he cross-examined his hat. Not a ticket or part of a ticket could he find.

"I've lost 'em," he said, trying to disguise the tremble in his voice.

"You have?" said the conductor, suspiciously.

"Where were you bound for?"

"West," replied Mike, vaguely.

"How far?"

Mike wasn't very well acquainted with American geography, so he replied at random:

"Boston."

The conductor pulled the bell-rope.

"My dear boys," he softly said, "if you are going West, via Boston, by this road you are greatly left. Bounce!" and he caught on to the coat-collar of each one.

Mulligan's Boy protested.

"Tain't my fault if I lost me ticket," he uttered.

"Of course it ain't; accidents will happen," sweetly murmured the conductor. "You lost your tickets by accident, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, you will loose your train by accident, also—off you go!"

The train by this time had arrived at almost a full stop, and the conductor, who, if he was not very large, was at least very muscular, yanked Mulligan's Boy and Pete off upon the track.



"Good-bye, go to Boston on foot," was his last salutation, as pulling the bell-rope twice for the train to start, the locomotive snorted away and the long line of cars moved on, leaving Pete and Mike stranded in the midst of a low bare meadow.

Pete gazed after the train till it was nearly out of sight.

Then he produced, with exaggerated solemnity, from his rear pocket a very dilapidated and dogs-eared blank-book.

From a second pocket he took a pencil, a blunt-pointed, chewed-end pencil, which looked as if it had been through several severe battles—and got the worst of it.

"Youse noticed dat conductah particularly," he asked with a determined air of Mulligan's Boy. "See if de description dat I am 'bout to engrave upon dese tablets am correct. De conductor am rather large."

Mulligan's Boy coincided.

Pete made an elaborate note of the fact upon his blank-book, first wetting the pencil's point with his mouth.

"Got whiskers?"

"Yis."

"Red?"

"Yis."

"Turn up nose?"

"I belave so."

"Blue eyes?"

"Correct."

"Fleshy?"

"Yis."

"Has big feet?"

"Enormous."

"Wart over his eye?"

"Precisely; I noticed it."

Pete put down all of the above questions in his blank-book, and returned it to his pocket.

Mulligan's Boy's curiosity could be read in his eyes.

"What are ye afther putting all av that down for?" asked he.

"Kase he is marked for death," was Pete's reply; "de rules ob de League ob Death implicitly state that all enemies ob de League are marked fo' death, don't dey?"

Mulligan's Boy acknowledged that such was the fact.

"De conductor," went on Pete, "has proved hisself to be an enemy ob de League by his actions in reference to us. If he had been a friend he never wud have put us off ob de train. Ain't dat logic?"

Mulligan's Boy owned that it was.

Henceforth that conductor would be placed on the archives of the League as a doomed man, a being set aside for destruction and death.

Yet even for all that there were secret feelings in their souls that they would just as lief, at the present writing, be in the conductor's place.

He was being rapidly whirled away to Newark, while they were stranded amidst the salt meadows, not a house in sight.

"What'll we do?" groaned Mulligan's Boy.

Pete's resolve was firmly stated.

"We'll follow the train," said he.

So along the railroad track they proceeded for several weary miles.

Mulligan's Boy began to wish he had never left home.

It reads all nice enough in fiction about running away, but when it comes to fact it is very different. The gilding all comes off the wood as it were.

Mulligan's Boy's feet hurt, for he was not much accustomed to steady walking, the sun burnt the back of his neck, and he felt hungry; and what feeling is more awful to a boy than hunger?

"Bedad, I wud give all av me earthly wealth for a ginger-cake," he uttered.

"An' whin it refers to pie, I believe I wud massacre me great-aunt for a sliver av mince."

"Brace up," said Pete, who was plodding sturdily along. "I see a house. We may be able to strike it fo' a meal."

Sure enough, a house was visible just around a bend of the track.

Drawing nearer they discovered a sign upon its side, "Liquors and Refreshments."

A look through the window discovered the fact that the bar-room, so-called, was a small apartment with a diminutive bar, but what appeared to be a well-furnished lunch-counter.

At least half a dozen pies, a glass bowl full of crullers, a plate heaped up with pretzels, and a platter of sponge cake were visible. Indeed, it was a perfect Mecca of refreshments to the two famished lads.

There was but one being in the room which held all of this wealth of physical refreshment.

The being was a female, stout, red-faced, and plainly of German descent, if she was not from the Fatherland herself.

She was seated behind the bar sewing away industriously, and occasionally humming some German air.

Her face was broad and guileless, and the worst of facial students could tell that she was guileless and unsuspecting.

That imp of a Mulligan's Boy at once discerned the fact, and an idea of great depravity occurred to him.

"Pete," said he, "ye are filled with starvation, are ye not?"

Pete replied in forcible, if not polite metaphor, that his stomach was akin to a balloon, that is to say, its only contents were air.

"Ye wud loike a whack at those pretzels and pies and crullers?" further spoke Mulligan's Boy.

Pete's answer was perfectly satisfactory. In effect, he responded that he would sacrifice his chances of being a nice, clean, darkey angel with a golden banjo, for a show at one of those pies.

"Thin we'll go in and get whisky," said Mulligan's Boy.

Pete kicked.

"De idea ob spending all ob our cash fo' whisky, when we kin buy somefin to eat," said he. "Ise ain't a fool if I is a cullud kid. 'Sides youse know whar we is now—in what State?"

"New Jarsey."

"Correct, yet youse ax for whisky. Jersey whisky, so mammy tole me, is made fo' de benefit ob de undah-taker. Two drinks puts a man in de morgue."

"Thin if we only take wan we will only get into the hospital," philosophically remarked Mike; "as it is we will conclude in nayther. Watch me, an' take only a moistener av yez tongue av the sthuff. 'Tis a plot worthy av a conspirathor that I have."

Without further explanation, he entered the little house of refreshment.

The German girl put away her sewing, and advanced forward.

Mulligan's Boy went up to the bar, and knocked bold as brass—and brass could not be bolder than Mulligan's Boy when he wanted to—upon the counter.

"Here, me swate Mary Jane," leered he, "have ye any whisky?"

"Goot vhsiky," was her reply. "Vot kind you vants?"

"What kind have ye?"

"Two."

"What are they?"

"Der regular stand-pys—Rye und Pourpon."

At a venture Mulligan's Boy ordered Rye.

The girl bar-keeper gave them a liberal horn, each.

Mike barely tasted his.

His example was followed by Pete, who was glad enough to put down his glass, for the first sip of the fiery stuff brought tears right into his eyes.

Mike's face assumed a severe expression.

"Are ye aware, Clara Ella," he spake, addressing the Dutch girl, "that ye have laid yerself loial to a stiff foine. It is two hundred dollars or two hundred days. Almost aiquil to three-quarters av a year that ye will be held culpable for."

The German girl's enlarged optics expressed her surprise.

"Vot vos you mean?" she queried.

The face of Mulligan's Boy was stern and rigid; his voice was firm.

"Luk at the pair av us," he remarked. "Are we men?"

The female dispenser of drinks was forced to admit that they were not. The wildest exaggeration could not have designated them as such. Their immature shapes and fluffy cheeks gave evidence to the contrary.

Mulligan's Boy followed up his first query with a second.

"If we are not men we must be byes?" he asked.

The Teutonic maiden coincided.

"Dat vos id—of course you vos poys," she returned.

"Vot difference it vos, anyways?"

Mulligan's Boy placed his elbows upon the bar and leant over it.

He peered into the fair bar-keeper's eyes.

"It makes all av the difference in the worruld," Mike said.

"Are ye not faymiliar wid New Jersey law? It states that if ye sell liquor (and ye will allow that whisky is liquor) to minors, that ye are loial to a fine av one hundred dollars, play or pay, and one hundred and fifty days solitary confinement in a populous prison."

The girl turned pale.

But she tried to pass it off with a laugh.

"You vos fooling," she uttered. "Vos you giffing me taffy?"

Mike's face assumed an expression of intense earnestness.

"Liddy," he said, "yer swate face has enthralled me sensibilities. 'Tis gone on ye am I."

The Dutch girl seemed surprised at the address, and Pete—well, he was actually paralyzed.

"S'pect dat he studied it outer a news-store winder," he soliloquized. "Golly, but de words am gallus."

The Dutch girl was the first to recover her faculties.

"Vos you dink I could be soft-soaped?" queried she; "if you vos, you vos left. I vants dwendy cents."

"What for?"

"Swei whisky."

"Ye heard what I related relative to the Jersey law about selling liquor to minors," said Mike; "every worruld av it is as thure as wan av St. Patrick's sermons. We are spoies."

"Vat?" she ejaculated.

"Spoies."

The Dutch girl shuddered.

At that time there was a great agitation against liquor. These agitations do break out occasionally in New Jersey, and spies and temperance reformers were greatly abroad in the land.

"You vos demperance spies?" exclaimed she.

"Prayciously," returned Mike. "We are employed by the Society for Suppressing Drink to convict liquor dalers under the law av 1493, which says that liquor must not be sold to minors. Ye see, we report to the society, and upon our evidence ye are sint up."

"Mein Gott!" she exclaimed, "und Otto vos away. If mein brudder vos only here!"

"But he was not," Mulligan's Boy gleefully remarked; and, in fact, Mike was very glad that "mein brudder" was not there, for Otto was probably, judging partially from his sister's build, a stout, broad-shouldered Dutchman, who would have made little bones of bouncing them out of the window or through the door.

"Vot vill I do?" wailed the Dutch girl, wringing her hands and bursting into tears. "The disgrace of being arrested vill ruin meinself."

Mulligan's Boy's face looked like that of a good

fairy just then. It seemed so benevolent, so anxious to get the German maiden out of the scrape.

"Fraulein," whispered he—he had picked the word up somewhere, and knew it was German for "young lady"—"maybe we can come to terms."

She stopped crying right away.

"How you means?" asked she incredulously.

"You fix us."

"Vot vay?"

"See us."

"Vasn't I see you now?"

"Stake us."

She shrugged her shoulders helplessly.

"I vos not don't know vot you vos referring apout," spoke (she). "Vot you mean py 'fix' and 'see,' and 'stake'?"

Mulligan's Boy vented his feelings in a groan.

"Be Heaven, the ignorance av the Dutch, is appalling," said he. "Ye have to enlighten them in simple English. Fraulein, I mane that if ye make it worth our while we will kape it dark. Not a soul will know that ye sould us the poison. The saycret av yez whisky-selling will be buried in the dark past."

Then, in the classic and dignified language of the ancients, she "tumbled."

"Vot you vants?" eagerly she asked. "Oh, I vos so glad! If I vos got arressed vunce I would have fallen down dead. Dake der whole sdore, goot boys, only don't gif me away."

"Oh, we don't want the store," replied Mulligan's Boy. "Part of it will do. All that we daysire is pie and—"

"Cake," put in Pete.

"Boiled eggs."

"Crullers."

"Sandwiches."

"Pretzels."

"Root-beer."

"Pork and beans."

"Coffee."

"Chewing tobacco."

"That, I guess," Mulligan's Boy said, "will be all we want, except, perhaps, a dollar bill for good luck."

The Dutch girl sighed resignedly.

"Id abbears to me," said she, "dot you might shoost as vell dooken der whole sdore."

Nevertheless she put the viands before them.

Talk about eating! Well, the way that food went down those boys' throats was terrible. The pies and crullers and cake especially appeared to have wings.

"How's this, Pete?" grinned Mulligan's Boy.

"Bully," was Pete's emphatic reply, his mouth full of crullers. "Hi, but Mike, ye have a great head."

"Bekase I wur born in Dublin, and every Dubliner's head is as big as his fate," responded Mike, as he placed a glass of beer where it would do most good.

"I wondher where me uncle is," he chuckled pleasantly.

Ah, yes, where *was* his uncle?

He was in the cellar yet beneath Mr. Woltertam's establishment, and the three policemen were at the cellar door, while Mr. Woltertam and his faithful clerk lurked in the rear.

"Take him dead or not alive," said the grocer.

"Hurry ub. He might have nitro-glycerine py his bocket, und plow ub der house. He said pefore dat he vos apout to set fire py der house, and he vos shoost as lief plow it ub!"

The alderman's voice was again heard.

"Let me out! let me out!" called he. "Let me out till I luk for me nephew."

The request was followed by a perfect fusillade of kicks and pounds upon the door, which made the policemen quail in spite of their official courage.

"Shoot him through the door," said Woltertam.

"No," said the roundsman. "I've managed maniacs before. His hallucination is that his nephew is concealed somewheres around. He must be humored. Let me manage the case."

He called out:

"Who's that inside?"

"Me," came the answer.

"Who're you?"

"Bedad, ye will foind out if iver I get out."

"Your name?"

"None av yez darty business."

"What are you doing in there?"

"Luking for me nephew."

"Who's he?"

"A male bye. Who are ye?"

"Roundsman McNeal."

"Av the police?"

"Yes."

The alderman's voice became joyous.

"Jist who I want," said he. "Let me out and thin arrist that despicable thafe av a grocer. Let me iver place me hands upon the sucker and it is doomed to death is he. Shure I follow him to the tail av the comet."

Mr. Woltertam shrunk back in horror.

"Mein Gott, und he means efery word off it. When you get him out load him up mit shains. Put anchors ubon his hands, and hand-cuff his feet."

"Be still," said the sergeant in a whisper, then aloud to the prisoner:

"You say you want your nephew?"

"Yes."

"How old is he?"

"Sixteen."

"Irish?"

"Yes."

"Freckled face?"

"'Tis a mud complexion he has."

"Well, he's right here now."

"Wid ye?"

"Yes."

"Have ye arristed the Dutchman?"

"I have."



"Blessed be Heaven. Let me out."  
The roundsman turned to his assistants:  
"When he comes out be ready to pounce upon him. Now, ready."

He took the key from the Dutchman's hands and unlocked the door.

The alderman plunged wildly out.

In a second he was pounced upon by the two policemen and thrown down; he was taken, of course, by surprise, but he fought and bit and kicked and scratched like all possessed.

He was not an equal match for both together, although he might have easily done up one.

Finally he was laid flat on his back, while the roundsman produced a cord, with which he securely fastened his hands and feet.

They picked the alderman up as if he was a bundle of dry goods, or an old rag-bag, and carried him upstairs.

They dumped him down upon the floor of the store. "Of course he is mad—mad as a March hare," said the roundsman, "but we will have to comply with the requisite legal forms all of the same. He must be taken to the station house and have the police surgeon pass upon his sanity or insanity."

The alderman heard the remark.

"Insane, am I?" he cried, furiously; "well, if I am insane, George Washington wur likewise. Are ye aware av me identity—who I am?"

"Who?" asked the roundsman, soothingly.

"Alderman O'Dowd. Ye have heard av me? It wur meself who introjooed the bill that ivery Chinayse

Two powerful blows from the alderman's right fist landed upon the green-grocer's face.

The alderman's blows were not like a summer zephyr, but rather like a western tornado.

The first one staggered Mr. Woltertam, the second knocked him off of his feet.

Behind him was a tub of lard just opened.

When he went over backward he sat right square into it, and as he was a man of considerable bulk, sank for an inch or so into the greasy mixture.

The alderman beheld the effect of his blows, yet he was not yet satisfied.

Otto, the clerk, had been drawing syrup from a keg near by when the row began, and had half-filled a gallon measure.



The train had arrived at almost a full stop, and the conductor, who, if he was not very large, was at least very muscular, yanked Mulligan's Boy and Pete off upon the track.

The alderman struggled against the ignominy, but it was useless.

"Ye fiends—ye devils!" he shouted. "Ye sons av witches—ye—"

"That will do," cried the roundsman, "it's all right, old fel. You can't help being crazy."

As for the grocer, he was wild with delight.

"Holdt him down tight—holdt him down tight, and I vill shump onto him," he exclaimed.

### PART XIII.

THE alderman, tied though he was, bent a glance of malignant vindictiveness upon Mr. Woltertam. If looks could have killed, the green-grocer would have become the relic of a bygone era immediately.

But looks do not kill, except a look down the barrel of a shot-gun to see if it is loaded.

So Mr. Woltertam survived, flushed with joy, for did he not suppose that at his feet there lay, bound and tied, the dangerous maniac?

He danced about the prostrate body of the lunatic, uttering cries of joy.

"Purn down my house—plow me ub, vill you?" he interrogated. "I guess not, py likewise. Dere vos a day so coldt dat dere vos snow py der ground when I vos get left. Und don't you vos forgotten id?"

"Forgotten it!" exclaimed O'Dowd. "Bedad, whin I forget ye there will be an eclipse av the sun at mid-night. Luk out, me Dutch daisy, for it is pansies will be growing above yez grave before a week passes."

"Vos dot so," said Mr. Woltertam, "but I vos not make my will on account of your words. Pefore a week basses, you will pe sitting py yourself mit a padded cell in a lunatic refuge, a drying to keeb the monkeys away from you. Officers, dake him away."

The officers obeyed.

laundhry be required, undher pinalty av the law, to hang out a grane flag St. Patrick's Day. The mere mention av me cognomen should stroike rayspect to yez hearts, fur did not Felix O'Pake, who kapes a fish-stand at Fulton Market, whin he is not wroiting poetry fur printers' calendars, say that me name wud blaze wid a fiery luster upon the pages av Irish History nixt to O'Connell's. And Felix wud not lie, fur seventy-foive cents fur vanilla, soda and gin rists against his name, if me nephew Mike has not eradicated it wid spit and sponge."

This was a long speech for O'Dowd to make, but he had his reasons for making it.

He had found out that one of his arms was not tied as tightly as the other; that he could by a slight exertion get his right hand into his coat pocket.

In that pocket was a knife.

And while he was squirming and twisting about delivering his speech he succeeded in reaching the knife.

It is usually a very hard task to open a pocket-knife with one hand, but a man in a desperate situation will oftentimes accomplish things which seem really impossible.

He managed somehow to open the knife, withdraw it from his pocket, and draw its keen blade across the ropes which bound him.

The roundsman noticed the action when it was too late.

He jumped forward, but O'Dowd was too quick for him.

The alderman with a yell of triumph, was upon his feet, a free citizen.

He deftly tripped the roundsman up and sprang at Mr. Woltertam, who seemed struck rigid at the turn affairs had taken.

Smack!

Smack!

The measure was yet upon the floor in front of the keg.

The alderman picked it up, and quick as a flash dashed it down over the grocer's head.

The sticky stuff ran down over his shoulders and upon his breast.

"Tis the first installment av me revenge!" yelled O'Dowd; "faix, if ye go stand outside av yez dure, there won't be a fly in the ward that won't be upon ye. Ye will occasion fly-paper a dhrug in the market in this vicinity."

The alderman did not notice, so pleased was he at the discomfiture of his enemy, that the roundsman had arisen and made a stealthy sign to his two subordinates.

They knew what was meant.

They threw themselves suddenly upon the alderman, and secured him again before he was fairly aware of what had occurred.

"We've got you, now," said one of the officers; "get away if you can."

The alderman realized that they had "got him!"

He resolved to adopt a new line of policy.

"Ye say I am mad?" he questioned.

"Yes, sir," politely said the sergeant.

"Ye want to convey me to the station-house—the hotel where the grane lamp burns brightly every noight?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, bedad, I will go wid ye, peaceably if I can, forcibly if ye must, but upon one codicil."

"One what?"

"Codicil."

The sergeant scratched his head.

"What does codicil mean?" he at last asked.

The alderman gave him a pitying glance.

"That is what comes of placing hod-carriers upon the police," said he. "I thought every Zulu was aware



that codicil meant term. I will excuse ye, however, as me language wur probably too tall for yez mental stature. Therefore, I will lower meself to yez intellectual level. I will go wid ye upon one term, that I do not walk. I will not be disgraced by being seen in the society av New York policemen."

"You want a four-horse barouche, I suppose," sarcastically said the roundsman.

"And a band of music and flags," said one of the policemen.

"All the whole four horses white," said the other.

Even Otto, who was trying to extricate his boss from his difficulties, put in his oar.

"A four-horse parouche!" he ejaculated. "Vell, if dot vos net a schreek I vos not avare vot vos. A four horse parouche! Send for the Black Maria."

"Correct."

Otto's broad face appeared broader yet from its expression of delight.

"Dot vos der reason dot I carries dot drunk down," he uttered; "shoost put him into id und dake him away to der sdation-house in id."

The roundsman had a fair idea of humor, and he could not repress an unofficial laugh.

"Good idea," he said. "Mr.—Mr.—"

"O'Dowd—Alderman O'Dowd," dignifiedly answered the alderman.

"Thanks, Mr. O'Dowd, as you call yourself; please get into that trunk."

The alderman kicked.

That is, for a minute or two.

"Do ye take me for clothing that I shud be put into

"Der maniac?"

"Yaw."

"Safely gone?"

"Yaw."

"Den, Otto, put ub der shutters, und—Otto!"

"Vell?"

"Put ub a pill of sale."

"Vot for?"

"Otto, vos you a shackass?"

"Nein."

"Den vot for you asks me vot for? Otto, look py me."

Otto looked.

Much as Otto respected his master, the mixture of molasses, lard and Teuton was too much for Otto's risibilities.



"Be Heavens!" he exclaimed, with great vehemence. "I will have revenge for this indignity. It is an insult to all av New York City to have wan av its aldermen carried about in a trunk!"

"Ye better send for a crow-bar to take that molasses jar off av yez tyrant's head," retorted the alderman.

"As I said before, I will not walk."

For a wonder, Otto had an idea.

"You said you would not walk?" interrogated he.

"Yes."

"But you go some oder vays?"

"Yes."

"Any vay except py your feet?"

"Faix, ye have called the turn."

There was a smile of triumph upon Otto's fat face as he left his boss to struggle with the molasses, and the jar which contained it, for it is not at all easy to get molasses off of your head and shoulders after you once get it upon you.

"Vait shoost a minute," he said; "I vill fix it all right. I saddles dot maniac."

So saying Otto ran up-stairs.

Presently a noise was heard as if some heavy article of furniture was being bumped down a stairway.

Soon Otto, redder-faced than ever, appeared.

He was not alone.

He had society.

The society was in the shape of a trunk, a trunk of a large size and foreign birth, evidently, a trunk which, from all appearances, might have been used to carry the underwear of the ark's passengers.

Otto landed it upon the floor with a resoundant thud, and wiped the perspiration off of his brow with his coat-sleeve.

"Dere it vos," cried he, triumphantly.

"What?" puzzledly asked the roundsman, as he looked first at Otto and then at the trunk.

"Dot lunatic's four horse parouche. He said dot he vosn't don't walk?"

"True."

"But dot he goes any oder vay?"

a trunk?" he said. "Begob, I am not a pair of ould socks or a chemisette."

The roundsman was equal to the occasion.

"You pledged your word, sir," he said with great gravity, "that you would accompany myself to the station-house, to find out whether you are crazy or not crazy, as long as you did not have to walk. Did you not?"

The alderman was forced to answer affirmatively.

"Then that settles it?" returned the roundsman.

"You won't have to walk, for we will carry you there in the trunk. Please get in."

"A gentleman houlds to his word," replied O'Dowd, after a temporary hesitation. "Mucilage does not stick as fast to tissue-paper as meself to me worrud. I will enter inter the dry-goods refrigerator. Saycure me if ye plaze, for fear I may elope via the key-hole."

He was partially secured and placed inside of the trunk.

The lid was shut down.

Otto produced the key.

"Lock him ub fast," he said, "for if he vos efer get away he vould goom right pack here und oterpate all of us. I don't even believe dot he vould sbare der dried cod-fish."

He handed the key over to the roundsman, who locked up the trunk, placing the key in his pocket.

Then the procession moved out of the store; the two policemen carrying the trunk, while the roundsman walked in the rear as a vanguard.

Hardly had they got out of the store, before Mr. Woltertam emerged from both tub of lard and molasses bath.

He was a nice-looking sight.

You could not have seen his face for the layers of still dripping molasses upon it, and you could hardly tell what color his pants were for their layers of lard.

"Otto," he gasped, "vos he gone?"

He burst out into a whole-souled guffaw.

Mr. Woltertam appeared to have expected this outburst of merriment, and while he seemed a little grieved was not at all resentful.

"Otto," he remarked, "I vos not plame you for laughing. I suppose dot I vos a sighd fit for a dime museum in der vax vorks department. I pets dot if I vos to look in der glass I vould laugh like plazes at meinself. Otto, I vos a ruined man. Dot vos der reason I vant you to put up der shutters and a pill of sale."

Otto seemed puzzled.

"I vosn't can't see why you vos ruined," he said.

"Otto," slowly said Mr. Woltertam, "you petter go to Congress, for in spite of your denial you vos a shackass. Mein coat is ruined, ain'd id?"

"Yaw," phlegmatically said Otto.

"Vell, dot coat cost me dwo tollar und a quarter at wholesale, und der puttons on dat coat vos vorth dot money alone. My west vos ruined."

"Yaw."

"Dot west I pought at an auction sale, und it vos dear at fifty cents. Und my pants—dey vos utterly broke ub?"

"Yaw."

"Dot pants I prought from the Vaterlandt, mein Gott. My gransvater vears him, mein vater vears him, I vears him. Next veek Mr. Mangels vos to drade me a new milk can for him. My whole wardrobe vos broke up, und der pizness can't afford such exdravagance. We will have to economize, Otto."

"Yaw."

"Put der pottom of all the quart measures up half an inch; und, Otto"—

"Vell."

"Pe sure und blay der hose in der milk to-morrow morning. Somebody vos got to bay for dot maniac; und, Otto,—"



"Yaw."  
"How much molasses you dinks I vos got ofer my head."

Otto, after a studied survey calculated that there was about two quarts.

"Two quarts," repeated Mr. Woltertam, "and how much vos Mrs. Courcy, at 208, get last week?"

"Two gallons."  
"Den shust scharge her py two gallons und a half. If she kicks, Otto, put it down py some other sucker vot you dinks vill stand it. Dot vaste of molasses vos got to be made gootsome vay, efen if I dakes id oud of your salary."

With which remarks, very pleasant, especially the last part, for Otto, Mr. Woltertam went up to his bachelor bedroom—for Mr. Woltertam was a bachelor. "A vife vos money thrown away," was his public reason for celibacy.

Meanwhile the trunk, the two officers, and the roundsman were proceeding on their way to the station-house, which was several blocks distant.

They were followed, needless to say, by a crowd, for the spectacle of three policemen escorting a trunk was enough to gather a crowd.

A great deal of interest was manifested as regards the contents of the trunk. Some said it contained the body of a murdered man; others, that it was filled with plates, the result of the seizure of some counterfeiters; but the wildest, and therefore most popular theory, was that it was Stewart's long-missing body found at last.

The station-house reached, the officers went in, leaving the crowd outside, which crowd, as usual in all such cases, proceeded to peek through cracks, which gave a view of nothing, to flatten their noses against windows, whose white-washed surface prevented any observation whatever, and to peer through the area railings at the damp pavement of the area and the barred gate at its end.

The roundsman and his satellites had carried the trunk inside and deposited it upon the floor of the station-house.

For a wonder the captain of the precinct was at the desk.

As a rule you will find captains of precincts anywhere else but at the station-house. Occasionally, however, you will catch one of them on duty, and this happened to be one of the rare occasions.

He looked with surprise at the three officers and their charge.

"What have you got there?" asked he, after acknowledging, in duty bound, the salute given him by his subordinates.

"Maniac, sir," answered the roundsman.

The captain looked sternly at the respondent.

"Have you been drinking?" questioned he.

"No, sir."

"Possess all your faculties?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then what are you giving me?"

"About what, sir?"

"You said you had a maniac?"

"I did, sir."

"Where is he. All I see is a trunk."

"Maniac is inside of it, sir."

The captain left his post behind the desk and came around front.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

Thereupon the roundsman, with a secret smile at his superior's perplexity, related succinctly and truthfully just what had taken place.

The captain listened as if he was half in doubt as to whether to believe the narrative or not.

"Open the trunk," finally he ordered.

The order was obeyed.

Taking the key from his pocket, the roundsman unlocked the trunk.

Just as soon as the lid was lifted, the alderman sprang out like a madman.

"Be Heavens!" he exclaimed, with great vehemence. "I will have revenge for this indignity. It is an insult to all av New York City to have wan av its aldermen carried about in a trunk!"

If the captain was surprised before, he was doubly surprised now.

The alderman was of the same political party as himself, and he was perfectly familiar with his face.

"Alderman O'Dowd!" he uttered.

"Wanst it wur Alderman O'Dowd, but hereafter it will be Avenger O'Dowd. The whole police force will suffer for what I have had to suffer. And as for that Dutchman, I will avenge meself upon the whole race. I will have a municipal ordinance put through that no Dutchman will be allowed to kape a beer-saloon or a grocery. Begorra, that will cessate the whole German emigration."

So the alderman kept on, although the captain tried to calm him.

It was of no use for awhile, for the alderman, bantam as he was, was not to be checked in his invective.

All things, though, must have an end, and finally O'Dowd paused from sheer exhaustion.

Then the captain took him into his private room, and reasoned with him. Besides his tongue, the captain had two other aids which were as valuable, in all doubt more valuable in a certain degree than his eloquence, said aids being a black bottle labeled "Old Rye," and a prime cigar.

Beneath the three insidious levers of harmony the fiery little alderman grew calm, and related his tale.

"But, captain, dear, kape it S.K.—strictly quiet," he requested, "for it is a desperate dilemma I am into. I wud rayther face a cannon's mouth than face me Cordelia's frown whin she foinds out her nephew is not in me custody."

The captain promised.

"Really," said he, "I cannot conceive the affair. You say you received a note from your nephew?"

"I did, sir."

"In which he stated that he had been kidnapped and placed in a cellar beneath Mr. Woltertam's store?"

"Yes."

The captain cogitated for awhile.

"It is very remarkable," uttered he, "for I know Woltertam well. He would not hurt a flea, much rather kidnap anybody. Do you know what my opinion is, alderman?"

"I do not."

"What kind of a lad is your nephew—is he a good boy?"

The alderman gave a groan.

"Faix, if he is a good bye ye can paint the devil whoite," he replied; "if ever there wur an encyclopaedia av mischief it is Mulligan's Boy, for by that name does he go."

"Just what I supposed," said the captain; "now, do you know what my idea is?"

"What?"

"He and the darkey have run away, and have doubtlessly sent you the note which you received to put you off of your guard in respect to their true whereabouts. That is my solution of the problem. See if I am not right."

As the captain finished speaking a messenger arrived. The superintendent desired to see him at police headquarters.

The message was imperative. So begging to be excused, he left the alderman, who, after borrowing a hat of the door-keeper, left for his home.

The captain's words had put a flea in O'Dowd's ear. From his knowledge of his hopeful nephew, affairs might be as stated.

Yet the fearful fact stared the alderman in his mental face, that if Mulligan's Boy was not produced when his aunt arrived, there would be a fiery future for him.

He felt that he had done wrong in chastising his nephew.

"If I hadn't touched the omadhoun," he soliloquized, "he wud not have run away. Bedad, I belave I will go and make a vacuum in the water wid meself. I wud rayther meet wid a fluid grave thin a woman's tongue."

Like a head mourner at a funeral the alderman entered his house.

The cook opened the door.

"Arrah, Mr. O'Dowd," said she, "I have a letther for ye."

She handed it to him.

It bore the post-mark of Newark.

The alderman studied the address.

"As shure as St. Patrick wur a Fenian," exclaimed he, "it is in Mike's writing."

#### PART XIV.

We left Pete and Mulligan's Boy at the little restaurant upon the railroad, whose feminine and glib propitress they had succeeded in blackmailing for dinner and a dollar.

The boys were hungry—boys of their age always are hungry—and they put away the eatables in a style which would have made a dyspeptic weep with envy.

Just as Mike was engulfing a pickle, and Pete was boxing with a pie, they heard a half-suppressed but joyous exclamation from the German girl.

"Mein brudder!" she exclaimed.

Mulligan's Boy dropped the pickle.

Pete dropped the pie.

"Mein brudder" was just the individual they did not care to see. They had a lively idea that "mein brudder" would make it the reverse of pleasant for them.

Their suspicions were further confirmed when a glance out of the window assured Mulligan's Boy that "mein brudder" was a sturdy, square-shouldered Teuton, with fists as big as hams, and feet fully equal in size to ordinary cellar-doors.

Mulligan's Boy's resolve was soon made.

"Skip!" he whispered to Pete.

"Where?"

"Out the back-door. Faix, if ever that pretzel-devourer gets us in his clutches it is mate for the morgue will we be. Lively wid yez pedestrian extremities."

Pete needed no second bidding.

Out of the door went both of them so quickly that it took the German girl several minutes to realize that they had really gone.

She stood stock still, with a stare of surprise upon her features, and looked at the stools at the counter which they had occupied.

While in this posture her brother entered; he looked at her wonderingly.

"Kadrina," said he, "vot vos der matter?"

"Matter," answered she, "dere vos matter enough. Vot you suppose?"

"Vot?"

"I vos near arrested."

"Arrested?"

"Yaw."

"Vot for?"

"Dere vos two poys—two kinder—come in here. Dey vos ask for whisky—der pest py der house."

"Dot vos noddings. American poys vos equals to anydings; vot else?"

"I gifes dem der whisky."

"Dot vos righd."

"Dey drinks id und den—und den—"

"Und den, vot?"

"Dey arrests me."

Her brother looked at her as if he suspected her sanity.

"Arresd you? vot you gifing me?" asked he.

"Yoost vot I say. Dey said dot dey vos minors; dot it vos underneath der law to sell liquor to minors; dot dey vos spies of a demperance society, und dot dey

would dell dales mit me und I would be locked up—unless—"

"Unless vot?"

"I would gif dem all dey wanted to eat und a tollar piece."

Her brother's face paled as he put the question:

"Und did you?"

It was evident that he awaited her reply with great anxiety.

It came.

"Of course I did. Vot else vos I do?"

If there was a mad German in America that day it was he. He dropped to the boys' racket right away.

"Kadrina, I could almost schoke you," he cried; "dhree years in dis gountry und yet taken in dot vay. I could pull out by meinselb mein hair I vos so mad. You know vot dose poys vos?"

"Vot?"

"Imbostors."

"How you know?"

"How I know? You dinks because I vos not naturalized dot I vos a fool? I vos fix id all righd by der demperance society weeks ago. Vosn't I send der bresident a keg of peer. Oh, Kadrina, you vos der gause of me failing. How much vos dey eat?"

Kadrina looked ruefully at the ruins upon the lunch counter.

"Three pies, a packet of crullers, four aigs, sponge-cake, fruit-cake, grackers und cheese, root-peer, sardines, dough-nuts," enumerated she.

Her brother gave a cry of anguish.

"Dot vill do," said he; "why didn't you dake der sign down und gif dem der whole pusiness, und a tollar pesides—ach Gott! it dakes all of the brofit for the last month avay, und I vill hafe to walk barefooted all summer. Which vay they vent?"

"They went away so gwick dot I vos hardly dell," sorrowfully she replied, "but I dinks it vos oud of der pack-door."

Without another word the muscular Dutchman dashed out of the designated exit.

"If efer I catches dose poys I vill make Vashington pie oud of dem," he said to himself. "For common sense I might yoost as well haf left vun of dem shutters behind der par as Kadrina."

He did not catch the boys, however, for the simple reason that they, after leaving the saloon, had dodged around it back to the railroad track.

A freight train was just passing, and it was proceeding at a slow rate of speed.

Mulligan's Boy concluded that it would be safe to board it.

"Jump for the last car," he said to Pete, as the long line of cars moved along at almost a snail's pace, for it was an up-grade, and the puffing and snorting of the engine showed that she was pretty heavily handicapped.

Pete was willing.

He would have plunged obediently into a boiling caldron if Mike had requested.

So when the last car came along, they jumped for it from opposite sides of the track.

With their usual luck they pulled themselves in all right, and sat down upon the narrow platform.

"Bedad, we are saved!" ejaculated Mulligan's Boy. "If iver that Dutchman had a caught us it is bound for glory instead av Newark wud we now be."

"Guess youse right," chuckled Pete. "Dah wuz bad blood in dat man. Youse could see it in his walk. Hi! but we'se all right up to de present time."

"Faix, I shud blush. We are in a square meal."

"An' a dollar."

"Correct. I put it away in me vest pocket. Here it is."

As Mulligan's Boy spoke, he inserted two of his fingers in his vest pocket.

They did not appear to clutch the dollar.

He put in his whole hand, with a like result.

His face lost its cheerful expression,

A look of woe came into his eyes.

"Pete!" gasped he.

"What?" answered Pete.

"Do ye know what has befell me?"

"What?"

"May I be caught in a snow-storm, wid no clothes on, if I haven't lost the dollar!"

Pete nearly fell off of the car in his agitation.

"Lost de dollah!" he cried. "Den we might just as well go back to New York. Where did youse deposit it?"

"In my vest pocket," returned Mulligan's Boy.

"Tisn't dere now?"

"No."

"Felt all ober?"

"Yes."

"Turn your pocket outside in."

Mulligan's Boy did so.

Nothing except a bad penny and a knife with a broken blade were the products of the pocket.

"I'm sure I placed it there," said Mike; but in order to make assurance surely sure, he felt in all his other pockets, and even took his shoes off to be certain that by any remarkable course of circumstances the dollar had not got there. The dollar, however, had not.

"It's gone," he at last was forced to confess.

Peter rolled his eyes sorrowfully.

"Youse must hab lost it while we waz running," he said. "Youse made de mistake putting it youse pocket."

"Where wud I put it?"

"In youse mouf, ob course. Dat's where I put all ob my wealth."

"Begorra, if I had as big a mouth as ye I wud," retorted Mike; "but ye nade not commit suicide. We will be rowling in goold whin we reach Newark."

"Or rolling on de railroad track if de conductor catches us," dismally said Pete. "How is we going to roll in gold?"



"Shure, I have not perused the papers for nothing. There wur a racket wurruked by a couple av jaynuses in New York which we will emulate in Newark, and—here we are at the freight-depot. Git off."

True, they were near the freight-depot, and both got off.

They climbed over the fence and went up the street towards the center of the town.

"Now," Mulligan's Boy remarked, as they strolled along, "I will reveal to you me scheme. Ye are deaf and dumb."

Pete's eyes grew bigger than ever. If they were like saucers before, now they resembled plates.

"Wha' youse giving me?" he asked.

"Jest what I say. Wait till we git to Market strate. The big strate av the town. Thin ye must pretend to be deaf and dumb, and exhibit soigns av great distress. Lay on the soide-walk if ye wish and writhe. lverybody will ax ye what ails ye. Ye must reply—"

"How kin I'se reply if I'se deaf and dumb?" interrogated Pete.

"Ye will reply—nothing," equably proceeded Mulligan's Boy. "I will come up, converse wid ye by aid av me fingers and take up a collection for yez benefit. All ye have to do is to kape yez mouth shut and lay on the side-walk and writhe. I will attend to the residue."

Pete did not exactly see his way clear, but he promised to do as Mike said. So it came to pass, that when Market street, near the depot, was reached, and a convenient spot selected, Pete stood stock still upon the sidewalk, and began to roll his eyes and twist about as if he was either in great mental agony, or else affected with a severe visitation of cucumber colic.

He was soon surrounded by a crowd. They pressed around him and beset him with interrogatories.

"Are you sick?"

"What ails you?"

"Who are you?"

"What's the matter with you?"

But Pete held his tongue.

He only grimaced and contorted himself worse than ever.

"What can ail you?" exclaimed one old lady; "why don't you speak?"

Pete paused in his circus-act for a second, and pointed at his mouth and ears, while he shook his head.

The old lady realized what he meant to convey.

"Bless us," said she, in accents of commiseration, "the poor colored boy is deaf and dumb."

The remark only added to the excitement of the crowd.

Here was a colored boy, in evident distress, who was deaf and dumb, and therefore could not explain the reason of his distress. Was it not a case seldom met with?

Therefore they pressed about Pete, as all crowds will, until Pete began to feel just a trifle scared.

He kept his grimaces going, but he did it with a faint heart. Pete's courage was never particularly wonderful, and it soon began to ooze out, as the saying goes, at his finger ends.

Presently up came a gentleman—a sharp-featured, quick-acting gentleman—who might be thirty-five or sixty-five, for all that his face or form indicated: one of these very-often-met-with gentlemen, in fact, who, having no affairs of their own to tend to, always take a lively delight in that of their neighbor's.

"Here," said he, pressing his way through the crowd; "what is the matter?"

His question was answered by a dozen voices.

"Colored boy—in trouble—deaf and dumb," they all substantially replied.

"Nobody knows what ails him?" he asked again.

A negative answer came with great force from fully half of the crowd.

"S'pose dat we'd be standin' here if we did know wot ailed him?" growled the brawny butcher-boy.

The sharp-featured, quick-acting gentleman looked at him contemptuously.

"You can find out easily enough," uttered he.

"How?"

"Can you talk the mute language?"

"Finger business?"

"Yes."

"Naw, I can't."

"Then find somebody who can. It is very evident that the colored boy is a mute; he cannot hear or speak. Resultantly he must be talked to by the fingers, the usual language of such afflicted as he. Now, who knows the deaf and dumb alphabet?"

As the sharp-featured, quick-acting gentleman finished his address, he turned to the crowd for a response.

He had not long to wait.

Presently Mulligan's Boy made his way to the front. "Plaze, sir," he said, "'tis meself who can talk wid me fingers. I had a brother who was deaf and dumb, and I larnt the vocabulary for that account."

"Then find out the cause of this Ethiopian's trouble," ordered the first speaker.

Really, Mulligan's Boy knew about as much about the language of mutes as a man who never went to sea in his life knows about herring fishery.

That did not balk him, however.

He went up to Pete bold as brass, and looking the darkey square in the eyes without the faintest symptoms of recognition, began to place his fingers in all sorts of attitudes.

For a wonder Pete had sense sufficient to follow the "cap" thus given him.

He worked his fingers back.

They kept at the racket for fully three minutes, until the sharp-featured, quick-acting gentleman who had delegated it upon himself to be a sort of ring-master for the whole affair, grew impatient.

"Well, Bub," sharply said he to Mulligan's Boy, "what does he say?"

"Shure, general," said Mulligan's Boy, respectfully, "his case is a hard one."

Mulligan's Boy evinced a keen knowledge of human nature in addressing his accoster as "general."

The sharp-featured, quick-acting gentleman, for all of his sharp features and his quick acts, was no more of a general than you or I. Indeed it is very probable that the least smell of gunpowder would have sent him scurrying back to the rear like a whipped cur.

Yet being addressed as "general" before such a crowd, puffed him up like a canary-bird going to rest for the night.

"Why, my boy," he questioned, "is his case a sad one?"

"Aisily enough answered, sir," responded Mike; "it seems he kem from New York wid sixty-foive dollars to go to Chicago. He got off here to get a lunch, and whole ateing, some dirty thafe sthole his money and ticket; here he is widout a cint, in a city av which he knows nothing at all. Faix, he is nearly woild wid despair. It seems he has a sister at Chicago who has promised to get him a good place as soon as he ar-roives there."

As Mike spoke he gave Pete a sly kick, and Pete, who had, of course, taken in all of Mike's reply, dropped to what the kick meant.

He began to roll his eyes and grimace and contort himself generally with renewed vigor, and actually succeeded in getting real tears rolling down his ebony cheeks.

"Luk at the poor divil," exclaimed Mulligan's Boy, as if seized with a sudden impulse of pity. "I am but a poor woruking bye meself, an' I require all av the money I have, but sooner than see a fellow-creathure suffer I will give me mite to help him along."

Speaking thus, he took off his hat and with a great deal of ostentation put a dime in it, for it will be recollected that he had a little small change when he left the city.

He next placed his hat in front of the sharp-featured, quick-acting gentleman.

"Gineral, ye moight spare a dollar," he said, in pleading accents.

The "general" felt that the eyes of all the crowd were upon him.

He did not really want to give a dollar; indeed, if he had not been placed—or rather placed himself—just as he was, it is most likely that he would not have given a cent.

Rather, though, than give himself away to the spectators, he pulled out a roll of bills and flung a dollar one into Mulligan's Boy's overstretched head-covering.

"I always help a deserving object of charity," he said, in Pecksniffian tones. "Boy, pass the hat all around. We must help this poor fellow out of his temporary dilemma. Boy?"

"Yis, sur," mildly said Mike.

"Do you live in Newark?"

"About half a mile out, sir."

"You have a home?"

"Yis, sur."

"Who with?"

"Me married sister."

"Will you take care of this ill-fated lad till to-morrow?"

"Yis, sur."

"Then take up a collection amongst the gentlemen and ladies present; and here is my card. Bring him to me to-morrow at nine."

He scribbled an almost undecipherable name and address upon a blank card and hurried away, doubtless glad to get rid of the whole affair, and mentally swearing about his dollar.

His last words were just what Mulligan's Boy desired.

He went through the crowd with his hat.

His own dime and the "general's" dollar proved good nest-eggs.

Quarters, ten and five cent pieces and pennies were thrown in at a lively rate, very few not contributing.

Mulligan's Boy felt that he had fallen across a bonanza.

"I wish I cud play this racket every hour," he soliloquized, as he looked at the contents of his hat; "it is strawberries wud l late in mid-winter if I wur able to."

The crowd having been played for all that it was worth, Mulligan's Boy felt that it was best to get out.

He did a little more funny business to Pete with his fingers, and then explained to the crowd that he had told the supposed deaf and dumb boy just how affairs stood; that said deaf and dumb boy was immeasurably gratified, and that he (Mulligan's Boy) would take him home.

Mike's address made a very favorable impression upon the crowd, and one respectable old party actually put the two conspirators into a car.

"I'm proud of you, my boy," he remarked to Mike; "here is half a dollar. Take it, and pay your fare."

Mike, it must be owned, experienced a qualm of conscience.

The old party was so honest, so sincere, such a nice aged gentleman in truth, that the proffered half dollar was refused.

"Thanks, sir," said Mike, "but I have money av me own," and before the old party had recovered from the shock of the refusal, the car had started, leaving him upon the sidewalk, looking dazedly after it.

The boys rode for about two blocks and a half.

Then they got out and retired to a saloon near by.

It had a back room, and into it they went.

Sitting down at a table, they ordered a couple of ginger ales and two cigars. Their order was filled; then the waiter, who, besides being waiter was bar-keeper and proprietor, retired, leaving them alone.

"How did I play it?" asked Pete, lighting his cigar.

"Bully," returned our hero. "Are ye aware av the pecuniary value av yez acting?"

"No."

"Guess."

"Did youse raise two dollahs?"

"More."

"Free?"

"More."

"Four?"

"More yet."

"Five?"

"Raise the ante."

Pete looked as if he could not believe it."

"Lawd sakes alibe," uttered he, "'taint pos'ble dat youse got six?"

There was a tone of quiet triumph in Mike's voice, as he said:

"Not six, be Heavens, but seven. It is seven dollars and eighty-six cints; if it wur not for a lead half-dime that some darty cannibal put in, it wud be seven ninety-one that we are possessed av."

Pete drew a long breath.

"Golly, I didn't tink dere wuz so much money in de world," he said. "What are we gwine fo' to do wid it?"

"Go to Philadelphia," said Mulligan's Boy, "at wanst."

Paying for their refreshments, they boarded a train, and at evening were in the Quaker City.

The cost of their fares sadly diminished their capital, and therefore for that reason they spent the night at a cheap lodging-house, ten cents per lodger and a board for a bed.

They were up bright and early the next day, and after a frugal breakfast they started to view the city's sights.

They roamed around, viewing all of the principal points of interest until about noon.

Then they fetched up in front of a museum, a dime museum, whose front was placarded with highly-colored and highly-improbable pictures of all sorts of curiosities, from a living skeleton to a Fiji cannibal.

While they were gaping open-mouthed at the pictures, two boys of about their own age flew out of the entrance.

They were assisted in their exit by a lank gentleman in his shirt sleeves, who used his boot to excellent advantage upon the broadest part of their rear.

"Strike, will you?" he bawled, as they fled down the street; "try ter bust up the show. I'll teach yer that six dollahs a week is too much for yer. I'll—"

Here he caught sight of Mulligan's Boy and Pete.

He stopped in his tirade.

A sudden idea appeared to have occurred to him.

"Boys," said he, "what are you doing?"

"Nothing," answered Mike.

"Want a job?"

"What kind?"

"The Twin Fat Boys, or—stay. One of you—you—yourself—is white?"

"Yes."

"T'other black?"

"Black as a naggur can be."

The lank gentleman rubbed his hand, in a satisfied way.

"Instead of the Twin Fat Boys I will announce you as the Fat Foster-Brothers," he said. "If you want to make five dollahs a week come right in."

Needless to say they obeyed.

They followed him to a dingy little den just beyond the entrance, which was dignified by the name of "Private Office."

He shut the door and gave them chairs.

"Sit down," he said. "Now to business. Those fellows yer saw me kick out were my Fat Boys. They kicked for more wages."

"Spect to me dat dey didn't look very fat," said Pete.

"Becos they were not blowed up."

"Blowed up!" ejaculated Mulligan's Boy.

"Yes. Didn't have their suits on."

The blank look of surprise on the faces of the lads caused the manager to laugh.

He drew his chair closer to theirs, and a whispered conversation ensued.

Half an hour from then Mulligan's Boy and Pete stood upon a platform, juvenile mountains of flesh, while the lecturer blandly introduced them to an amazed audience as "The Celebrated and Only Living Fat Foster Brothers."

## PART XV.

THE lecturer continued expatiating upon the wonderful merits of Mulligan's Boy and Pete, alias the "Fat Foster Brothers."

"They are the most frenzied of all Nature's phantasies," he said, "a miracle of human abnormality. Look at them! One was born at Cape Town, the other at Irkutsk, Siberia. By a remarkable series of circumstances—see a small book which will soon be issued by us—they became foster-brothers. They are but eleven years of age, yet look fully sixteen. Their avoirdupois is fully equal to that of any man of forty-five, if not more. The Caucasian brother—he of the white skin—tips the scales at three hundred. His ebony partner weighs a trifle less—only two hundred and eighty-nine pounds. You may search the world, ladies and gentlemen, from the torrid heat of the Equator to the fridity of the Poles, and nowhere will you see such another couple."

The audience took it all in.

They gaped and stared at the two fleshy frauds.

One nice old lady with spectacles and a green reticule fresh from the rural districts, went up to Mulligan's Boy.

"Poor dear," said she, "doesn't it hurt?"

"What?" asked Mike.

"The fat?"

"Oh, no."



"Gracious! I should think it would. Were you born so?"

"How?"

"So fleshy."

Mike assumed his most innocent air.

"Oh, no," he replied, "mother said that when I wur a year old she had, whenever she left me, to put a copper on me."

"A what?"

"Copper."

"What is a copper?"

"A weight," answered Mike, basely taking advantage of the old lady's credulity. "She placed it upon me so that I wud not blow out av the windy."

"Lord a massy! were you so thin?"

"Thin! I wur a fabric av bones; I looked just as i

of visitors who were *en route* to feast their eyes upon the Den of Performing Snakes.

Mulligan's Boy thrust the half-dollar in his cheek.

"She's an old daisy," he said; "wish the woods were full av sich as her. How does your suit fale, Pete?"

"Golly, like a balloon," was Pete's answer. "Bet dat if youse put a string to me an' lemme go dat I float right up in de air."

The secret of their sudden adiposity lay in their "suits," which were really nothing but india-rubber, in fact skillfully constructed bladders. The two boys could be "blown up" to any degree of corpulency.

They were destined, however, to be "blown up" in a different way.

The pin punctures set the compressed air free, and the rubber composing the suits flew in all directions.

The crowd was thunder-struck; not a few were also rubber-struck.

They dodged, recoiled and hesitated.

Then did the asinine individual who is always found present in all cases of public surprise and excitement, promptly yell "Fire!" and made for the exit.

The rest of the spectators followed like sheep.

They pushed and pulled, and fairly fought in their efforts to escape the museum.

Coats were torn, hats smashed, bonnets destroyed and dresses damaged, in the senseless jam for the door.

The most scared one of them all was the red-headed boy.



Mulligan's Boy and Pete stood upon a platform, juvenile mountains of flesh, while the lecturer blandly introduced them to an amazed audience as "The Celebrated and Only Living Fat Foster Brothers."

somebody had drawn several sections av skin over a hen-coop. Me ribs stuck out loike plums in a pudding."

"But how did you get so fat?"

"Ating pie."

"Eating pie?"

"Yis, ma'am. I kept thin till I wur about five; thin I developed a gigantic capacity for engulping pie. I ate fully eight a day, and the doctors said it wur the aerated gas in the pie-crust which caused me fatness."

"I swan!" ejaculated the old lady, holding up both hands; "who'd have thought it? Is your mother alive?"

Mike's face grew serious.

"No," he said, sorrowfully. "She's maneuvered away."

"Done what?"

"Anteed up."

"What's that?"

"She's setting the sun."

"Child, what do you mean?"

"She's dead."

The old lady's countenance exhibited great compassion.

"So you haven't any mother?" she remarked.

"Not yet," replied Mulligan's Boy; "they come too dear. I advertised for one this morning, and she actually wanted five dollars a week, and she was cock-eyed, and had a ceramic leg in the bargain. Wudn't ye loike to be me mother?"

The old lady hastily refused.

"Here is a half a dollar," she hurriedly said, thrusting the coin into his hands. "The next time I come to town, sonny, I will bring you a real nice lot of tarts."

With this promise, she ebbed away behind a crowd

The next half hour they were exhibited again before a fresh crowd of wonder-seekers.

The lecturer got off his usual parrot-like harangue, not a word of which did he ever vary.

An evil genius, however, hearkened to it.

The evil genius was in the shape of a boy—red-headed, big-eyed, and "out on the lark."

He was of a doubtful and malicious nature, and he owned a big pin.

It occurred to him that it would be a grand and glorious scheme to insert that pin into one of the fat boys.

The more he thought of it the more it pleased him. What a delight it would be to see them jump up in anguish, and what a joy it would be to hear them howl in pain.

He slunk around in their rear.

A second thought came to him.

What was the use of sticking one fat boy?

Why not stick both?

"Crickey, I'll do it," he muttered. "My eye, what a racket! If Bill Jones and Nosey Rily were only here."

They were not there, so he had to execute his intentions unabated.

Stealthily he got within sticking distance of Mulligan's Boy and Pete.

Like an assassin's stroke did his pin do its fated work.

Stick!

Stick!

It sank into the suits up to its shiny head.

The result of the pin thrust did not substantiate his anticipation in one way.

The fat boys did not jump up in anguish, neither did they howl in pain.

Instead, with a couple of loud reports, they exploded—biff! bang!

He had calculated upon no such result of his prank, and he tried to escape with the others.

Retribution overtook him.

He was knocked down by a tall man, stepped upon by a Chicago young lady, whose feet rivaled coal-hole covers in magnitude, and journeyed over by the rest of the crowd; and when, finally, he did escape he felt as flat as a pan-cake, and was sure that his death was but a mere matter of a few hours.

The crowd once out, they began to wonder why they had got out, for no smoke or flames were visible.

"What was it?" they queried of one another.

"The Fat Foster Brothers blew up," said a dozen voices.

"How?"

No one knew.

"Why?"

That was equally a matter of surmise.

"Is there a fire?"

The popular opinion decided negatively.

"Who yelled fire?"

That also was a puzzle.

It was being generally resolved upon to appoint a committee to return to the museum to find out, when the museum proprietor appeared at the entrance to his establishment, shirt-sleeved as usual.

He held up his hand for silence.

All was still at once. Even a street car stopped.

"Ladies and gents," he said, "you must excuse the sudden break of my museum festivities, but as perhaps you are aware, the Fat Foster Brothers have met with an awful accident."

"What?" anxiously asked half a hundred voices.

"Dey have busted a lung."

Murmurs of horror arose from the listeners.

The proprietor noticed the impression his speech had made, and struck while the building was going up.



"De accident," he went on, "will not be fatal. Dey will be repaired by der best medical students in town, and will be on exhibition again to-night. Prices as usual, no raise on account of der accident."

He was as good as his word.

The Fat Foster Brothers were on exhibition that same night, and appeared to a big house, or rather a succession of big houses, the incident being noised about all over, and finally getting into one of the evening papers.

Meanwhile where was Alderman O'Dowd?

We left him just when he was opening the letter which he supposed to be from Mike.

He was right.

It was from Mike, and had been posted but a few hours after their *entree* into the museum.

It read as follows:

"Yis."

"Did she have spache wid Cordelia?"

"Yis; and the missus sint a message."

"To me?"

"Yis."

"Out wid it."

"She tould Katie that owing to an elapse——"

"A phat?"

"Elapse."

"Ye mane relapse," sternly said the alderman; "the ignorance av menials is surprising, although me efforts to establish a public school for domestics at Castle Garden were crowned wid success."

"Relapse then," said the cook, with a little show of temper, for, as everybody knows, cooks are not apt to be especially pleasant. Perhaps it is the heat of the fires which they have constantly to hover over which

The cook was suitably impressed, and mentally resolved to strike for a dollar a month extra the very next day. A man whose nephew was a guest of the President surely ought to be lavish as regarded his help.

She still had a second interrogation to put, and, woman-like, she put it.

"There is a good dale av talk about Pate," she said.

"The naygur?"

"Yis, sur."

"Me nephew's friend—me employee?"

"Yis, sur."

"What is the motive av the gossip?"

"They say he's gone, too."

The alderman now knew that his fears were realized. His hopeful charge and the darkey were off together.



The fat boys did not jump up in anguish, neither did they howl in pain. Instead, with a couple of loud reports, they exploded—biff! bang!

"DEAR UNCLE,—We have escaped from the Dutch groser. For secret reasons we have come here. We are now with Barnum's circus. Look in the monkey-cage for us.

"Your affectionate nephew,

"MIKE MULLIGAN.

"P. S.—Please bring me my pistols, some Denver Dick libraries, a pack of cigarettes, and my shinny-stick. Also some money and a razor."

The alderman perused and re-perused this precious epistle.

"Philadelphia—wid Barnum's Circus—in the monkeys' cage," he said, in a dazed sort of way. "Phat does me hopeful nephew mane? In the monkeys' cage. Be heavens, he has found his level at last. I wud I wur able to lave him wid his ring-tailed associates."

But he was not able.

Just then the cook came in.

"Mr. O'Dowd, plaze," she said, with a curtsy.

"Well, well!" impatiently ejaculated he.

"I wud spake to ye."

"Spake away."

"Ye know me sистер?"

"What sister?"

"Katie; the wan who married Claude Casey, the cobbler."

"No, I don't know her; nayther do I want to."

"Faix, ye sint her a wedding-present."

"Twur upon Casey's account, not hers. He is president av a Burial Society, and conthrolls fifty votes. What av her?"

"She has been out in New Jersey."

"I don't care if it wur New Zealand."

"She saw the missus."

"Me woife?"

dries up their milk of human kindness, and makes it acerb. "The missus sent wurrud that ye wur to take particular care av Masther Mike, for owing to her relapse—I belave the term will suit ye now—she will not be home for a wake or two."

The alderman concealed his feelings.

"All roight, Norah," said he.

Yet it did not seem all right to Norah.

She had observed that Mulligan's Boy had not been home for several nights, and Pete's mysterious disappearance was a topic of gossip in the neighborhood.

So she lingered.

She hesitated about the door until the alderman noticed her loathness to leave.

He turned sharply upon her.

"Ye fairy av the oven, phat are ye lingering for?" said he.

"May I ax ye a question?" she asked.

"Av coorse."

"Beegging yez pardhon for the liberty, but where is—where is—"

"Who?"

"Masther Mike. The quilt upon his bed has been unruffled for several noights."

The alderman was equal to the occasion.

"The President's son," he uttered, "wur a play-mate av me nephew's. Whin the President's son wint to Washington he wur lonely. He sint me a cable dispatch, axing as a personal favor, that I, as guardian, lind him Michael for a brief space. Being a man av feeling I consented. I knew how it wur meself, for whin I wur a bye the most poignant anguish av me loife wur caused by me divorce from a pet crocodile to whom I wur bound by the ties av juvenile affection. Michael is at the White House, with three soldiers kaping guard at the door av his bed-chamber ivery blessed noight."

By a strong effort he controlled his emotions, and looked careless.

"Av coorse Pate is gone," he remarked, "and av coorse ye do not know where he is—do ye?"

"No, sur."

"I will reveal ye his whereabouts. The O'Dowds are a family av rank and distinction. Bedad, the first king av Ireland; after the Flood wur named O'Dowd. Michael is a mumber av the family—by marriage—and av coorse he has the family reputation to kape up. I wud not sind him to the Capital widout a servant. Black is all av the rage now, so I sint Pate wid him as a body-guard. Divulge that to the strate it will make Cassidy, the green grocer, crazy. for, ever since he shuk hands wid Grant, it is been placing himself as the society idol av the neighborhood, has he."

Muchly impressed by her master's words, Norah bowed herself out.

She did not see the vindictive glance or the shake of the fist with which O'Dowd followed her exit.

"Thank Heaven, she has gone!" ejaculated he.

"Niver again will I have a domestic in me domicile. I will do me own housework after this. 'Tis a thraitorous lot av spies and snakes-in-the-grass are they. The idea av me being compelled to lie to a pot-wrestler to save meself from Cordelia's wrath and the jeers av the vicinity!"

It took several circuits around the room to partially appease his wrath.

Finally he became calm enough to sit down in a chair.

The chair was by the table, and upon the table rested man's—at least the average man's—panacea of all human miseries and woe—that is to say, tobacco.

The soothing weed was in the shape of a cigar, a good cigar, too, one of those aromatic cheroots which have a gilt life-preserver around them, and only come



one in a box, which the alderman had got at the funeral of a brother alderman.

He lit it, and as the clouds of smoke arose up in the air, he began to consider the situation.

Cordelia's relapse, while it might be deplored in one sense, was in another a blessing.

It gave him time to go to Philadelphia and seek out Mike and Pete, for he was very well satisfied that where he found one there could he find the other.

"I will go to Philadelphia," he said aloud, "and take me darlint nephew out av the monkeys' cage, although if me own inclinations wur consulted, I wud lave him there until he grew patriarchial."

In accordance with his resolution he packed up his valise.

Its contents were few, but very useful.

A clean shirt, a night-shirt, a flask of whisky and a handful of cigars were all at first he considered necessary, but afterwards he put in a pack of cards.

"I may catch a sucker at three card monte upon the train," he said.

His valise packed thusly to his satisfaction, he put on his hat, donned a light overcoat, and called to the cook.

"Norah," said he, "'tis yesilf that will have to manuever the house till I arrove back. Ye can do as ye loike wid it, barring policemen in the kitchen."

She cried out in astonishment:

"Where are ye going to, Mr. O'Dowd?"

"Sandy Hook," answered the alderman, with surprising presence. "I have an engagement with Parnell to settle the Irish Question. He comes over disguised as a bale av cotton upon a fishing smack, especially to meet me. For political rayzons he dare not meet me in New York, so I am forced to confer with him off on the Hook."

The cook began to feel herself a very important female in being in the service of such a great man.

"Whin will ye be back, sir?"—she respectfully asked.

"To-morry, or the nixt'day," was the alderman's reply. "Do as I tould ye, Norah. And moind, if ye forget to lock the front door, and sneak thieves get in, and embezzle the ice-chist, it is charge ye wid it in yez wages I will. I am not raysponsible for faymale culpability."

With which parting injunction Mr. O'Dowd took his leave.

"Norah is a nice girl, but she has a freckled face, and the ould proverb says that a freckled-faced woman is the curse av man," he soliloquized as he strode down the street, now and then gracefully acknowledging a salute from some one of his constituents. "It may be whin I come back that I will find me furniture in the auction room, and me house placarded for sale upon the bill-board of McGinnis Cohen, the rale estate dealer upon the corner. Yet I would rayther have me house sould twice thin not be able to produce Mulligan's Boy—wud to the Fates Mulligan had kept him!—whin Cordelia makes her debut."

The alderman found out, by consulting his watch, that he had just ten minutes to reach the ferry in, within which time he could do it. If he succeeded, he could catch a fast express; if he did not, he would be compelled to wait for a slow way-train, which stopped at all of the regular stations, irregular stations, and cross-bars upon the way.

He started off at a brisk pace.

Hardly had he gone a block before a voice called:

"Hey!"

He turned around.

The owner of the voice was leisurely walking toward him.

He recognized said owner.

It was one of his colleagues in the Board of Aldermen, a Hebrew gentleman named Levi, a nice enough fellow, but an awful talker.

"Hello, Mistor O'Dowd," he said, as he drew near. "I want to speak to you avhile."

"Ye will have to hurry," impatiently said O'Dowd.

"Why?"

"I am going away."

"You vos?"

"Yes."

"Where to?"

"Philadelphia."

"Right away?"

"Yes."

"Vat fur?"

"Business."

"Brivate or public?"

"Private. What do ye want, fur it is mesilf who has not a troifle av toime to spare."

"Moses, you was in a hurry?"

"A great hurry."

"I vos sorry?"

"Why?"

"I vos got a sdory to tell ye. Moses mit de Red Sea, you vill laugh oud grying when you hear it."

O'Dowd looked as if he would have liked to have taken Mr. Levi, and garnished off the sidewalk with him.

"That is a noice thing to stop a man who is sweating for a train, with," he said. "Save it until nixt we encounter ourselves."

Mr. Levi would not agree.

He had just heard the story, and he felt that he could not rest happy until somebody else was told it.

He caught the alderman by the coat.

"It vos not often dot you gatches onto a chance to laugh like dis," he observed; "pesides, dere vos drains for Philadelphia allerwile."

Mr. Levi had a firm hold of his coat, and Mr. Levi was a great deal bigger man than O'Dowd.

If he had tried to tear himself away, it is very likely that he would have got his whole coat torn off of him. All the little alderman could do was to grin and bear it, but his grin was one of compulsion.

"Der sdory," began Mr. Levi, "vos about a veller who vent into a glothing sdore und asked fur a bair

auf summer-pottom pants. Summer-pottom, you see, vos a schoke—dot vos where der fairst laugh gooms in. He should haf said 'spring-pottom,' but he didn't—he said summer-pottom. Vot you sbose der veller vot run der blace said?"

The alderman confessed he did not know.

"He said dot—"

Here Mr. Levi paused.

His face became anxious and care-worn.

He scratched his head, and actually let go of the alderman's coat.

"Shimony Moses!" he ejaculated "if I vosn't don't forgot vot der veller vot run der blace did say; und it vos der funniest bart auf der sdory!"

## PART XVI.

If glances could have killed, assuredly Mr. Levi would have been killed by the light which balefully was emitted from the alderman's eyes.

He, however, did not perceive his peril.

He stood scratching his head, vainly trying to recollect where the laugh came in, in the story which he was about to relate.

"Mine gracious!" finally he exclaimed, "but dot vos funny. I don't remember vot id vos how dot sdory ends. Vait avhile; maype I regollects id."

The alderman did not wait.

He tore himself away from the detaining finger upon his button-hole.

"Ye must excuse me," he said, "but I am forced to at least catch the midnight express. Salt the story an' kape it till I return."

With that he was away, leaving Mr. Levi standing stock-still, a portrait of astonishment.

"Und he vos leave me so," finally he exclaimed.

"All right; you pets halef a tollar to a pewter cent dot I vos get skevare py him. Vait till he prings ub a new pill py der Board about blanting shamrocks py der City Hall or somedings of dot sort. I vill vote dwice against it for monish."

Meanwhile the alderman was most of the way to Jersey City.

He arrived there just in time—to be too late.

The express had but a few minutes before rolled out of the depot; the way train was his only resource if he wanted to reach the Quaker City that night.

Needless to say he was mad.

Baron Rothschild could not have borrowed half a dollar, or even a quarter, of him just then.

"Bad cess to the hook-nosed politician!" he ejaculated. "Thru as me name is O'Dowd I will ruin his race. 'Tis mesilf who will have an act passed by especial legislation declaring that nobody but Italians shall kape pawn-brokers' shops, and that the second-hand garment thrade be diligated into the talons av the Chinayse."

He paced up and down the waiting-room so furiously that public attention was universally directed to him.

One gentleman, a florid-faced, fussy old fellow with a marked tendency to corpulency, watched him narrowly.

He called the attention of a porter, who, as all railway porters generally do, was doing nothing, to him.

"See that fellow?" he asked.

"Which one?" queried the porter.

"One walking so furiously?"

"Yes."

"Know why he is walking so furiously?"

"Why?"

"He's in trouble."

"What about?"

"Mental trouble. Know who I am?"

"No, sir."

"I'm a physician. Dr. Beeswax Bubbler. Here's my card". (The speaker passed a professional card over to the surprised porter.) I've made a study of intellectual disorders. Now, mark my words, he means to commit a crime."

The porter started.

"What kind of crime, sir?" he asked.

The answer came back with ghastly significance:

"Suicide—watch him!"

Totally unconscious that he was the subject of the above colloquy, the alderman proceeded to pace up and down, muttering curses all of the while upon Mr. Levi's head.

"If it had not been for that sucker and his phantom tale relative to the summer-bottom pants, it is in Philadelphia wud I'd be now."

As he finished speaking he looked up at the big clock which adorns or disfigures, just as you please, the depot.

It marked nearly seven o'clock.

The alderman suddenly recollected that at six he had to take a powder for indigestion, the result of too much good living.

He walked over to the drinking fountain and picked up a cup.

The powder had to be dissolved in water, so he filled the cup half full, and taking out the little paper which held the powder, shook its contents into the cup.

Dr. Bubbler's face grew white as marble.

"Ha! didn't I tell you?" he exclaimed to the porter; "he has swallowed poison!"

The doctor made the remark so loud that it was heard by several by-standers.

"Poison?" cried they.

"Yes," said the doctor; "he must be saved. To his rescue. See, he is foaming at the mouth."

Really the alderman was not foaming.

The taste of the powder was bitter, and he was simply spitting out a portion of it.

The people, who, obeying the impulsive doctor's injunction, went to the rescue of the supposed suicide, did not stop to think of that.

In a second he was grabbed by a score of hands, while advice poured in upon him from all sides.

"Give him warm water."

"Stand him on his head."

"Send for a stretcher."

"Who's got a stomach-pump?"

"Run your hand down his throat."

"Shake him good."

The alderman was paralyzed for a minute, so sudden, so unexpected was the onslaught of his would-be rescuers, but by a strong series of efforts he succeeded in temporarily freeing himself.

"Phat do ye mane, ye assassins?" he cried. "Wud ye assassinate me? Off wid yez darty hands, or it is to Heaven will ye go wid a bullet in yez skull. 'Tis I who carries a pop."

"Wretched man," ejaculated Dr. Bubbler, pushing his way through the crowd, "we only want to save you. Why did you do it?"

"Do phat?"

"Swallow poison."

"Who swallowed poison?"

"You."

"Ye loie. It is crazy must ye be, ye ould Santa Claus."

In spite of the solemnity of the occasion, the aldermanic allusion to the doctor as old Santa Claus provoked a laugh from two or three quarters.

He grew red in the face, but still felt that it was his duty to save his insulter's life.

He made a request to a couple of men in the front rank of the crowd.

"Seize him!" he ordered; "put him down upon the floor."

The request was obeyed.

The two men—big, brawny fellows—jumped upon the alderman in front, while the diplomatic doctor caught hold of his legs. Their efforts were crowned with success; for, despite a sturdy resistance, Mr. O'Dowd was laid upon the flat of his back, several gentlemen proceeding to sit down upon him, to make sure that he would not escape.

The alderman raved.

He swore that if he was not let up, right away, he would make that depot look like a gory battle-field; whereupon room was found upon his body for another gentleman to sit down.

"Bedad," cried the alderman, "let me up! What have I done? Shure, the depot is full av lu-natics; it must be a picnic av cranks. Cranks or no cranks, if ever I escape, I will carpet the floor wid corpses."

"Poor fellow; the poison is taking effect," benevolently said the doctor. "He is out of his head."

"Be jabers, if ye will let me ye will be out av the windy," said the alderman.

"Sh! be quiet!" advised the doctor. "Will somebody please open his mouth? There may be particles of the poison yet adhering to his teeth which may enable me to denote what it is."

A tall fellow immediately went to work to pry open the alderman's mouth, which was totally unnecessary, as it had never been shut since he had been forced down.

"Off wid yez fingers," warned O'Dowd, "or ye will be crippled for loife. I will bite every finger ye have off at the first joint."

The fellow hastily withdrew his hands, but the doctor imagined he saw all that was necessary.

"Paris green!" he uttered. "Where is the nearest doctor's office?"

"Two blocks away, sir," replied a small boy, eagerly.

"What is his name?"

"Dr. Jones, sir."

Dr. Bubbler pulled out a second professional card and scribbled a few lines upon it.

"Will you run to Dr. Jones as quickly as you can?" he asked of the small boy.

Would he? The small boy, after the manner of small boys, would have run to the end of the world if required.

"There, take this card, and bring back what-it calls for?" said the doctor. "Hurry."

There was no need to give the last injunction, for the small boy was off with the speed of the wind.

"What are you after, Billy?" questioned one of his friends in the crowd.

"Stomick-pump—lemme by," was answered all in one breath, as the small boy darted past his inquirer and out of the depot door.

His answer quickly spread around.

It created additional excitement, and soon the crowd which surrounded the prostrate alderman could be counted by the hundreds.

While awaiting the advent of the stomach-pump, various theories were enunciated regarding the cause of the attempt at self-destruction.

"It no bea lov-a," said a well-dressed Italian, "no-a woman could-a lov-a him. He look-a lik-a monkey."

The idea of a pecuniary cause was also scouted, because the blazing diamonds in the alderman's shirt-front visibly refuted that.

Drunkenness was also barred out, for at no period had the supposed suicide acted inebriately.

There was but one theory more.

He must be insane.

"No doubt about it," said Dr. Bubbler, when appealed to by an anxious inquirer. "he's mentally disordered; I noted it in every act of his. See his eyes—they are white, and have a dazed expression."

The alderman heard the response.

"Me eyes are whoite, are they?" he called out; "be-dad, ye big-bellied ould coffee-pot, before I finish wid ye, yez eyes will be black, and it will take a bushel av oysters to remove the swelling."

The doctor only smiled serenely.

"You will be all right presently," spake he; "do you know your name?"

The question made the alderman so mad, that still another gentleman was obliged to sit down upon him.



"Do I know me name?" he sarcastically returned. "Oh, no, av coorse I don't. I haven't any name. I lost it in a fog. Ye bald-headed ould balloon, ye will pay dear fur yez acts. Be heavens, I belong to a say-cret society which mates in a dynamite mine, and if ye kill me blood will run like wather. If necessary, all av the Western worruld wud be blown up to avenge me death."

Hardly had he finished before the small boy came breathlessly back with the stomach-pump.

"Thanks," said the doctor, rolling up his sleeves, then taking the stomach-pump—"Now to work."

Although O'Dowd kicked like a mule, the pump was got to work upon his interior.

Soon everything he had eaten for six long years came to public view.

Finally, when the doctor found out that he had exhausted the contents of his victim's stomach, he desisted.

"There," he remarked as he put the stomach-pump down, "you ought to be thankful to me."

Was O'Dowd thankful?

Oh, yes, cert.

If he had been able to, it is decidedly probable that he would have arisen and expressed his gratitude to the doctor by carving out his heart.

But the stomach-pump exercises a very demoralizing influence upon a man.

He don't generally care about going to a p... and a circus possesses no attractions whatever after he has been played with by the genial instrument.

Therefore he laid still for several minutes, breathing hard.

Suddenly as he lay there a voice exclaimed, in accents of complete surprise:

"Mein gracious!"

The voice was that of Mr. Levi.

And Mr. Levi came pushing through the crowd, elbowing them right and left.

He stooped down by the alderman's side.

"Vot vos id, O'Dowd?" he asked. "Shersey whisky. Here, dake dis."

As he spoke he pulled out a flask from his pistol pocket and put its nozzle to the alderman's mouth.

Dr. Bubbler, with an exclamation of alarm, grabbed his arm.

"Do you want to kill him? He's just been rescued from death."

"Vot death—vos he haf a fit?"

"No, he took poison."

Mr. Levi's face expressed the greatest incredulity.

"Mine frendt," he said, "I vosn't a canary, und I doesn't swallow pird-seed. Dot man would no more dake boison den he would refuse a pribe. Catch oud, O'Dowd."

The liquor which passed from Levi's flask down the alderman's throat had a decidedly restorative influence.

The alderman sat up.

"Levi," were his first words, "have you a revolver?"

"No," was Levi's answer.

"Not aven a razor?"

"No."

"Thin, for Heaven's sake, assist me to pull off me boot."

"Vot for?"

"To kill that sucker wid the stomach-pump."

Mr. Levi did not assist.

"Keep quiet," said he, "until I vos find oud vot the reason py der difficulty vos."

The doctor hurried to explain.

"This gentleman," he said, pointing to the alderman, "came in here very much agitated. His actions were very suspicious. He strode hastily to and fro like a maniac, or a man bent upon some desperate deed. He reminded me of a party, who I once beheld in a saloon, and who five minutes afterwards cut his throat with a razor and fell a corpse. He—"

At this point the alderman interrupted.

"The rayson av me suspicious actions," he said, "were owing to chagrin."

"At vot?" interrogated Mr. Levi.

"You!"

"Me?"

"Yes."

"Vhy?"

"Do ye not recollect stopping me in the strate?"

"Yes."

"Ye endeavored to relate to me a funny sthory?"

"Apout der summer-pottom pants. Und id vos a funny sdory. I have shoost recollected vot der schoke vos. Dot veller vent into a glothing-sdore und he asked for a bair anf summer-pottom pants. He vos mean sbring-bottoms, und—"

The alderman got upon his feet.

"Mr. Levi," he uttered, "ye are an aldermanic colleague av moine?"

"Yes," surprisedly replied Mr. Levi.

"We sat soide by soide in the coort-house?"

"Yes."

"Previous to now no altercations have occurred between us?"

"No."

"Ye are more prodigious thin mesilf?"

"Yes."

"Yer muscle is more developed?"

"I pets dot."

"In a foight ye will probably be able to swape the cobwebs off av the ceiling wid me?"

"Probably."

"In spoite av all that if ye attmpt to relate that divil's own story to me, are ye aware av me future coorse av procedure?"

Mr. Levi confessed that he was not.

"Vot vill yer do?" queried he.

"Droive yez roight optic oud through the back av yez head, if ye kill me for the act. 'Twas that tale av yez which placed me in me contemporary fix."

"How vos dot?"

"Ye stopped me as I wur making rapid toime for me thrain."

"I did vot?"

"Luk at the ensuement."

"Vot vos id?"

"I lost me thrain, and wur pumped out bekase I tuk an indigestion powdher. Faix, I will niver have any occasion to take such a powdher, again. Indigestion, I belave, is a disorder av the stomach?"

Dr. Bubbler assented.

"Thin, as I stated before," triumphantly returned the alderman, "I will niver be occasioned to take a sicond powdher, fur me stomach came up wid it."

Dr. Bubbler felt, all of a sudden, that it was very possible that he might have made a mistake.

"My dear sir," he said, agitatedly, "if I have blundered, I beg a thousand pardons. I thought what you gulped down was Paris green. I can affirm I saw particles of it upon your teeth."

"Begob, thin ye must be color bloind," said the alderman, "fur the powdher is blue. I will back me worruld to that effect fur a hundred dollars, and will produce the rist av thim."

He was about to do so when Mr. Levi jerked his sleeve.

"Come somevheres else," he whispered; "der crowd vos gedding pigger allewile. Der first thing you vos get your name by der newsbabers. Dere vos a real nice kwiet saloon, kept py a relative auf mine, near by, —drei drinks fur a kevarter; he id vos dot I got here to see. Come mit me now, und ofer our drinks we will clear up der pfizness. I vill dreat mineselef."

He was as good as his word.

In his relative's saloon, seated around a table, with three glasses partially filled with amber-colored fluids, the alderman, Mr. Levi, and Dr. Bubbler amicably arranged affairs.

Indeed, affairs were too amicably arranged for the alderman.

Philadelphia failed to be honored by his presence that evening.

One drink led to another, until at last, near midnight, Mr. Levi's relative was obliged, reluctantly, to put the trio to bed, for he kept a quasi hotel over his saloon.

And he was sorry for it.

"Vot fools dey vos," he ejaculated, "to get baralized so soon. Auf dey vos put it off for an hour a vwhile I would haf make dree tollars more. But some folks never dinks dot a man vos got to make a living. But nefer mind; I will get skevare. I will send a poy up mit ice-water by der morning und charge dem der brice auf wine for id."

Mr. Levi's relative was as good as his word, for the bill which he sent in the next morning made the alderman's eyes distend.

He paid it, however, while Mr. Levi and his relative shook hands after he went.

"Dwendy-five ber cent. commission," winked Mr. Levi, while his relative nodded in assent.

The alderman, after a couple of plain sodas to take the bees out of his ears, took the train for Philadelphia.

Upon his arrival there his first act was to go to a hotel, the second to ascertain the whereabouts of Barnum's circus.

He soon discovered its locality, and discovered also that he was in dme for the afternoon performance.

There was the usua' jam and crush about the entrance to the big tent as the alderman started to enter. The man who owned the "Fat Woman" was bawling in opposition to the fellow who proprietorized the "Living Skeleton," while the gentleman who possessed the Educated Hog, which could tell fortunes with its feet, howled in rivalry to them both.

Besides, the band was playing at a deafening rate, the steam calliope was hissing out "Hold the Fort;" in fact it was Barnum's circus.

Just as the alderman was pressing his way through the crowd, he was accosted by a ragged street Arab.

"Hey, mister," he said, "won't yer give me a quarter?"

"What for?"

"Mudder's dead, an' fader's out of work, an' we ain't had no food for a week."

The alderman grinned.

"Ye are a pigmy liar," he said, "and I will lave it to yersilf. Ye want that quarter to go to the circus wid—confess."

The boy said "yes," thrown completely off of his guard.

"Now what do ye want to see most in the circus?" asked O'Dowd.

"Der monks."

"The phat?"

"Monks—monkeys."

The alderman grew interested right away, and the Arab continued:

"Der two big ones take der cruller. Dey are as big as me, an' look like real—"

"Real what?"

"Boys. One looks like a nigger—got a black face."

The alderman felt his heart bound.

Yes, the two real-looking monkeys must be Mulligan's Boy and Pete.

He flung half a dollar to the street Arab, and rushed into the tent.

"Where are the monkeys?" anxiously asked he of the candy-butcher who was selling fresh caramels made about the era of Confucius.

"Foller yer nose," was the courteous reply; "turn to yer left past the ring-tailed kangaroo and the horned dodo, and yer will strike yer relatives."

O'Dowd hurried on.

But he got lost in the throng.

It appeared as if he beheld every other animal in the world except a monkey.

"Be Heavens, I don't belave there is a monkey in

the whole place!" he exclaimed, "'tis but a fiction av that little son av a dirt-pile."

Hardly had he spoken before he fetched up most suddenly and unexpectedly in front of the objects of his search.

There was the monkey cage, full of all the elite of the monkey world.

Prominent amidst them were two big monkeys who appeared to be the stars of the occasion.

One had a regular Hibernian face, while the other was of an African type.

The alderman looked at them for a second, then he startled the crowd by rushing forward, with the wild exclamation:

"Mike—Pate, do not yez recognize me? Come out of that cage roight away!"

## PART XVII.

THE alderman's ejaculation naturally attracted the attention of the spectators.

He minded it not.

He pressed to the cage and prodded the monkey, who he thought was his hopeful nephew, with his cane.

"Come out av that den av beastality," he uttered. "Are ye not ashamed av yersilf to lave a comfortable home for to take up wid brutes?"

The monkey grinned amiably.

"Chee! chee!" he uttered, making a dive for the alderman's shiny dicer.

"Chee! chee! will ye?" said O'Dowd; "what ye mane I do not know. I am not versed in Philadelphia slang. Come out and put on yez clothes!"

The spectators, from being interested in the monkeys, grew interested in the alderman. He became the star part of the menagerie.

Whispers at first, open utterances afterwards, expressed their varied opinions relative to his conduct.

"He's a crank!"

"He's drunk."

"Full as a goat."

"Paralyzed."

"Beastly intoxicated."

"Don't know what he is doing."

So they talked, and the alderman overheard some of their criticisms.

His pride was wounded; it would not do for a man of his society standing and social dignity to be placed before the public in such a false light.

He turned and faced the crowd.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "perhaps ye may wondher at me conduct?"

"Yes," from all over the menagerie assured him that they did.

"I do not blame ye for so doing," continued he. "If I wur in yez place I would wondher meself. The rayson av me actions is bekase those two big crathures who ye behould in the cage are not monkeys."

There was universal surprise expressed at this statement.

"Not monkeys?" said one lady, a nice old suburban lady with glasses and a reticule. "If they ain't monkeys, bless my soul, what are they?"

"Byes," answered the alderman, "a Dublinite and a naygur. Luk at their faces; are they not human?"

Really, the faces of the monkeys he referred to were, to a certain extent, human as the physiognomies of all their species are.

But when he spoke it occurred to the spectators that the two monkeys were unusually human looking.

"What grounds have you for your assertion?" anxiously asked a wiry, ferret-faced man with a very inquisitive nose.

The alderman related his story.

To prove what he said was so, he exhibited the letter which he had received from Mike, and read it aloud.

"Luk at it," he said, after he had concluded; "there it is, and it proves that I have tuk the wrapper off before I have shown ye the candy. Me name is Patrick O'Dowd, alderman av New York, and if the address is not proof enough relative to me identity, ye will foind me epitaph inscribed in me hat."

The spectators began to side with the alderman.

"You unnatural, boy," said the nice old lady, shaking her reticule at the Hibernian monkey, "why don't you come out and go with your uncle?"

The monkey smiled sweetly, and appeared to be consulting with his black-faced mate.

"Do ye see?" yelled O'Dowd, "they are referring wid aich other."

Even while he spoke, the two retreated to the farthest end of the cage, and buried their heads together as if in deep consultation.

The man with the inquisitive nose tapped the alderman upon the shoulder.

"You have at least one resource," said he.

"To break open the cage?" asked the alderman, eagerly.

"Oh, no; use no violence."

"Bedad, I wud not; I wud use me boot."

"Listen; I am a lawyer."

"Ye are?"

"Yes. Now I will tell you what to do. Ask for the manager."

"Yis."

"Tell him just what you have related to us."

"I will."

"Demand the custody of your nephew."

"Be Heaven, I will take him back to New York dead or alive! But suppose the manager refuses?"

The lawyer gave O'Dowd a professional wink.

"I will attend to that," he uttered. "I will get an order from court compelling him to surrender your nephew."

The idea pleased the alderman.

He shook hands with the lawyer.



"Ye have been a friend to me," he said, "and I niver forget a friend. Any teime ye come to New York and want a man jugged see me first. I will, if ye wish it, make him a life-long liver upon the Island, quarrying shoes."

Then he started off, followed by most of the monkey-viewers, to find the manager.

That gentleman, for a wonder, was actually found. The alderman told his story.

The manager surveyed him compassionately.

"My dear sir," he said, "you better go out in the air. It will do you good. The idea of those monkeys being boys is a perfectly insane one. They have been with us for four years."

The alderman produced his letter.

"Read that," he uttered. "Is that an insane idea?"

"Which would have spoiled all," the lawyer said. "Leave it to the law."

Then he confronted the manager again.

"Have you anything else to call me?" interrogated he. "Ain't I a scoundrel?"

The manager was wrathful, and he emphatically answered "Yes."

This response appeared to afford Mr. Hynes great delight; he carefully placed it upon record in his memorandum-book.

"Probably I'm a thief?" suggested he.

"Yes," roared the manager.

"A liar?"

"Yes."

"A shyster?"

"Yes."

What else he would have said will remain a secret, because at that moment the canvas-men caught hold of him.

It had taken the alderman about fifteen minutes to get to the manager.

It took him just about fifteen seconds to get out into the street, for the canvas-men were experts at bouncing, and upon this occasion they put in some fancy touches.

The first Mr. O'Dowd knew, he was reposing upon a pile of dirt, flat upon his back, with a dim idea that he had been struck by Keely's motor.

Looking about after he had, to a certain extent, regained his scattered faculties, he perceived Mr. Hynes, sitting up about ten feet away.

Mr. Hynes was not a cheerful sight. Indeed his ap-



"Bad cess to the hook-nosed politician!" he ejaculated. "Thru as me name is O'Dowd I will ruin his race. 'Tis meself who will have an act passed by especial legislation declaring that nobody but Italians shall kape pawn-brokers' shops, and that second-hand garment trade be delegated to the talons av the Chinayse."

The manager read it, and laughed as he finished it. "That precious nephew of yours," he said, "has been hoaxing you. He has given you a decidedly taffed tale."

But the alderman would not have it. Not for a cent.

He insisted that the monkeys were Mulligan's Boy and Pete, and he would not desist.

He was all the more firm in his assertion, as the lawyer backed him up.

The two kicked up a row, and attracted so much attention that the manager grew disgusted.

"I know you," he said to the lawyer. "Your name is Hynes, and you are a snide lawyer."

Mr. Hynes' face grew scarlet.

"I'm what?" gasped he.

"A snide lawyer!"

Mr. Hynes pulled out a memorandum-book and wrote the sentence down. He also called upon several people near by to bear witness to the objectionable adjective applied to him.

"You will be sorry!" piped he to the manager. "I have cause for action—criminal libel. I'm a snide lawyer, am I? Very well; we will see! Hold on, my friend!"

The last adjuration was addressed to the alderman, who was stealthily sidling up towards the manager with clenched fist. The alderman slunk back in some confusion.

"What would you do?" queried the lawyer, in whispered tones.

The alderman's reply was significant of his character.

"I wud have dhrove me fist clane through his head," whispered he.

"Haven't any character?"

"No."

"Or social standing?"

"No."

"Am not considered good anyway?"

"I would not consider you so."

Mr. Hynes' face was a picture of joy.

"Libel, criminal libel," he repeated; "you wif pay dearly for those words, my friend. Couldn't you, as a favor, possibly lick me? Just add assault and battery to your verbal lies."

As Mr. Hynes spoke he placed himself into a splendid position to be kicked, bending himself half double, and the manager, a man of hasty temperament, was not slow to avail himself of such a tempting opportunity.

He did kick Mr. Hynes.

Not once or twice, but several times, and when he at last got tired of the, at least to him, satisfactory performance, he whistled with a small silver whistle which was suspended by a string from his button-hole.

Three sturdy canvas-men responded.

"What is it, sir?" asked one.

Their superior promptly let them know.

"Take these two fools or cranks, or whatever they are," he ordered, in a voice partially choked with rage, "and bounce them out."

The alderman bustled up like the little bantam that he was.

"Bounce me, will ye, ye popinjay?" he exclaimed; "are ye not aware that ivery teime ye lay the weight av yez little finger upon me, ye insult the Corporation av New York. Be gob, if ye get me mad I will, by judicious use av me influence wid the United States Senate, have Philadelphia obliterated from the map av New Jersey. I will—"

pearance at that time would have probably thrown a shade of sadness over the most festive gathering.

His eyes were ornamented by huge rings of black and blue; his nose was swelled abnormally, and the blood trickled from a cut on his lip. One of his ears, too, seemed to be suspended from his head by but a thread of skin. Yet Mr. Hynes did not appear to be unhappy; rather, joyous.

"Bedad," groaned the alderman, as he regained his feet, "I wud I wur a Nihilist!"

"Why?" stuttered Mr. Hynes, whose speech was impeded by reason of his having, during the *melee* which attended the bouncing, lost one of his front teeth.

"Bekase I could procure a bomb."

"Of wh-what?"

"Dynamite."

"W-what w-would you d-d-do with it?"

"Blow the domned baste-show to giblets. If iver I catch that manager outside there will be room for wan less at the Morgue."

Mr. Hynes came over and patted him upon the back. "I am glad it occurred," he said.

"Oh, so am I," sarcastically responded the alderman. "Faix, I wud not have had it turn out contrary fur the wurruld. Me coat is torn, and the seven-dollar, all cashmere pants, which I had made ready-made at Hop Ski's, the great American tailor's, are a valuable acquisition to a rag-bag. No wondher ye yerself are glad. 'Tis a fortune lies in yez grasp as a soign for the efficacy av a patent *millitreuse*."

When the alderman finished Mr. Hynes had secured a cab, and he hustled the indignant little fellow into it.

"My dear sir," said he, as the vehicle rolled away, "I do not know whether or not the monkeys are the parties of whom you are in search, but I know one thing."



"What?" queried O'Dowd.  
 "We are both about twenty-five hundred dollars in to-day."  
 "How?"  
 "Listen, and I will explain. I will sue the show for about ten thousand for illegal ejection. We both paid for our tickets. Also for assault and battery. They will compromise for at least the amount I previously stated. On my own hook I will sue them for criminal libel. You heard what the manager called me?"  
 "Yes."  
 "Well, I have it all down in my memorandum-book. I will give you ten per cent. of what I recover. Is it agreed?"  
 It was.

"What sort av a thrate?"  
 "You know my gray mare?"  
 "Sadie B.?"  
 "Yes."  
 The alderman knew the animal spoken of well. She was a very speedy piece of horse-flesh, formerly the property of a well-known railway king, and had been bought at a figure exceeding three ciphers by Brace.  
 "I'll let you drive her out for exercise," said Brace.  
 "You're a good driver, for I've heard Assemblyman Necker say so."  
 It rose to the alderman's tongue to say that Assemblyman Necker was a liar, for the alderman did not consider himself a good driver at all. Really he had not, to the best of his recollection, driven more than three horses in his life, and they were sedate, old

There, too, was the gray mare hitched up to a feather-weight of a sulky, her head held by an atom of a stable-boy, while several other stable-boys, all dirty-faced and dirty-handed, and chewing straws, stood admiringly around.  
 "All ready, alderman," said Brace; "get in."  
 Probably the alderman could have got into a diver's suit about as easily as he could that sulky. He shuddered as he thought what was before him.  
 But it would never do to exhibit the white feather. He boldly advanced and placed one of his big feet—for his most fervent admirer could not accuse him of wearing fairy slippers—upon a shaft of the sulky.  
 A yell was uttered by the atom of a stable-boy.  
 "Yer wanter bust the sulky," he cried; "'tain't made out of iron."



The alderman tried to pull up his horse. As he did so, his gaze fell upon Mulligan's Boy and Pete, who were proudly sharing the driver's seat. "Howly smoke!" he exclaimed, "if it isn't the castaways!"

Then and there did the two shake hands over the agreement, and the alderman was driven to a hotel, promising to see the lawyer at his office the next morning, sure.

A few simple remedies soon fixed the doughty alderman all right, and after supper he went down to that apartment which a politician, especially a metropolitan politician, generally seeks—the bar-room.

He ordered a modest after-supper relish of mineral water, and was just placing it to his lips when he received a slap upon the shoulder which made the fluid start out of the glass.

"Down me on the quarter-stretch, and break me up just under the wire, if it ain't the alderman!" said a voice, ringing and hearty.  
 O'Dowd turned.

There behind him was a stout, sturdy fellow, towering above him as a lamp-post towers over a hydrant. "Hello, alderman!" he continued, "what brings you to Philadelphia? Thought you were in New York, sure as Maud S. rules the time record."

The alderman recognized his accoster right away. It was a celebrated horseman and driver, Dan Brace by name, who, besides his dealings in horse-flesh, dealt not a little in politics, and was a power in his ward.

"Hello, Dan!" said he. "Faix I will ax ye back yez own interrogatory. What are ye doing here?"  
 Dan laughed—a regular horse-laugh, as befitted his profession.

"There's a trot to-morrow, and I am into it," he stated. "I am just bound for the stables now. By the way, got an hour to spare to-morrow—say between eight and nine?"

"Why?"

"I will give you a treat."

plugs, who would not have taken fright at an earthquake, or could have been tied, without frightening in the least, to a steam fire-engine in full action.

He restrained the impulse, however.

He had an idea that it would lower him in Brace's opinion if he confessed his lack of experience at handling the reins.

So he said, carelessly:

"All roight, I'll take her out. Will ye indulge?"

Brace declined.

"Don't feel the need of it," answered he, "besides I'm in a hurry. Here's the address of the stable."  
 The alderman took the proffered card, and, with a genial good-bye, Brace left.

That night the alderman's dreams were all horse. He was being plunged over precipices by horses, thrown head over heels into surging streams by them, and finally he awoke with a start just as a fiery, demoniac steed, snorting fire and flame, upon whose back was perched Mulligan's Boy and Pete, was about to ride over him, and crush him to the earth with its iron-shod hoofs.

It was eight o'clock when he arose, and he did not have much time to reach the stable if he would take Sadie B. out.

He heartily wished he had not agreed to do so.

"I wish, begob," he said, as he put on his hat, "that I had tould Brace that I had to sit upon a coroner's jury, or had been delegated by the Board av New York Aldermen to visit the Dead House and investigate the corpse system of Philadelphia. Why did I not think last noight to hoire some skilled criminal to poison the baste?"

Taking a hasty breakfast, he went to the stable.

There was Brace, ruddy and fresh, and as loud-voiced as ever.

The alderman withdrew his foot, while Brace came to the rescue.

He showed the alderman the proper way of getting in, and the alderman did get in finally, with the easy grace of an elephant.

"Guess you never was in a sulky before?" laughed Brace.

"Ye are mistaken," returned the alderman, with crushing dignity; "I wur born in one. Ever since me earliest infancy sulkies have been a mania wid me. I have four barns full now. But I build them different. They aich have two seats, wid a balcony beindfor me Siamese footman."

Crushed by O'Dowd's eloquence, Mr. Brace handed him the lines.

"Tight rein," he said; "let go her head, Pete."

The atom of a stable-boy obeyed.

As soon as the mare felt herself free she darted forward like a shot.

Away she went, knocking over the stable-boy, nearly upsetting the sulky as she passed out of the open door, and just by a trifle escaping from running into a passing coal-cart.

She landed upon the opposite sidewalk, and appeared to be about climbing up the stoop of a brick house when the alderman steered her, how he could not have told, over a hydrant and back into the street, down which she sped like electricity.

Brace, who was watching the circus, turned pale for a second.

"That horse is as good as dead," he exclaimed; "he knows nothing about driving."

"No more'n a crab," corroborated the atom of a stable-boy, who had got up and was ruefully rubbing his shoulder; "all uv der wagon dat yer will ever see, boss, will be der splinters."



Mr. Brace looked sad for a while, but presently a blessed thought came to comfort him.

"He's good for it," he muttered. "I'd sue the man for five thousand, anyway, and if he kills her I'll soak him five hundred extra. Blessed if I had any idea that he was such a fake about horses," and he philosophically lit a cigar and sauntered into the stable.

Now let us digress, and it is just about time for the digression to Mulligan's Boy and Pete.

They were at the museum yet as the Fat Foster Brothers, and they had made a decided hit, so much so that their salary had been increased by the proprietor from the original sum they received to ten dollars a week.

The same day that the alderman arrived in Philadelphia and went upon his disastrous excursion to Barnum's circus, a great idea occurred to Mulligan's Boy.

"Shanghai, old man," said he familiarly to the Russian giant, who was guaranteed to stand eight feet in his socks. "I've got a great idea. Bedad, it will girdle the tree."

"What is it?" asked the giant, who, most remarkable for a Russian, spoke in a Yankee down-east twang.

"Picnic."

"What sort of a picnic?"

"All of us."

"All of who?"

"Us curiosities. We'll hoire a big wagon and a band and go off upon a racket. Start early in the morning, be gone all day. What say?"

"Great. I'll agree if the boss will. See him."

Mulligan's Boy did.

The "boss," as the proprietor of the museum was called, caught on at once, for he realized that it would be a splendid advertisement for him.

He gave his hearty consent to the scheme, and went so far as to offer to pay for the wagon and music himself, which offer, unnecessary to say, was not refused. "Go to-morrow," he said.

The curiosities entered into the picnic readily. All except the boneless man, who was laid up with a broken arm, but who sent his regrets.

So it came about that on the morrow a merry party started off for a day's picnic.

Such a diversified lot of picnickers, it is safe to say, was never seen before.

There was the Russian giant and his wife, a lady equally as tall as himself, the Living Skeleton, the Circassian girl, the three midgets, the man who wrote with his toes, the India-rubber marvel, the pig-faced girl, and the bearded lady.

With the band playing and flags waving, they rolled on, applauded by the throngs of spectators who lined the sidewalks.

Suddenly, as they passed around a corner, they came face to face with the alderman behind "Sadie B."

The alderman tried to pull up his horse.

As he did so, his gaze fell upon Mulligan's Boy and Pete, who were proudly sharing the driver's seat.

"Howly smoke!" he exclaimed, "if it isn't the cast-aways!"

#### PART XVIII.

NOBODY can blame the alderman's steed for being frightened.

A brass band and a wagon filled with living curiosities of all sorts is surely sufficient to shake the mental equilibrium of any horse, even an old plug.

The alderman's horse was not an old plug.

"Sadie B." had a pedigree as extensive as a peacock's tail, and could boast of having some of the finest of equine blue blood in her veins.

She danced frantically upon her hind feet as soon as she perceived the museum picnic, and then started off upon a dead run.

The driver of the museum wagon hastily got out of the way, reining his horses to one side.

"There's a runaway, sure as fate," exclaimed he.

Mulligan's Boy and Pete looked at the man upon the sulky, and both simultaneously uttered:

"It's the old man!"

Hardly were the words out of their mouths before Sadie B. shot by.

She had got the bit tightly held between her teeth, and all of the alderman's pulling at the reins was unavailing.

"Jump out!" cried Mulligan's Boy.

The alderman heard the injunction, and gazed up at the speaker.

"Bedad, I will not!" he cried. "If I am saved, it will be ye who will jump out. What ye will jump out av will be yez pants, and it will be meself, aided by a switch, that will occasion yez exit. In spite av yez disguise I am onto ye."

That was all he said.

Away went the sulky, and he whirled by the gray mare, and soon all that was to be seen of them was the cloud of dust which arose from their rear.

The driver of the museum wagon, as he whipped up his horses, philosophically remarked:

"There'll be a funeral in that fellow's family in a day or so, and he will just about head the procesh. Do you know him?"

"Why?" asked Mulligan's Boy.

"He spoke to you?"

Mulligan's Boy and Pete exchanged glances.

Should they give their secret away?

Mulligan's Boy resolved not.

"Did he speak to us?" he queried, with an assumption of great innocence. "We don't know the gilly?"

"Well, I thought he did," replied the driver, "but mebbe he didn't. He spoke to somebody."

"Guess it was the fat woman," grinned Mike. "Maybe he's got a mash."

The driver laughed, and then the conversation ended, but both Mike and Pete felt that they had had a narrow escape.

They kept their thoughts to themselves, however, and it was not very long before the grove where they were about to picnic was reached.

Dinner was the first object of the day, and it was spread upon the grassy sward beneath the shelter of the spreading branches of a big oak, which, as the Bearded Woman, who was naturally of a poetic frame of mind, declared was too sweetly utter.

Let it be recorded that all of the participants in the feast did ample justice to it, especially the Living Skeleton, whose gastronomic feats were perfectly marvelous.

Neither were Mulligan's Boy or Pete much left. The food they got away with would have served many a cheap hash-house for a week by judicious management.

After dinner the party separated to a great extent.

The Russian Giant and his wife placidly went to sleep in the shade, the Lightning Calculator, two of the Zulu Chiefs, and the Leopard Boy sat down to a game of poker, while the rest sauntered off in different directions. Pete and Mike found themselves in the society of the Chinese Dwarf, who was really a nice little fellow, born in New Jersey.

His assumed name was Che Lung, and so will we call him, and he was just as full of mischief as a human atom could well be; always putting up jokes and jobs on his fellow curiosities.

The three roamed about the grove for a while until suddenly Che Lung stopped. He placed his finger to his lips.

"Sh!" he uttered.

His two companions paused.

"What is it?" asked Mulligan's Boy.

The dwarf pointed in a certain direction.

"Look!" he said.

The boys followed his extended finger.

There, upon a rustic seat, almost hid by the shrubbery which surrounded it, could be seen a couple. There was an obvious disparity between them.

One, the man, was almost as thin as a cigarette paper; the other, the woman, was fleshy, very fleshy. She would have made good ballast for a boat.

They were evidently lovers, for the woman's head rested upon the man's shoulder as he was gently fanning her with his straw hat.

Che Lung chuckled.

"See 'em?" asked he.

"Yes," answered Mulligan's Boy.

"Know 'em?"

"Faix, the backs of their heads, all I can behold, are not at all familiar."

"They are to me."

"Frinds av yez?"

"Yes, and of yours, too."

Mulligan's Boy was puzzled.

"I'll swear I am not acquainted wid them," said he.

"Are ye, Pete?"

Pete's reply was in the negative.

Pete said he did not know them from the Angel Gabriel. "Bet dat dey're engaged, dough, from dere posture," finished he; "kase if dey wuz married dey'd be far apart as possible."

Che Lung chuckled again.

"They're the Living Skeleton and the Fat Woman," he replied. "Don't you know that they are dead gone upon each other?"

"Ah, go 'way! What are ye giving me?" ejaculated Mulligan's Boy.

"Fact," responded the dwarf; "haven't you noticed it?"

"What?"

"Their mutual mash."

"No."

"Then you must be blind. Don't he take particular care to get the chair next to her upon the platform at the Museum, when we're getting showed off?"

"Thru."

"Don't he sell her pictures for her?"

"Deed he does."

"Every day he goes to lunch with her."

"Not every day. The Leopard Boy went yesther-day."

"Well, most every day. And who," triumphantly finished the dwarf, "sees her home at night?"

"He does," confessed Mike.

"That proves it," Che Lung said; "he's dead gone, and I'll bet he's proposing to her now. Just a nice opportunity. But I'll break it up. Just watch me. Know what I mean to do?"

"What?"

"Creep up and knock his hat over his eyes. Creep up with me; we'll hear what sort of taffy they're giving each other."

Like snakes the three glided in the rear of the couple upon the bench, who, oblivious of all the world, seemed to be totally engrossed with each other.

Soon our heroes were within hearing distance. They could distinctly hear the voices of the bench occupants.

The woman was speaking.

"Ain't I oo 'ittle duck?" said she.

"F'course!" said her companion; "and I is oor own baby?"

"Es, oo is mine alone."

"And we'll never part?"

"Never."

"We'll get married in June."

"Es."

Then followed the sound of kisses oft repeated.

The dwarf made a grimace.

"They make me sick," said he. "See me shiver up the old skeleton!"

He rushed forward, and with a vigorous thrust of both hands jammed the male lover's hat over his eyes.

"Take that, old lead-pencil!" he exclaimed; "we've caught you at it again."

The man whom he addressed sprang from his seat,

while his fair companion gave vent to a piercing shriek.

"Help!—murder!" she bawled.

As she did so the dwarf caught sight of her face.

It was not that of the Fat Woman!

He started back.

It flashed upon his mind that possibly he might have made a mistake.

"I—I—" he began to stammer.

The woman, regaining her self-possession, rushed upon him with uplifted parasol.

"You miserable little thing! What do you mean by assaulting a gentleman in that way?" she cried.

Before Che Lung could reply the chap whose hat he had assaulted had got it off his eyes.

When Che Lung saw his face he felt worse than ever. It wasn't the Living Skeleton—it was an entire stranger!

The dwarf saw that he had got himself into a box which it would be hard to get out of, for there was fire in the eyes of the young fellow whose head-piece he had so nicely demoralized.

He turned to flee, the young fellow after him.

His little short legs were no match for the long, lithe ones of his pursuer.

Hardly were a dozen rods passed over before his pursuer's hands were upon his collar.

"You blasted little rat! What do you mean?" asked the young fellow, shaking Che Lung like a dog does a rat.

"I—I thought it wasn't you," faltered Che Lung.

"Yer didn't?"

"No."

"Who did yer think it was?"

"Billy."

"Who's Billy?"

"The Living Skeleton."

This reply seemed to make the fellow all the madder. Like all thin people, he was very sensitive about his lack of flesh.

"So I look like a skeleton, do I?" he repeated. "All right; we'll see what you look like in a second. Smash my dicer, will yer, and scare my Mary Ann most inter fts. I'll fix yer up for a while, you runt!"

Though the young fellow was thin he was muscular, and he lifted the dwarf up from the ground as if he had been a feather.

"Wot'll I do wid him, Mary Ann?" he called to his lady friend.

The answer came back, short and clear:

"George, if you wish me to marry you in June, chuck him in the pond."

The pond to which she referred was a dark, slimy-covered pool of water which lay but a few feet away.

"George," like a true gallant, hastened to obey the orders of his lady-love.

He hurried Che Lung towards the pond.

Needless to say the dwarf resisted. He kicked and struck furiously at his captor.

That gentleman only mocked him.

"Go it, crab," he cried, "kick as much as you please. Yer bet yer life the bath will do yer good. Teach yer not ter do any more funny business wid folks."

As he spoke he lifted the dwarf almost above his head.

His victim uttered a yell of terror, for the pond looked anything but inviting.

"Mike! Pete!" bawled he. "Where are you—would you see me killed?"

But no answer greeted his ears.

All was silent.

Mulligan's Boy and Pete had a peculiar facility of keeping out of trouble. They never courted it. When they beheld it coming, they faded away.

So it was in this case.

Just as soon as they had perceived the probable termination of the dwarf's joke, they had left, retired behind a bunch of bushes, where they could see all that was going on without being seen themselves.

So it was that they failed to respond, verbally or physically, to Che Lung's aid.

Poor little bit.

George with all his might flung him into the pond, while Mary Ann applauded.

Luckily the pond was not deep—probably sixteen or seventeen inches in depth at the most.

Che Lung did not even disappear beneath the water, but stuck in the mud, his head and shoulders—fortunately he landed feet first—sticking out above the surface.

Mary Ann shook her parasol fiercely at him.

"Serves you right for assaulting and a battering of my young man," she said. "It's lucky for you he left his revolver home; ain't it, Georgy?"

Her cavalier, as in duty bound, assented.

"If I had carried a pop I'd a filled you so full of holes that anybody could see to read a newspaper through yer," he valiantly said. "Are yer ready, Mary Ann?"

"Yes."

"Den come 'long."

Arm in arm they strolled off, Mary Ann turning occasionally to stick out her tongue at Che Lung, which little bit of feminine spite appeared to gratify her exceedingly.

When they were out of sight the dwarf slowly plunged his way out of the pond, muttering curses upon everybody.

The first beings he saw when he reached terra firma were Mulligan's Boy and Pete, who had emerged from their covert.

They pretended to be terribly surprised.

"What in the worruld ails ye?" Mike asked. "Faix, what possessed ye to go swimming wid yez clothes on?"

Che Lung bent upon them a glance of the utmost disdain.

"Cowards," he said, as he tried to scrape some of



the mud off of his pants and shoes with a stick, "I'll get square on you."

"What for?"

"You deserted me."

"When?"

"I suppose you did not stop to see how my joke turned out?"

"Nayther we did. Jist afther ye lift us there wur a artlesnake gloided by, and Pete and me pursued it. What did the skeleton say, and how in the name av the dead did ye get into the wather?"

"If you don't know you will never find out from me," curtly answered Che Lung, who suspected the true state of affairs.

"Bedad, I do not desoire to invade into yez affairs," returned Mike; "it is only one suggestion I wud make to ye. It will be toime for us to return home very shortly, and if ye do not hurry ye will be left."

"That's my business," was the reply they received, and without further parley they walked away, leaving the dwarf to follow if he pleased.

They rejoined the rest of the party, and it was not long before Che Lung appeared, with a face like a thunder-cloud.

His drowned-rat appearance attracted the notice of his friends.

"What in the world ails you, old fellow?" queried the Living Skeleton, who sat upon the back seat of the wagon, with the Fat Woman by his side.

"Nothing," replied Che Lung.

"You look wet."

"Suppose I do?"

The Skeleton saw that the dwarf was not desirous of being interrogated upon the subject, so he dropped it at once.

"At least you must congratulate me," he cheerily said.

"About what?"

"I've gone and did it."

"Did what?"

"Proposed and been accepted; ain't I, baby?"

And as he spoke he affectionately tickled the Fat Woman under the chin.

She blushed a rosy red, while the Skeleton continued:

"Yes, Em and I have concluded to double up. She has accepted me, and after the show to-night I'll set up beer on it."

"Blast you and Em and the beer," growled the dwarf, as he crawled up into a seat beside the Zulu chiefs, whose whole week's salary had gone into the pockets of the Lightning Calculator, who, probably on account of his arithmetical skill, more than his Caucasian birth, managed to get the better of his darker-skinned contemporaries.

The joke, though, was too good for Mulligan's Boy to conceal.

And so it came about that upon the journey home the whole facts of the case were made known to the occupants of the wagon.

Che Lung was unmercifully twitted.

He maintained a sullen silence, but the expression of his face denoted that when it was in his power he would get square upon Mulligan's Boy and Pete.

The museum that night was crowded. As the proprietor had anticipated, the picnic had proved a big card, and although he had lost his afternoon receipts by the affair, the steady flow of currency and silver into his coffers at the evening's exhibition denoted that he was a gainer at the end.

At the end of the evening's performance, Mulligan's Boy and Pete were called into the office of the proprietor.

"Cullies," said he, "I want yer to do a new act to-morrow."

"Anything you like," cheerfully answered Pete. "Deedy, I'se glad ob it, fo' I'se dog-goned if I isn't tired ob being a Fat Boy."

"Me, too, sur," corroborated Mike. "What is it ye desoire us to be now?"

"You can be a statue," laughed the proprietor; "we'll put it on the bills as a marvelous masterpiece of mechanism."

The big words sort of broke Mulligan's Boy up.

"Shure, I cannot clinch yez maning," he said.

"Easy enough. You see, you get whitened up until you can pass for marble. I'll fake that part of the scheme all up for you. You are supposed to be Hercules."

"Who is he?"

The proprietor candidly confessed that really he did not know.

"Some ancient cuss with a club, I think," said he; "but I'll be blessed if I know. At any rate, I want you to posture for him; I had your platform made while you were all away. There it is in the corner."

While speaking he produced the platform.

It was an ordinary wooden arrangement about two feet high, with a crank at one side.

"That crank," he said to Pete, "yer are supposed to grind. Yer pard (Mulligan's Boy) is the figure—artificial, of course. Yer wind, and fust he raises the club. Yer wind it agin; he holds it aloft. Yer wind it some more, and he lets it descend. You've got to work that for about fifteen minutes at every exhibition. The snap is new, and it ought to grab the gawks. See?"

By dint of repeated explanations they did see, and after several amateur rehearsals, were perfect in the new role.

Meanwhile where was the alderman?

Sadie B., as we have stated, had run away with him after meeting the picnic wagon laden with curiosities, and she had kept on running, the alderman clinging with commendable yet useless firmness upon the reins until a post was met.

The mare passed it all right, but the sulky did not.

One wheel caught into it, and the alderman was shot out of his seat.

He described a sort of semi-circle, and landed upon the pavement a mixed-up mass of humanity.

"He's killed!" cried a gentleman, a witness of the accident, as he rushed forward to O'Dowd's assistance.

The gentleman did not know the doughty little alderman.

He was not killed for a cent.

Indeed, he was hardly hurt, for he had struck the cobble-stones in such a way that slight bruises upon his arms and an abrasion upon a knee were the only disastrous results of his fall.

As for Sadie B., she also was lucky.

She ran for about a mile or so farther, and was caught by a policeman and taken to her stable.

The alderman, as soon as he had recovered from the shock of his accident, set at work finding out how Mike and Pete had got upon the wagon of curiosities. Finally, he learned that they were the Fat Foster Brothers, of the—Museum.

The next afternoon did the alderman hie himself to the Museum denoted.

He paid his way in and asked for the Fat Foster Brothers.

To his dismay, he was told that they were no longer there.

"Left last night," was the reply of the attendant whom he asked.

"Where to?"

"Don't know, sir."

While the alderman was pondering over the disagreeable intelligence, the voice of a second attendant was plainly heard:

"Walk this way, ladies and gentlemen, and look at the marvelous master-pieces of mechanism—the celebrated Hercules, renowned in mythology, the one and only automaton of his class in the world."

For want of something better to do, the alderman went into the room which the speaker was indicating. There he beheld the so-called Hercules, with uplifted club, while at the crank was Pete.

The alderman started back in surprise.

"Bedad!" he exclaimed, "if the marvelous masterpiece av mechanism isn't Mike, and the African at the crank, Pete, it is not meself, but somebody ilse, who is spaking."

#### PART XIX.

The alderman went for Pete at once.

"Ye dingy-hued rascal!" he cried, "at last I have ye."

Pete was fairly paralyzed for a second.

But Pete was not deficient in cases of emergency. Though slow he was sure.

"Golly, Massa O'Dowd, dat youse?" he exclaimed. "Wha' youse come from? Dead glad is I fo' to see youse."

The darkey's cool way of recognizing the alderman made that gentleman fairly quiver with rage.

"How dare you spake to me at all, ye ungrateful son av a coal-yard?" he uttered. "Is that Mike beyant upon the pedestal?"

"Who?" asked Pete.

"The whoitened horror that ye are wounding up."

"No, sah, me and Mike hab separated, we'se done quit s'ciety."

"Didn't ye elope together?"

"Yes, sah, but we'se parted. I'se got a job heah, while he—"

"Where is he? Spake, for Heaven's sake, for Cordelia will soon make her exit from Jarsey."

Pete put on a dismal expression.

"Fo' de Lawd, I doan't know," said he; "de last dat I heard ob him wuz last night. He'd jess got a job."

"What at?"

"Being shot out ob a cannon at a circus."

The alderman felt like fainting.

This was nice news.

His hopeful nephew entering into the career of a human projectile. What would Cordelia say?

"Be heavens! he will be kilt as dead as Saint Patrick," groaned he; "and if he is, I will be a wanderer upon the face av the earth, for it is drove me forth like an outcast will Cordelia. I can stand up before a prize fighter, but I cannot before Cordelia. I collapse loike a balloon pricked wid a pin. It is rescue Mulligan's Boy must I do, or the list av suicides will be augmented by wan, and the Democratic majority in the New York Board av Aldermen daycreased *pro ratio*."

Pete grinned to himself.

"Can't help it, boss," said he. "I'se got fo' to tend to bizness. De ole statue hab got to be put in motion."

As he spoke he took hold of the crank, first spitting upon his hands, so as to secure a good grip.

The alderman carefully surveyed the "Marvelous Masterpiece of Mechanism" again.

"If iver the ligaments av a statue's face resembled Mulligan's Boy's that statue does," he muttered. "I have a good moind to prod it wid me cane to see if it is alive."

Meanwhile Mulligan's Boy was in a fever of fright. He had recognized his uncle at once, and it required all of the nerve he could muster to prevent him from jumping down off of his pedestal and running away.

Common sense, however, told him that such a course would only entail his certain discovery and probable recapture.

So he resolved to stay and face the music.

The scheme upon which Pete and Mulligan's Boy worked was very simple.

Pete turned the crank once.

The so-called Hercules suddenly sprang into action and raised his club.

Pete turned twice.

Hercules raised his club above his head.

Three times.

The club descended with a resounding thud upon the pedestal.

That is, it generally did.

This especial occasion it didn't.

Just as Mulligan's Boy was about to bring it down he saw the alderman in a sort of stooping position beneath him; the alderman was investigating the statue.

Greater men than Mulligan's Boy have succumbed to temptation.

And Mulligan's Boy succumbed.

Leaning forward, he, with a whack which could be heard all over the house, brought the club down squarely upon the alderman's head.

The club was no fairy wand.

It was of the genus called stuffed, and it was stuffed pretty firmly, too.

At any rate, the force of the blow smashed the alderman's hat over his eyes, and sent him staggering back like a drunken man.

Cries of astonishment were heard upon all sides.

"Is he hurt?"

"How did it occur?"

"Something must have broken."

"He got in the way."

"Was too close to the statue."

So the spectators ejaculated, while they pressed eagerly around the alderman.

He was not much injured, and he soon recovered from the temporary daze which the unexpected blow had put him in.

But he was mad.

Mad as a turkey-cock at the sight of a red dress.

It was but the work of a minute for him to pull off his coat and roll up his sleeves.

Then he pulled his hat from over his eyes, placed it upon the floor, and flung his vest after it.

An old gentleman present looked at his proceedings in blank surprise.

"What in the world do you mean to do, man?" asked he.

The alderman executed a sort of Irish fandango.

"Begorra, I will give that bloody ould statue fifty dollars to stand up before me three rounds," said he.

"I can knock it out av toime in six seconds!"

"But, my dear sir," the old gentleman feebly interposed, "do you know what it is?"

"What?"

"Machinery."

The alderman said he didn't care if it was.

No machinery or anything else could take advantage of him when his back was turned.

"He struck me a coward blow, and it is shipwreck him I will. An O'Dowd niver yet forgave a blow like that divil gave me."

Probably the alderman would have been as good as his word and made a furious onslaught upon the "Hercules" had not the manager of the museum, who had been informed of the occurrence, come rushing in to the scene of it.

He caught O'Dowd by the shirt collar.

"Wot d'yer mean, yer crank?" he interrogated.

"Who are ye?" asked the alderman.

"I run this museum."

"Ye do?"

"Yes; and do yer know wot I mean to do with you?"

"What?"

"Run yer out."

The manager was a big, strapping fellow, and the alderman had sense enough to see that he was not the other's muscular equal.

So he cooled off.

He offered a compromise.

"Bedad," he said, "I will give ye foive dollars for wan good welt at yez darty, snaking statue, and ten dollars if ye will let me kick the bowels out av it?"

The manager wouldn't have it.

"Yer can't kick up no row in my place," said he.

"But it hit me?"

"Well, it orter hit yer again. I'm a just going to waft yer out upon the sidewalk, and yer can go fight yerself if yer want. Out yer go."

"Me hat? Me coat and vest?"

"I'll send 'em to yer by express. Out yer go."

Out he did go.

In regular one, two, three order.

Not alone was he bounced by the manager, but everybody else who could get a blow, or a kick, or a cuff at him, considered it their bounden duty to do so. 'Tis the world's way.

The result was that O'Dowd, when he arrived upon the sidewalk, looked as if he had been through a baseball campaign.

His eye was blacked, his nose bleeding, and his clothing torn.

"There yer are," said the manager, as he flung him in the gutter, "and yer'll get worse next time. Go float down with the tide into the sewer."

Then the manager, flushed with his exertion, triumphantly returned back into the museum, leaving the poor alderman to his fate.

A couple of good Samaritans assisted him to his feet, while a policeman came bustling up.

"What's the row?" asked the Quaker City knight of the locust.

"Feller fired!" a boot-black informed.

"Where?"

"Out der show."

That was sufficient for the copper.

"Get out of this, or I'll run you in," he said, prodding O'Dowd with his baton.

The alderman attempted to resent.

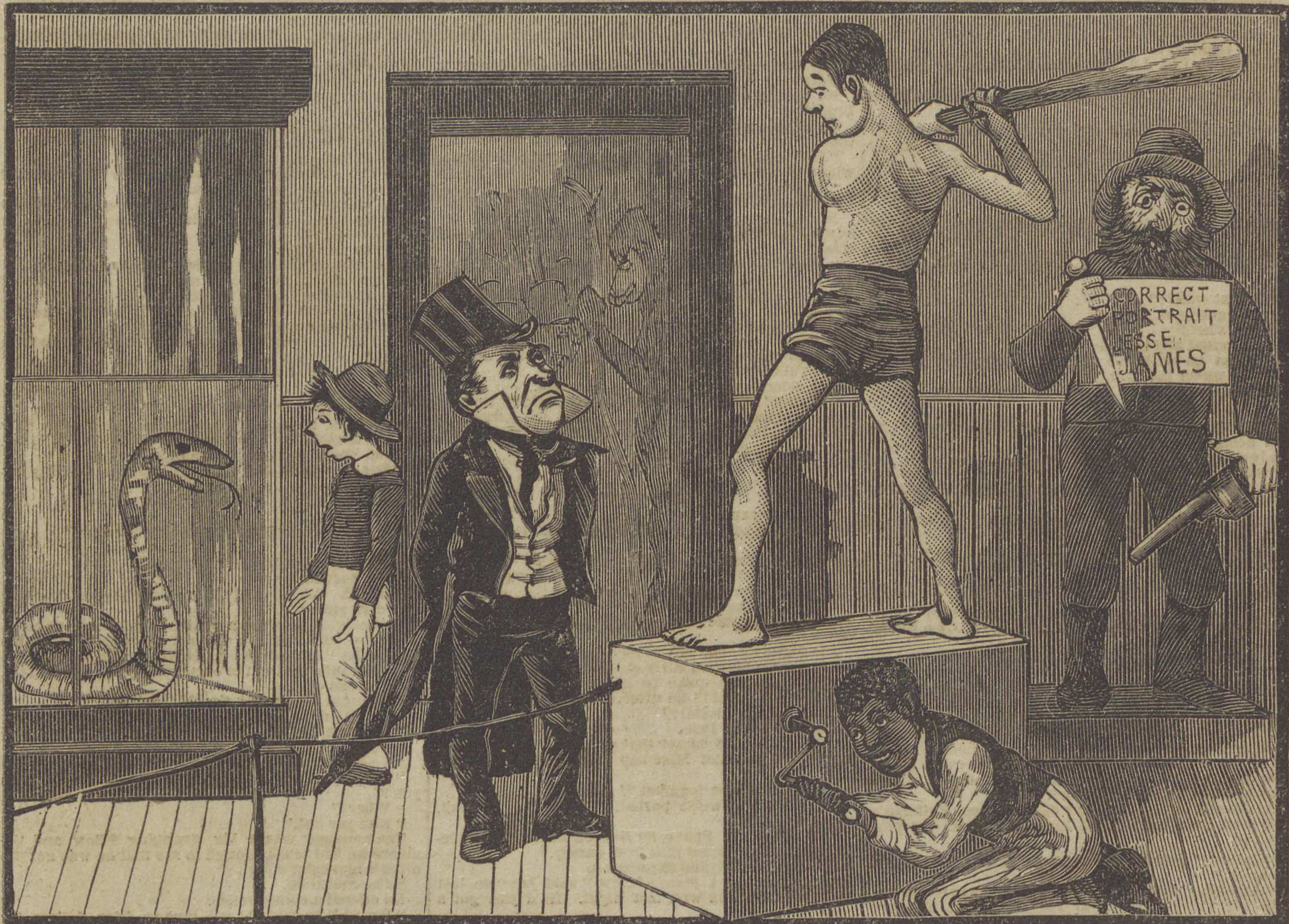
"Are ye aware of me personality?" he asked, wiping the blood off of his face with the back of his hand.



The policeman said he was not. More, he didn't want to be. And he further stated that if the alderman did not make himself optically uneventful that he would lightly dance him to the lock-up. The alderman shut up. He had enough experience of policemen to know that they are the same all over. A still tongue often saves a cracked head. So he slunk into a neighboring saloon, and sent a boy after his hat, coat and vest, which were, for a wonder, returned. As soon as he had made himself a little presentable, he went to the office of the lawyer who was suing Barnum's Circus for the ejection of them both. The lawyer was in.

"If I could only secure Mike I believe I wud die happy," he uttered; "it is a maniac will I be if the strain upon me mentally is not soon alleviated." To pass away a few minutes he picked up the morning paper. The first item which caught his eye was as follows: "WARNING.—We are informed by reliable sources that a celebrated New York confidence man is in town, working the old bunco game. He generally represents himself as a son of a New York alderman. He is short, with a Jewish cast of features, and is a very glib talker." The alderman read it over carefully. "I don't see how men can be tuk in by the suckers," spake he. "I'd loike to have wan av thim thry to

The young fellow, happily unaware of the current of the alderman's thoughts, had grabbed him by the arm, and insisted upon the acceptance of a cigar. The alderman took it and lit it, while next, Mr. Levi, as he called himself, insisted that drinks be got. "Dere vos a saloon down here where de whisky-sour dey make woud curl de hair auf a pilliard pall, he said. The alderman grimly consented to be guided to this mecca of whisky-sours. It was a dingy-looking place, and the alderman began to feel afraid of foul play. He felt in his pocket, however, and was partially reassured to find that his revolver was there. The two passed down a couple of steps and through a curtained door into a little bar-room.



"Bedad!" he exclaimed, "if the marvelous master-piece av mechanism isn't Mike, and the African at the crank, Pete, it is not meself, but somebody else, who is spaking."

He gleefully rubbed his hands when he heard O'Dowd's statement.

"Another case! Bless me, you are a fortune," he uttered. "How I wish I'd been there. I would have got kicked out, too. Please let me know when you are going next, and I'll go along."

"I don't care so much about the assault as I do about the bye," returned O'Dowd. "I'm sure, after a third reflection, that the statue was Mulligan's Boy." The lawyer said it could be easily proved or disproved.

"You are sure of the identity of the negro?" he queried.

"Shure as me great-grandfather rests in his grave. Ye could never mistake the liver lips av the coon."

"We, or rather I, can easily arrange matters then. I will get a writ ordering the proprietor of the museum to produce both the negro and the statue in court. If, as you surmise, the statue is your nephew, the fact can be easily ascertained."

The idea appeared a good one to the alderman, and he requested that it be carried out.

And it was. But it failed.

When the writ was served upon the museum man he failed to produce, because neither of the persons called for were in his custody.

They had drawn their salaries and faded away the very night of the day on which the alderman was slung out of the museum.

Where they had gone the alderman, in spite of his endeavors, could not find out.

He hunted around for fully three days, even going so far as to employ a detective, who, of course, did not detect anybody.

On the fourth morning the alderman sat in the reading-room of his hotel very much perturbed.

pick me up. It is picked up for dead he wud be himself after I had concluded me fistic opinions av his nature."

Lighting a cigar, he strolled out into the street.

He had not walked four blocks from the hotel before he was accosted.

His accoster was a young man dressed very stylishly, with a diamond stud twinkling in his shirt front, and a mass of watch-chain.

"Hello, alderman, auf dis ain't a surprise; when you gets here?" said he, seizing the alderman's hand and shaking it heartily. "I yust got here a day or so ago. How vos all of your folks?"

The alderman looked at the young fellow.

He hesitated.

"Bedad, ye have the best of me," at last he said.

"I fail to place ye."

"You vosn't don't know me?"

"No."

"Dat's funny."

"Why?"

"You und mein father vos very thick."

"Who's your father?"

"Alderman Levi; und I vos his son."

O'Dowd fairly recoiled.

The truth burst upon him.

This young fellow must be the bunco man spoken of in the paper.

To make sure, the alderman cast a side glance at him.

Yes, he was short, and his features were decidedly Jewish. It must be he without a doubt.

The alderman's first impulse was to call for the police.

His next was the one he resolved to adopt.

"I will kill him meself at the earliest opportunity," he mentally agreed.

The bar-keeper lolled over the bar half asleep, but he brightened up as he beheld the two enter.

"Hello, Shack!" said Levi.

"Hello, Mose!" replied the bar-keeper.

"Got the stuff?"

"Yes."

"With you?"

"No."

"When'll you have it?"

"To-morrow. Keep it dark."

"I never squeal."

That was all that the alderman heard of the conversation, for the rest of it was carried on in whispers, the two men occasionally casting glances, as he thought, at him.

Presently they finished, and the bar-keeper turned to the alderman and asked what he would have.

"Vichy," replied the alderman.

Mr. Levi looked at him in wonder.

"Where vos your padge?" asked he.

"What badge?"

"Demberance padge. How long vos you been a gold vater man. You vosn't used to be."

"Age brings wisdom," replied the alderman; "the oulder I grow the less, begob, I know."

"Vell, dake vot you blease; but, as for me, gif me a whisky sour," declared Levi; "vun auf der old-dimers vot makes you feel like going on a racket."

Not only one but three did Levi stow away before they left.

In spite of all persuasion did the alderman stick to Vichy.

"They can put no chloride av potash or other poison in that," he uttered to himself.

When Levi at last got up on the sidewalk he was just about ready for anything, or pretended he was.



"Where you vos pound for?" he asked of the alderman.

"Nowheres."

"Den goom mit me."

"Where?"

"You know my father?"

"Yes."

"He vos a nice man?"

"Yes."

"And he vos lucky?"

"I believe so."

"Vell, I gifs you id away. I vos schoest as lucky as my father; vot you subbose occured to me yesterday?"

"What?"

"Dere vos a horse-race at Point Breeze Park, und dere vos two horses run; vun vos a grack, the other

"He's a lunatic!"

Thus exclaimed the alderman and Mr. Levi, simultaneously.

Two or three of the crowd, confused at these contradictory replies, sought to solve the real state of affairs by pulling the two apart.

Mr. Levi arose.

"Shacob auf der Pillar auf Stone. Alderman, you must got der hydrophobia," said he, ruefully. "I vos kicked all to pruisis. But I get square. I sues for damages."

"Ye sue," wrathfully replied the alderman; "the first policeman I see I will have ye locked up, ye confidence rascal."

"Me a confidence rascal," bewilderedly ejaculated Levi; "dot vos some oxditional graziness."

"Ye can't pass it off that way," Alderman O'Dowd

So that afternoon found them outside of the railroad yard, waiting for a train to come past upon which they could get.

Several sped past, but none stopped, and they were just despairing of catching one when a freight train came to a pause near them.

The engine was in front of them, and the engineer's head was turned.

Mike had a great idea.

"Be heavens!" he ejaculated, "we will journey upon the cow-catcher. It will be the hoight av fun."

No sooner said than done.

The two boys clambered on to the cow-catcher, and caught hold of the standards.

The train moved slowly on.

"Golly, ain't dis nice?" exclaimed Pete.

"Hoigh pie!" said Mulligan's Boy.



*Leaning forward, he, with a whack which could be heard all over the house, brought the club down squarely upon the alderman's head.*

vos no good. Vell, for funs I puy's der no good in der bool-room. Vot you subbose?"

"Faix, I havn't the faintest idea."

"The grack drops dead, auf heart-disease, und der no good vins; bays me sixty dollars for five. How vos det?"

The alderman confessed it was very good, and Levi pulled out a ticket.

"Come to the bool-room," requested he, "until I get it cashed."

Whatever lingering doubts as to Levi's character that the alderman might have had were dispelled by the request.

It was the old bunco game worked with a pool instead of a lottery ticket.

The alderman resolved to act.

"If I slaughter the devil me name will be in all av the papers as a public benefactor," said he, softly. "Me name is not Charles Francis Adams."

Like a miniature whirlwind did he spring upon Levi.

One blow of his fist knocked the young man down, and then the alderman began to kick him.

"Ye liar, ye bunco fake, ye siphon-nosed swindler!" he cried out at every kick. "Thry to impose upon me, will ye? I loked grane, did I? Be the sowl av St. Bridget, I'll whack yez back-bone!"

"Shiminy!" bawled Levi, trying to get up. "The man was gone grazy. It vos der Viehy vent to his prain. Hellup! Hellup!"

His cries attracted the usual crowd, who spring up, the Lord knows where from, at every street incident, like the fabled dragon's teeth.

"What is it?" asked everybody at once.

They received the replies:

"Bunco fraud!"

"Grazy man!"

"He's a darty thafe!"

replied, and he related his account of the affair to the crowd.

It sided with him.

"Take him to the station-house," advised fully a dozen men.

"Show me the way and I will," the alderman answered.

They were perfectly willing, and soon Mr. Levi, under escort of the rabble, was being lugged to the hotel in front of which the green lamp always burns, despite his protestations of who he really was.

We will leave Mr. Levi to continue his pleasing journey, and return for a while to the adventures of Mulligan's Boy and Pete.

They left the museum richer than they ever had been before in their lives; twenty-five dollars between them was a regular gold mine for them.

They went to a cheap lodging-house, and there remained, very dark, for three days.

At the end of this period, not hearing from the alderman, they concluded that it was safe to get out.

"Whar will we go next?" queried Pete.

Mulligan's Boy considered.

"Let's go to Pittsburg," he said.

"Wha' will we do dere?"

"Lave it to luck."

"How will we'se go?"

"By the cars, av coorse."

For once Pete proved himself the smartest of the twain.

"Dat'll nebber do," objected he.

"Why?"

"De alderman are a sarching arter us. Mebbe he will have a detective at de depot."

Mulligan's Boy confessed that there was a probability of such an ensuement.

"We'll have to go outside of the railroad yard and try to catch a ride," he said.

It was decided that such a course would be best.

Just then the engineer, looking out of the cab window, discovered them.

A smile crossed his face.

"I'll give them all of the free ride they want," he said.

## PART XX.

We left Mr. Levi being dragged along by the alderman, a self-appointed but very zealous escort.

Mr. Levi had become convinced that it was useless to struggle against fate; in fact, he had fallen into a sort of daze.

Suddenly he was aroused from his lethargy by a voice.

"Hello, Levi, what ails you? Where yer going?"

Levi looked up.

As soon as he saw who it was that had spoken, his face assumed a joyous expression.

"Mr. Mulready," he cried, addressing the owner of the voice, a big, strapping man, who had the regular cut of a Philadelphia politician. "Who I vos?"

"Young Levi," was the answer; "what's the matter wid yer? Drunk again, and don't know yerself?"

"No; I will oxblain later. I vos young Levi?"

"Yes."

"Old Levi vos my father?"

"Yes."

"He lives—where?"

"New York."

"He vos an alderman?"

"Yes."

Mr. Levi fairly danced up and down with elation.

"Vot I dells you?" he cried to the alderman. "Vosn't I dell you dot I knows you; dot my father and you vos friends? Yet you calls me a bunco-sdeerer und a fraud, und efery ding else."

The alderman began to fear he had put his foot in it, as he usually did, more especially as he was ac-



quainted with Mulready, and knew him to be reliable."

Mulready singled him out.

"That you, O'Dowd?" he asked. "Are yer in this muss too? What does this all mean? It is as mixed up as a nigger dog-fight."

"I dells you," said Mr. Levi, eagerly. "The alderman vos gone crazy py Vichy."

"By Vichy?" repeated Mulready.

"Yes, he drinks seferal kewarts, und it goes into his head. He imagines dot I vos a confidence veller."

Mulready looked more at sea than ever, until the alderman explained the occurrence.

"T'wur me own fault," he acknowledged. "I wur too imperative in me expressions. Mr. Levi, I apologize. But what wur ye talking about to the bar-keeper of the saloon? Yez mysterious references had a criminal tinge."

Mr. Levi laughed.

"Dot vos apoutsome smuggled whisky vot the old man vos got," he said. "Py der vay, let us go pack und haf some aufit. I'd dakes der frosting off auf der cake."

Mulready, who had been having a hearty laugh at the Comedy of Errors, stopped his mirth.

"I'm born of gilt-edged parents," he uttered, "and upon an occasion of this kind, I can't get below wine. Open a bottle, O'Dowd."

"Bedad, I will," rejoined the alderman, "upon wan condition."

"What?"

"That ye niver open yez mouth about me exploit in New York. If Cordelia heard av it she would foriver hold it over me head as a weapon av ridicule to subdue me into submission."

They promised faithfully that not a syllable of the episode should pass their lips, and they adjourned into a near-by palace of refreshment.

Not one, but several bottles were opened, and when Mulready, who had a head like iron, excused himself, Mr. Levi and O'Dowd must crack a fourth one by themselves.

Over it they became confidential.

The alderman clung fondly to Mr. Levi, and swore that he loved him like a son, and exacted a sacred promise that just as soon as they reached New York Mr. Levi would move his trunk to the alderman's house and live there forever. Mr. Levi in return was so affected that he wept on the alderman's neck, and tearfully requested him to accept his gold watch and diamond studs as a slight token of affection.

"We vill pe like Shacob und David," he said.

"Or Romeo and Juliet," answered the alderman. "It is as thick as flies in boarding-house butter will we be. Faix, if I cud only foind those byes, I wud be happy."

"What poys?"

"Me nephews Mike, and Pete."

"Pete vos a coon?"

"Yes. How wur ye aware av it?"

Mr. Levi's face temporarily darkened at the recollection.

"Dey vos de suckers vot, when I vos bassing py your house mit a young lady, pawled after me: 'Levi, Levi, vot vould der vife und der driplets say auf dey could see you owit ubon der mash?' Vot vos der result? I could not gonvince dot young lady but dot I vos married, und dot my intentions toward her vos perfectly dishonorable. She vos give me der shake, und leaf me py der gorner."

"Jist loike thim," commented the alderman; "they have no riverence for anybody. I belave if an angel wur to appear in their prisine it would not be foive minutes before they wud be conniving how to saycure the pin feathers out av his wings. It is two daisies they are, and they are lost."

"Dey vos?"

"Yes."

"Den you vos ought to set ub another pottle. If I vos der guardian auf dose poys I would haf a celebration und set off fire-vorks if I vos really sure dot dey vos lost."

The alderman sighed.

"Personally, I wud be the happiest man upon earth; but ye little know the skeleton which lurks in me family refrigerator. Ye know me woife?"

"I vos."

"She wur a very raymarkable woman. For strength av character and intellect she aiquils Bonaparte. Shure, we had a foight wan noight in me saloon, and I wur jist groping behind the bar after me revolver, when Cordelia came down and cowed thim wid her prisence. A glance av her aigle eyes wud quell a riot."

"I pelieve id."

"But she has her idiosyncracies. All great people have. Cordelia's is a woid love for her nephew, although why she should I don't see. Didn't he place hairpins in her tay, and entice her to promenade out in the strate wid the legend, '*Stolen from Alderman O'Dowd's*,' pinned upon her back. But ye can niver tell about a woman."

Then he proceeded to enlighten Levi farther about the escape of the boys and his, so far, fruitless pursuit of them, not forgetting to relate about Mulligan's Boy's assumption of Hercules at the museum.

"They must be found," said O'Dowd, in conclusion, "and foind thim will I if I have to organize a North Pole expedition in their search."

The light of holy intent shone on Levi's face. It even illuminated his hooked nose.

"Mishter O'Dowd," he uttered, "I vos got nottings to do. I vos got more money dan I vant. Fairst my grandfather Eli, he dies und leaf me monish. Den my Aunt Repecca, she die und leafes me monish; next my uncle Moses, de one I vos named after, he dies und leafes me more monish. I vos got all auf de monish dot I vant. It vos a drouble to me to dake gare auf it. Und now, sellep me Bob, I hear dot mine

gousin Michael vos apout to die und leafe me all of his monish. Py Sheneral Shackson, I haf sent sixteen doctors to save his life. Mishter O'Dowd, I vill follow you, if necessary, to de Chinese Sea, before we will give up finding those poys."

O'Dowd was affected at such friendship from a man whom he had stigmatized as a bunco man, a confidence fraud, and a swindler.

"Levi," said he, "I will niver forget ye; so long as ye have a penny I will stick by ye. I will exhibit to ye Irish gratitude. Ye farmer's son behoint the bar, open another bottle av Fiddler Leary—I mane Piper Heidsieck."

The "farmer's son," alias the bar-keeper, obeyed, and then Mr. Levi reciprocated.

The result was that when they reached the stree they were enthusiastically full.

They rambled down the street arm-in-arm, owning all of the sidewalk.

"The search, be heavens, has—hic—commenced," said the alderman.

"Sallright," stammered Mr. Levi. "Lesh look on allsides. May be find 'em now—right 'way."

The alderman consented.

He thought the idea was a good one.

He did look upon all sides.

He peered about lamp-posts, looked around hydrants, glanced down into areas, and nearly fell into two or three ash-barrels, in his search for the boys.

Mr. Levi eagerly assisted him, and was nearly run over half a dozen times while peeking down sewer entrances beneath the corners.

Finally they came to a clothing store.

In front of it was a dummy—one of those wooden figures employed by clothiers to set off their suits.

This particular dummy was that of a boy—an Irish boy, evidently, by the expression of his face.

The artist, whoever it was that had made it, had done his work surprisingly well.

The dummy looked real life-like.

It was brilliantly garbed, too, a swell suit of the latest style encasing it, while an artificial rose bloomed in its button-hole.

Mr. Levi was the first to catch sight of it.

He stopped as short as grandfather's celebrated clock.

"Blesh me!" he exclaimed.

"What is it?" asked O'Dowd.

"Jesh look."

"Where?"

"Front glothing sdore."

The alderman looked.

"What for?" queried he.

"There's Mul'gan's poy."

"Where?"

"Stan' in front glothing sdore. Rose in his putton-hole."

The alderman, by dint of hard work, succeeded in concentrat'ing his gaze upon the dummy.

"Bedad!" exclaimed he, "it is me nephew. To the—hic—rescue, Levi, we will kidnap him."

Levi was ready.

He hoarsely stated that, if necessary, he would spill his heart's blood to capture the kid.

He was about to advance at once, but O'Dowd restrained him.

"Don't ascend upon—hic—him from the front," he said, "or he will flee. I'll—hic—make a plunge upon his rear. Pretind to be dapely—hic—engrossed in the scanery in the windie, while I swape down upon—hic—him in his rear."

Levi promised.

Then did the alderman make a strategic detour of about two blocks, to the great detriment of the pedestrians whom he bunked against.

As the wolf goes for the unsuspecting sheep, so did O'Dowd pounce upon his prey.

"He must be—hic—fast aslape wid his eyes open," surmised O'Dowd. "I will tache the infant divil to kape a watch out forward."

He jumped and grabbed the unsuspecting dummy by the back of the neck.

Levi sprang to his assistance, and also got a grip upon the wooden boy.

"I have ye at last!" exclaimed the alderman.

"You vos a goner!" exclaimed Levi.

The dummy did not say a word.

He did not stir.

He was perfectly passive in the hands of his captors. The alderman, full as he was of wine, noticed it.

"I belave, begob, he's paralyzed," uttered he.

"Not much," said Mr. Levi; "he vos blaying off. Where vos a gab?"

A cab—for Mr. Levi's last sentence was a request for one when translated—happened to be passing.

It was empty.

Mr. Levi hailed it.

"Here!" he called.

The driver drew up to the curb-stone.

"Want me?" asked he.

"Yes," answered Levi; then to O'Dowd:

"Gomealong, alderman; carryhimhome—inagab."

The alderman and Levi caught hold of the dummy and started to lug it along.

By this time a crowd had collected.

No wonder.

The spectacle of two drunken gentlemen endeavoring to carry a dummy into a cab was enough to collect a crowd anywhere.

Just as they had got the dummy to the cab-door, and were attempting the difficult feat of getting it in, the proprietor of the store came rushing out.

"For Heaven's sake, what are you about?" asked he, clutching hold of the alderman by the sleeve.

"Who are ye?" asked the alderman.

"I own that dummy."

"What dummy?"

"The one you have."

"That ain't a—hic—dummy. It's a—hic—boy."

"Thumphim inthroat," put in Mr. Levi. "Firehim-ingutter."

The advice seemed good to the alderman, who regarded the proprietor as some officious intermeddler, or maybe a friend of Mulligan's Boy.

He let go of the dummy upon Mr. Levi's assurance that he could get it into the cab himself, and proceeded to go for the proprietor.

"I'll larn ye to interfere wid proivate business," said O'Dowd; "it is cleanse the—hic—thoroughfare wid ye, will I?"

It is easy, oftentimes, to say a thing, but frequently the execution proves the reverse of easy.

So the alderman found out.

Anybody who picked the proprietor of the clothing store out for a slouch was very liable to get left.

The alderman got one fairly good blow at his opponent, a nipper in the neck, but that was all.

True, the thoroughfare was cleansed.

But not by the proprietor.

O'Dowd was the object which did the cleansing.

The dummy owner flung him about like an Indian-club, and finally pitched him head-first into the street, amidst the applause of the crowd, who are always ready to applaud the victor.

Meantime Mr. Levi was wrestling with the dummy. It was too big to go into the cab, stiff as it was.

"Toubie ub?" requested Mr. Levi.

The dummy wouldn't.

Then Mr. Levi threatened to hit it in the stomach, which generally will temporarily double up the most obstinate human frame.

The threat had no effect upon the dummy.

It maintained a contemptuous silence, and what Mr. Levi considered an aggressive silence.

He carried out his threat.

He hit the dummy a resonant blow upon the stomach. The result was unexpected.

The dummy remained stiff as ever, and Mr. Levi felt as if all of his knuckles were broken.

He howled in pain.

He dropped the dummy.

"Sonaufagun—gotstummicklikebrass," he said, "userpickaxnax!"

Just then he felt a strong hand laid upon his shoulder.

He turned about.

The hand belonged to a policeman.

"Come along, yer lush," mildly requested the policeman. "Get drunk and try to steal a dummy, will ye?"

The policeman partially sobered Mr. Levi up.

He looked at the wooden image which lay upon the sidewalk.

"Ain't that alive?" he asked.

"Alive—it's wood," said the policeman.

Disdainfully kicking it, "You must be full as a sardine-box."

It dawned upon Mr. Levi that he had made a mistake.

"Whazzergoin todowithme?" asked he.

"Lock yer up."

"Whazzerfor?"

"D—D—"

"Whazzerthat?"

"Drunk and disorderly."

That did not appear to please Mr. Levi very much.

"I'll bologize," he said.

"Who to?"

"Dummy."

"Stuff," laughed the policeman; "you've had your fun, now I'll have mine. We'll form a procession down to the station-house. Where are you from?"

"New York."

"That settles it. You'll get ten years at least."

Mr. Levi felt hopeless.

"Wheres ald'man!" he asked.

"What alderman?"

"O'Dowd."

"Who's he?"

"Fren' mine."

"How do I know?"

"He's wiz me."

A light broke upon the policeman's mind.

"Do you mean the other lush?" he interrogated.

"Yes."

"He is out in the middle of the street, if he ain't run over. At least, he was knocked out there."

"Who by?"

"Fellow runs the clothing store. You stay here and don't move. I'm going after him."

The policeman left Mr. Levi, whom he supposed was too well braced to try to escape.

Mr. Levi wasn't.

The cab was yet there, and Mr. Levi said to the driver:

"Twenty dollars—drivemeaway."

The driver tumbled.

Twenty dollars was a good deal—not to be picked up every day—and he was willing to risk a little for it. "Jump in quick," he said.

Mr. Levi did so.

Crack went the whip, and away went the horse, as fast as ever a cab-horse went.

The policeman, who was picking the alderman up, looked in surprise as the cab whirled past him.

However, he surmised the true state of the case at once.

"Stop!" bawled he, brandishing his club

His order was not obeyed.

The cab did not stop.

And Mr. Levi, putting his head out of the back window, placed his fingers to his nose and serenely twirled them around.

Somewhat wrathily the policeman went back to the alderman.

O'Dowd was too much confused by the licking he had received to offer any resistance, and he was summarily led off to the station-house, where he was locked up in a cell.



Mr. Levi drove all over Philadelphia till he thought he was safe from pursuit. Then he stopped the cab and got out at a quiet street, paying the driver the sum he had agreed to.

His ride had one good effect.

It had sobered him up.

He went to his hotel, and there was Mulready.

"Hello, Moses," said the politician. "You look pale."

Mr. Levi held up both hands.

"Vot I vos peen through to-day vos enough to make anybody pale," was his answer.

"Any more adventures?"

"The voods vos grouded mit dem."

"Tell me about it—but first, where is old Shorty?"

"You means O'Dowd?"

"Yes."

"I thinks he vos dead."

Mulready started.

"Why?"

Mr. Levi sank into a chair and related the whole of his history from the time he had left Mulready.

Mulready burst into a fit of laughter.

"The alderman had better go home," he said.

"Philadelphia is too much for him. Why, he's the talk of the whole city: been in hot water ever since he's been here. Come with me?"

"Where?"

"To see him."

"Dot vos impossible. I vosn't don't know where he is."

"I do," confidently said Mulready.

"Where?"

"In the station-house, sure. He's spent most of his time there since he arrived here."

Taking a car, the two made a round of the station-houses.

The alderman was not in the first three they visited.

At the fourth, the sergeant at the desk was well known to Mulready.

"Hello, Mulready," said he.

"Hello, Jim. How's biz?"

"Light. Only one arrest."

"Who's that?"

"A drunk."

"What kind?"

"Old fellow—Mick. Well-dressed. Raising a riot down in front of a clothing store in Chestnut street."

"That's him," said Mulready.

"Know him?"

"Yes."

"What's his name?"

"Didn't give any. Believe he said he never had one."

"Well, it's Alderman O'Dowd."

"Alderman of what?"

"New York."

"Thought so."

"Any way to get him out?"

"One."

"What's that?"

"Know Judge Murray?"

"Yes."

"Lives right above here. Go up and tell him to come down. He can discharge him on bail."

Mulready did so.

He and Mr. Levi went to the judge's house, and—Gracious sakes!

Here I have actually left Mulligan's Boy and Pete upon the front of the engine, clinging on to the standard, while I have been relating the adventures of the alderman.

Mulligan's Boy and Pete enjoyed their ride greatly.

It was a nice and airy place, and they could see all the scenery.

Besides, best of all, it did not, acme of bliss, cost anything.

The train was moving very slowly, and they had plenty of time for talk.

Of course their talk was about one subject, the alderman.

They chuckled as they thought of his discomfiture.

"Bet dat he's de maddest white old fool in Philadelphia," grinned Pete.

"He's a kicking himself wid rage," responded Mulligan's Boy, "while we are—"

"High pie," said Pete; "done tole youse what, chillen, dis is nice."

"Couldn't be nicer," agreed Mulligan's Boy.

Misguided youths.

If they could have seen the chuckle upon that fiendish engineer's face as he moved the lever.

"I'll give em a free ride that will turn the wool on that coon's head white," he said to the fireman.

The fireman grinned approvingly.

"Sock it to them," he said.

## PART XXI.

THE boys rode along for a few seconds as happy as larks.

They conversed about the alderman, and smiled all over as they thought about his various discomfitures.

But suddenly they noticed that the speed of the train was increasing. Previously it had been moving at a slow rate of speed, but now each minute gave it additional velocity.

In a little while they were fairly flying.

With faces white as chalk they hung on to the standards.

"It is the life knocked out of us by aerial concussion will we have!" Mulligan's Boy uttered. "Bad cess to the day I tuk this method av progression."

Poor Pete was too scared to make any reply.

His face actually seemed to grow at least five shades whiter.

He began to repeat his prayers.

"Now I'se lay me down to sleep," he said—"what's next, Mike? Shuah, we'se goners."

Probably they would have been if the train had kept on at the same rate of speed at which it was progressing when he made the remark.

There were several other trains, however, but a few minutes ahead of the freight, and the engineer soon had to reduce his momentum, or a collision would have assuredly occurred.

Indeed, he brought the train to a full stop, and getting out of the cab made his way towards the free-riders.

Pete was on the watch and beheld him approach.

"Cheese it! Skip!" called out he to Mulligan's Boy.

"Here comes the engineer."

He jumped off and Mike followed.

They jumped the track fence, and sped over the meadows until they thought themselves safe.

Then they turned about to behold the engineer, perched upon the cow-catcher energetically shaking his fist at them.

The boys made no reply.

"Thankful am I to recuperate wid me loife," said Mulligan's Boy, as he perceived the train move slowly forward.

Pete sat down and pulled out from some hidden receptacle about his garments a dogs'-eared, crumpled-covered pocket-book.

From another receptacle he drew forth a dwarfed pencil, most of whose top had been bitten off.

Seating himself upon the top rail of the meadow fence, he inquired of Mike the date of the day.

Mike gave it.

Thereupon did Pete, with a face as impassible as that of a statue, proceed to make an entry with the dwarfed pencil into the dogs'-eared, crumpled-covered pocket-book.

Mulligan's Boy regarded him with surprise.

"What are ye about?" queried he.

"Making an entry," replied Pete.

"Av what?"

"His death."

"Whose death?"

"The engineer's."

"Who's going to kill him?"

"De League ob Death!" solemnly returned Pete; "he dies at New Yeah's. Dah is seberal to fade away before him."

Mulligan's Boy had all but forgotten about the League of Death, but Pete had not.

In his eyes that society was as powerful as the ancient *fehm-geriche* or the more modern *carbonari*.

Having placed the engineer upon the records of the doomed, Pete felt much better.

He returned both book and pencil to their homes, and asked of Mulligan's Boy:

"Wha's we gwine fo' to do?"

This was a poser.

Really, Mulligan's Boy did not know what they were going to do.

He took a seat upon the rail alongside of Pete, and the two conferred upon their future course of action.

They finally came to the conclusion that it would not be best for them after all to go to Pittsburg, as the alderman would be sure to look for them, first, in the large cities and towns.

"We'll hoire out wid some farmer for a while," Mike at last concluded.

Pete thought the idea was a good one, and the two started off in search of the proposed farmer.

They struck at least a dozen farmers, but with no result.

They were looked upon in the majority of cases with suspicion; regarded as runaways, and curtly told that there was no work for them.

But at last they fetched up before a quaint, old-fashioned, single floored house, built entirely of stone, and evidently one of Pennsylvania's oldest inhabitants.

In front of the house was a neatly-trimmed lawn, and half a dozen grand old oak trees, which waved their branches protectingly over it, as if screening it from observation.

Upon a rude bench, rude, yet quaint, sat an old man with white hair, clad in Quaker garb, from the broad-brim hat to the old-fashioned, snuff-colored knee-breeches.

He was peacefully smoking a pipe, and at his feet lay a most ferocious bull-dog, with blood-shot eyes, jaws agape and lolling tongue.

The boys stood outside of the fence which surrounded the peaceful-looking abode and gazed in.

"He luks loike a noice ould nibs," said Mulligan's Boy.

"Nice?" demurred Pete, "deedy he doan't. He looks to me like a debble."

"Shure not. He luks quiet."

"Quiet. Will youse jess see dat mouf?"

"The mouth is all roight."

"Speck dat it is, fo' him, but not fo' me. S'pose he eber got dem jaws fixed onter youse. Wha' would youse be?"

Mulligan's Boy perceived that there was a misapprehension.

"Who do ye think I am talking about?" he questioned.

"De dog."

"I ain't."

"Who is youse?"

"The man."

Pete grinned amiably.

"De man's all nice 'nuff," he said, "but de dog, he's a terror."

"Faix, I ain't 'fraid av him," spoke Mulligan's Boy. "Twur vaccinated for hydrophobia wur me-sill. I will go first."

He opened the gate and walked boldly in. Pete followed diffidently.

The Quaker looked up as he beheld the twain advance.

He put down his pipe.

"What canst I do for thee?" he questioned.

Mike, as usual, spoke up.

"Plaze, sur," he said, "we are twins."

The Quaker looked from one to the other in a puzzled sort of way.

"Verily, you do not look like it. Never did I see Hibernian and African twins," spoke he.

"We'se ain't real twins," chipped in Pete, keeping a cautious eye upon the bull-dog, who, however, manifested no signs of hostility, "we'se twins by de force ob circumstances. Dat is twins in misfortune."

Here Pete paused and looked at Mulligan's Boy.

Mulligan's Boy understood the look.

It meant that he must carry out the fiction the rest of the way.

"What the naygur says is thtrue," he began at once.

"Meself and himself are both orphans, thrust upon a cowl worruld at an airly age. We joined forces, and iver since last Sathurday a wake ago it is twins, in a certain sinse av the worruld, have we been, and, if ye plaze, it is a favor wud I ask av ye?"

The innocent face of Mulligan's Boy—for the rascal could assume a prize expression of innocence when it suited his purpose—captivated the Quaker.

"What is it I can do for thee, lad?" queried he.

"Give us work," returned Mike.

"Somefing fo' to do," answered Pete.

The Quaker turned towards the portico which surrounded the house.

"Ruth!" called he.

Presently a lady appeared, clad in the quaint, yet picturesque, garb of the Society of Friends.

Her features were exactly like that of the Quaker, save a certain feminine softness of expression, and it needed but a furtive glance to tell that the two were brother and sister.

"What does thee want, Reuben?" she asked.

He pointed to the boys.

"Here are two youths who desire work," explained he. "What does thee think of them?"

Ruth scrutinized the pair as only a woman can.

"Who are they?" she asked.

The Quaker related what Mike had told him, and Mike farther made additions to his story.

The Quakeress seemed impressed, especially as Mike worked in various fancy touches about a dying mother and a drunken father, and a desolate childhood, and all of the old gags.

Pete he represented as a street waif, whom he had picked up.

Ruth's decision was soon made.

"They look fair, Reuben," she intoned, "and verily the negro may be of great use to me in the kitchen, whilst the other can help the gardener."

The Quaker, whose name was in whole Reuben Blackridge, consented.

"I will take thee for awhile," he said. "Come into the house and wash. Verily, thee look dirty."

Verily they did.

No wonder.

A ride upon the front of an engine, going at the rate of sixty miles an hour, is not calculated to improve one's cleanliness.

He led them into the kitchen, where there was a big sink, at which they were instructed to wash.

As they obeyed the mandate, and laved their be-smearred and sweaty faces in the cool pump-water, Pete suddenly gave a spring.

"Golly, I'se a dead niggan!" cried he.

"Why?" queried Mike, in frightened accents.

"De dog. Look out. Hese'le bite you too."

Sure enough, the bull-dog was snuffing about Mike.

It took Mike just about the space of time occupied by a flash of lightning to climb up on top of the sink and kick vigorously at the ungainly brute.

"Go away, ye devil," he cried, "or I will belt yez teeth through the back av yez skull."

Just then the Quaker appeared.

He laughed heartily as he beheld the position of the boys, for Pete had followed Mike's example.

"Get thee down," he said.

They didn't get.

The dog was still there, and they did not care a cent for his society.

Mr. Blackridge noticed their hesitation.

"Are thee afraid of the dog?" was his question.

Mike said he was.

Indubitably so.

"Bedad, it's meself who is not carin' to be chawed up," he said.

"He will not hurt thee."

"He moight."

"No; see."

Then Mr. Blackridge put the dog through a series of remarkable maneuvers.

He pinched his ears and pulled the rat-like tail. He kicked him gently. He picked him up by the neck and jammed him down upon the floor with a thud.

The dog made no resistance.

He seemed, rather, in fact, to like it, for he squatted down upon his hind quarters and lifted his paw beseechingly to his master, just as if he had committed some wrong act, and was in search of forgiveness. His master patted his bull head.

"Thee are all right, William," he said, "good-natured silly that thee are."

Turning to the boys, who were astonished at the proceedings, he said:

"There is a case of a lamb in wolf's clothing. William would not hurt a flea, for of a verity no bigger baby ever existed. He is all looks and no actions. Get thee down and have speech with him."

Somewhat cautiously the boys obeyed.

They found that the Quaker's words were true.

William sniffed amiably around their pants, jumped



up on their legs and held up his paw, and altogether acted like the affectionate fool he was.

Mike and Pete felt foolish at their fears, and petted him to his heart's content, while Blackridge looked on approvingly.

"Thee three will be fast friends," he prophesied.

"Now, to supper, lads."

And such a supper!

The snowy table-cloth, upon which rested hot biscuit and iced preserves, fragrant tea, cheese fit for Delmonico's, foaming glasses of milk, cake which would make an epicure's mouth water, and a basket of fruit, red-cheeked peaches, dark plums, grapes and sweet apples.

Pete gazed at the spread with awe.

"Hi, we've hit it dis time heavy," he whispered to

The idea pleased Mr. Mulready.

"It won't be a bad fake," he said.

"Work the snap, judge."

The judge said he would.

"I'll raise his hair," he uttered; "but you boys must hide."

"Behind my desk," put in the sergeant. "Hurry up; I've sent a man after the victim."

Mulready and Levi got behind the desk just in time, for scarcely were they secluded before up came the alderman in the custody of a policeman.

He was a nice-looking alderman.

He would have made a suitable representative for Hunter's Point.

His eyes were blacked and his mouth was swelled.

He had the nose-bleed, and it was trickling sweetly

The alderman bowed his head.

"I will acknowledge that I was dhrunk," he said, "but not a bit I wur disorderly. Faix, what was it I done that could be construed as disorderly?"

"Were you not with a friend?"

"Yes."

"Did you not attempt to carry off a dummy?"

"It was a case av mistaken identity."

"What was?"

"The dummy."

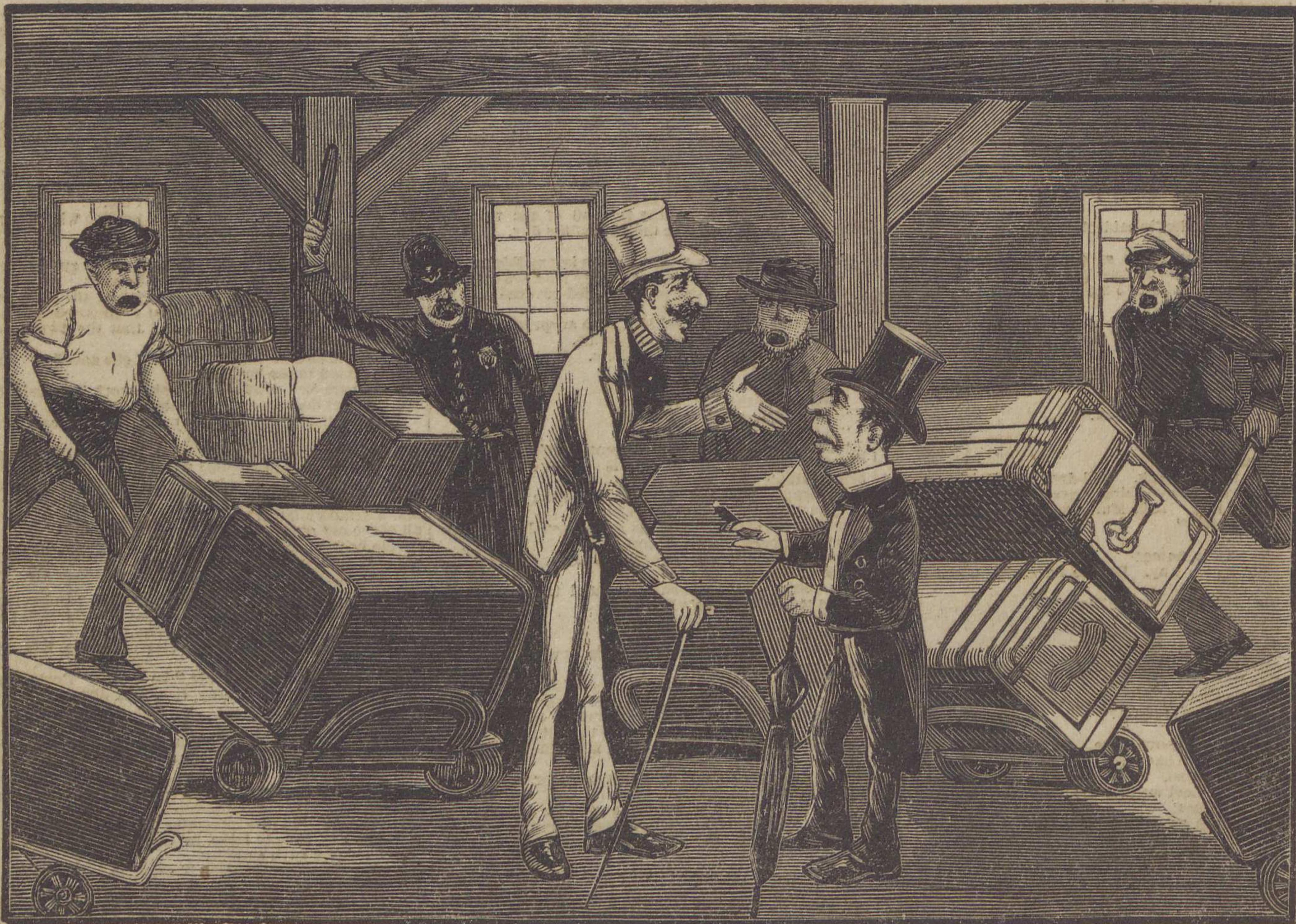
"For whom did you mistake him?"

"The object av me Philadelphia pilgrimage."

"What object?"

"Me nephew by marriage, Mulligan's Boy."

"I know nothing about that. Facts prove that you stole the dummy from the front of a clothing house."



*In the heat of their argument, they did not notice four or five trucks backing rapidly down upon them. There were repeated cries of "Get out of the way," but they were deaf to them.*

Mike: "dis must be de Sunday-school milk and honey, shuah."

"It's fit for St. Patrick!" enthusiastically returned Mike. "I tell yer what, it is better to be born lucky than rich."

Pete, though, hesitated about sitting down.

He was doubtful whether colored aristocracy would be appreciated.

Miss Ruth quickly assured him.

"Take thy chair," she said; "a black skin often covers a white heart."

From that moment the little darkey would have died for the prim Quakeress. Bad boy as he was, he was sensitive to a kindness.

We will leave the lads putting in their fine work at the good old Quaker bachelor's table, and turn back to the alderman and Mr. Moses Levi.

The latter gentleman and Mr. Mulready had, as you will recollect, or if you don't recollect, why this paragraph will sort of jog up your memory, gone to the police judge's house to get him to come down to the station-house and release the alderman.

In this they were successful.

The judge, a good-natured gentleman, and warm friend of Mr. Mulready's, was, by lucky fate, at home, and readily consented to their request.

"I'll fix it correct," he said, after hearing their errand, as he placed on his hat and coat. "Come along."

The trio proceeded to the police court, where they were greeted by the sergeant.

"Fetch up the old Prodigal Son till I pronounce sentence," laughed the judge.

A sudden idea occurred to Mr. Levi.

"Scare him," he said. "We vill get owit auf de vay for a drife while. Dell him dot he vos got to go to brison for life, hard labor at eating Philadelphia grackers."

down over his shirt and coat, and vest and pants. He was almost sober, however, for he had slept off a good deal of the juice of the grape which he had so rashly imbibed, and he fairly realized his position.

He looked around as he was brought to the front as if asking why he was called upon to appear.

The face of the judge, stern upon purpose, did not tend to reassure him.

"What am I here for?" he faintly asked.

The judge fairly crushed him with the stern gaze which he fixed upon him.

"What are you here for?" he repeated. "Do you know where you are?"

It took the alderman several minutes to realize where he really was.

At last he caught it.

"Philadelphia," he said.

"Correct," answered the judge. "Now, why are you here?"

The alderman confessed.

"After two sons av the ould Nick," he said.

"Did you expect to find them in the station-house?"

The alderman somewhat unsteadily stated that he did. In fact, he would not be surprised to find them anywhere. They were capable of being found at any place or all over, and he entered into a rambling dissertation regarding the general depravity of Mulligan's Boy and Pete.

He was checked by the judge.

"Who you are after does not at all interest me," said the dispenser of justice. "I deal only with you. Are you aware with what you are charged?"

The alderman was not.

At least he said he was not.

"Then I will tell you," the judge informed, while Mr. Mulready and Levi, behind the sergeant's desk, found it hard to restrain their risibilities. "You are charged with being drunk and disorderly."

"'Tis thrue."

"You carried him to the edge of the curb-stone."

"Thruer yer."

"You had an accomplice?"

"I did."

"And a cab?"

"Levi chartered it."

"You tried to put the dummy into the cab?"

"I belave so."

"You had nearly succeeded when the man who owned the dummy arrived."

"I think it."

"He asked why you were acting so, and you politely told him that you were perfectly willing—nay, anxious—to sprinkle the street with him."

The alderman owned that he had stated as much.

"And if the sucker had not given me a foul grip, I would have done it," continued he. "It is seldom do ye foind a native av New York downed in Philadelphia."

"Well, we'll down you now," the judge replied.

"Do you know what I will do with you?"

"What?"

"Pronounce sentence. Five years at hard labor."

The alderman was paralyzed.

"Five years!" he echoed. "Ye can't do it. It wud only be five dollars on Manhattan Island."

"Makes no difference," was the judicial answer;

"five years!"

The alderman felt as if he would faint.

"You are not aware av me identity?" desperately he said.

"Who are you?"

"O'Dowd."

"What O'Dowd?"

"Alderman O'Dowd."

"From New York?"

"Yes."

"That settles it."



"Settles what?"  
 "I gave you five years?"  
 "Ye did, bad cess to ye."  
 "Well, if I had known it, I would have given you fifty."

"Known what?"  
 "That you were a New York alderman. However, I, as a police judge, can remedy my mistake, to a partial extent. I will have a ball and chain placed upon you, and put you at hard labor on the roads building causeways."

The alderman protested.  
 "Ye son av a monkey-wrench," said he, "if ever ye are caught in New York it will be Doomsday wid ye. Ye will be kilt on sight, for there is not a freight-

It was decided that the thing he mostly desired was a good supper; after that a good sleep.  
 He had the first.  
 Also the second.  
 It was nearly noon before he awoke from the last.  
 When he did, and had succeeded in shaking off his drowsiness sufficient to arise and set about dressing, always a weary task to a half-sleepy man, there came a knock at his door.  
 He opened it.  
 There stood a hall-boy.  
 In his hand the hall-boy bore a tray.  
 Upon it was a letter.  
 The letter was directed to the alderman.  
 Taking it from the boy, and dismissing him, the alderman opened it.

Whether it was Mr. Levi's words, or returning presence of mind, at any rate Mr. O'Dowd recovered himself.  
 "They're dead!" he uttered.  
 "Who?"  
 "Can't ye guess?"  
 "Mulligan's Poy und Pete."  
 "Yes."  
 Mr. Levi made a move to leave.  
 "You vos sure dot dey vos deceased?"  
 The alderman, without speaking, handed him the letter.  
 Mr. Levi read it.  
 "Dot seddles id," he remarked. "I vill pe pack in a minute."  
 "Where are ye going?"



*They started, and ran even for about twenty rods. Then a fence presented itself. Using their whips and yelling at the top of their voices, the boys started to clear it.*

handler in the city who is not controlled by the wave av me finger."

The judge could keep up the farce no longer. His sense of the ludicrous was getting the upper hand of him.

"O'Dowd, old man," said he, struggling to repress the smile which for a long while had been coming to his lips, "I'll let you off easy. Place you under bail to keep the peace for five months. Boys, come out and go his surety."

Mulready and Levi, glad enough to escape from their cramped quarters under the sergeant's desk, appeared as if by magic.

If ever there was a surprised individual it was O'Dowd.

He could not tell what to make of it.

"Flo!—floi for yez loives!" was his first utterance.

"Vat for?" serenely asked Levi.

"This is Philadelphia. It is entombed for loife ye will be if ye tarry."

Mr. Levi showed no signs of fear.

On the contrary, he looked very tranquil.

"Vichy again," he said; "vasn't I varn you apoud id? Shudge, I vill be responsible for him."

"You've got a bigger task upon your hands than I'd like to have," laughed the judge, "but I guess it will be all right."

"Play it straight every time," sententiously corroborated Mulready, "for it is sure to call the turn."

Then he introduced the judge to the alderman, and explained the state of affairs.

O'Dowd owned up to the corn, but no wine followed. Not even Rhine wine.

The alderman was no hog, and he had got all of the alcoholic stimulant that he desired for at least one day.

Escorted by Mr. Levi, the alderman was taken back to his hotel to fix up.

It read as follows, no locality or date being affixed:

"ALDERMAN PATRICK O'DOWD.

"Hotel, Philadelphia.

"DEAR SIR:—The bodies of two boys, your nephew Michael, also a colored lad, supposed to be in your employ, or to have been, will arrive at the Pennsylvania R. R. Depot to-morrow night. They were accidentally killed at Pittsburg. We suppose you will bear all expenses. Documents found in their clothes proved their identity, also your address.

"Respectfully yours,

"THOS. COLLINS & Co."

#### PART XXII.

THE alderman trembled like a leaf at the receipt of this letter.

He read it over carefully two or three times before he could seem to fully realize its contents, for the letters seemed all blurred and indistinct.

But at last he did decipher it.

He called to Mr. Levi.

"Vot vos id?" complacently asked Mr. Levi, who was attitudinizing for the benefit of a pretty servant girl across the way; "if id vosn't noddings important, don't bother me, I vos got a mash. I shoost saw her vink mit her barasol at me."

The alderman gave a groan.

"Levi—Levi, support me or I will fall," he exclaimed.

Levi knew by his tone of voice that it was something serious.

He rushed to O'Dowd's aid at once.

"Vill you nefer get ofer the effects auf dat vichy?" he cried. "S'elep me Moses, don't faint; it would be a grazy shame to sbread yourself ofer the floor in dot suit. De gloth must be vorth four tollars a yard."

"To de toy-sdore. Auf I don't puy all auf der fireworks and Chinese landerns dot der vos py der sdore I vosn't a spieler. De poys vos dead—we haf der piggest sort auf a Four.h py Shuly that efer voke up a corpse."

"The biggest Fourth av July," groaned the alderman. "Shure, ye can use them to celebrate a suicide. It is go down to the Mint, cast meself into the mold, and be melted up in pennies that I will."

Mr. Levi looked at him in unfeigned surprise. "You don't mean to say dot you vos sorry," he said.

"Yes."

"Vos you so fond auf dem?"

"Not meself, but—but—"

"Vot?"

"Cordelia."

Mr. Levi understood.

He grasped the alderman's hand in deep sympathy.

"Prace up!" he said; "let us take a gock-dall. Dere vos noddings vot puts mbre gourage into a man den a gock-dall. I knows how it vos meinselef. Dere when I vos refused by Repecca Cohen, for awhile I felt as if I could pury meinself to the chin owit at Goney Island flats and let the waves roll ofer me. Instead I dook a gock dall, filled meinselef glear up mit dem. Vot vos der result? In a vew hours I nefer felt so happy mitout my life, und vos arresded for kicking ofer all der ash-barrels py der plock und adempting to kill a gripped soldier py his organ."

Mr. Levi's eloquence persuaded the alderman to accept the invitation.

Two seductive glasses of the well-known mixture did make the down-hearted O'Dowd feel better.

"We must not take another, though," he said, "for we have a painful duty to perform; we must hie our-



selves to the Pennsylvania Railroad depot and saycure the bodies av the byes."

A carriage was called, and entering it they were driven down to the freight depot.

It was occupied, as usual, by a perfect litter of freight, boxes, bundles, bags, barrels, cases of all sorts of goods, trunks, valises, and the Lord knows what else in the shape of transportable merchandise.

Half a hundred men were actively engaged forwarding and receiving it, wheeling it hither and thither upon freight trucks.

The alderman and Mr. Levi hesitated at what was best to do amidst this busy scene.

At length the alderman approached an Italian who was piling up a lot of soap-boxes.

"Me frind," he said, tapping the man, "have ye heard anything about a pair av stiff's?"

The Italian looked surprised.

"Whatta?" asked he.

"Are ye acquainted wid the locality av a couple av byes—"

"Vid vooden ofergoats on," put in Mr. Levi.

The Italian looked completely broke up.

"Noa meana," he helplessly said. "Go away. Aska somebody else."

He went back to his work, and the pair felt that it was useless to brace him again.

"Bedad, it wur a cowld day for the worruld whin the Flood subsided from Italy," spoke the alderman.

"The average Garibaldi has the intelligence av a Russian ape."

"Here gomes a nice veller mit a face full auf indelligence," Mr. Levi said. "I vill agghost him."

Mr. Levi did so.

"Mein tear frendt," he said, "we are py a search for cold clay. We vant a pox mit two dead kids."

A troubled expression came over the man's face. He hesitated.

Mr. Levi imagined that it was because he might not have heard the question plainly, so he put it to him again in a more intelligible style.

The man pointed to his mouth.

Then to both ears, while he gesticulated violently with his fingers.

The alderman and Mr. Levi groaned simultaneously.

"Deaf!" uttered the alderman.

"Dumb!" gasped Mr. Levi.

The man nodded, smiled pleasantly, and passed along.

Mr. Levi sat down on a barrel.

"I nefer vos so sorry before, py my life, dot I vosn't learn the deaf mit dumb language," he said. "It would maybe haf got us owit auf this bocket."

"As for meself," concurred the alderman, "the acquisition av the power av expressing wan's power av spache wid their fingers will be the nixt act av me loife. Bedad, if the march av civilization continues, insoide av the nixt decade people will be telling anecdotes wid their toes."

Just here a burly German came near, with a truck-load of goods.

The alderman called out to him.

He obediently came.

"Do ye worruk here?" asked O'Dowd.

"Yaw."

"Handle freight?"

"Yaw."

"Do ye know anything about a box wid coffins in it?"

"Nein. You suppose dot I open dot freight? I vos not a fool. I no want to be arrested."

"Bedad, ye're roight," exclaimed the alderman. "If the Fool-Killer came around, he wud reach us first. How the devil could they percaive what wur in the boxes widout they were clairvoyants?"

"Vell, as for meinselef, I nefer pretended to be a Daniel Vebsder. I vos got too much wealth to need prains."

Meanwhile the German stood yet before them. Levi placed half of a dollar into his perfectly willing palm.

"Now, my goot man," he said, "dell me where we vill find owit about id."

The German pointed to a small box-like office, which stood down the dock.

Outside of it was a sign.

"Freight Office."

"Der agent he be down dere," said the German; "he dell you all about id."

They proceeded to the indicated spot.

Inside of the office was a brisk little man checking off a freight book.

The alderman stated his errand.

The brisk little man rapidly ran down a long list of packages awaiting owners.

"Yes, there is a package—I mean a box—for you," said he. "Two dollars charges. Didn't think it was corpses though."

"Why?"

"How old were the boys?"

"About fifteen."

"Individually?"

"Yes."

"Then they must have been terrible smail for their age. Pete—Mike, get No. 30031."

Pete and Mike, two brawny freight handlers, soon returned with "No. 30031."

The box certainly justified the agent's remark, for it was very small for two bodies.

"Faix, they must have doubled thim up to get thim in," said the alderman.

Mr. Levi offered a second solution of the problem.

"Dey vos meet py der death in a railroad occident," he said. "Maybe der vos only half auf dem left. Dey might be cut in dwo."

The alderman looked admiringly at Mr. Levi.

"Ye are not lacking in mental capacity after all," he said. "Ye have strucked the roight solution, I believe, after all. But Cordelia's sorrow will be twice

as bad whin she foinds out that only half av her nephew has been returned."

"Vell, all I see to do," philosophically said Mr. Levi, "is to blace the box ubon a vehicle und send it to the hotel. Dey vill nefer susbeet vot id aind't. But fust we'll have a gock-dail."

They asked the freight agent along, which invitation he accepted readily.

The drinks disposed of, the trio returned to the wharf to see that the box was safely sent upon its way.

A heated argument ensued as to which was the best way to send it.

The alderman insisted upon a hearse.

Mr. Levi said a hearse was nonsense.

Their carriage was awaiting their return outside, and the box could be put upon the box with the driver just as well as not.

In the heat of their argument, they did not notice four or five trucks backing rapidly down upon them.

There were repeated cries of "Get out of the way," but they were deaf to them.

The first thing that they were aware of they were struck by the trucks and sent sprawling, amidst the jeers of the truckmen.

It was a wonder they were not run over.

But with their usual luck they wasn't.

They picked themselves up in a daze of doubt as to what had really occurred to them.

"Wur it a tidal wave, or did the roof fall in?" questioned O'Dowd.

"It must be an earthquake," replied Mr. Levi, as he picked himself up.

"There'll be more of them if yer don't keep out of the way," interrupted a freight boss. "Can't yer stand to one side?"

"But vot vos id?"

"Hit by a couple of trucks, that's all."

Shaken up, but not hurt, they retired to the end of the dock.

The collision had taken all of the disputation out of the alderman.

He agreed to Mr. Levi's proposition as to the disposal of the box, and so it was deposited upon the front of the carriage under the driver's seat.

At the hotel there was considerable talk why they desired such a bulky wooden package to be carried up to their room instead of leaving it down in the hall.

Mr. Levi explained it to the porter who carried it up.

"Id vos silfervare vot I pought for the vedding auf a gousin auf mein, und I vant to keeb it py mein own eye."

The porter was satisfied. He put the box down upon the room floor, Mr. Levi remarking after he had left:

"Dot vos der happy results mit ignorance. Auf dot man vos known dot he was garrying up a gouple auf corpses he would haf had a fit."

Seeing that the door was locked and secured, the alderman and Mr. Levi took chairs.

Both of them fixed their eyes upon the box.

Neither spoke for several minutes.

Then Mr. Levi gave a shudder.

"Dis vos sort auf nerve-shaking," said he. "I must haf a gockdail, und I dink it would be a goot idea for the vaiter to bring up dree abiece. We will drink dem py intervals."

O'Dowd owned that he was in favor of the sustaining fluid, so six were ordered.

The first two nerved them.

The second two caused them to grow pathetic and sorrowful.

They sat in somber silence, their very cigars going out for lack of puffing.

The alderman, after fully half an hour had passed, was the first to speak.

"After all, Mike," said he, "wur not a bad bye at heart."

"No," assented Mr. Levi.

"He had good ways."

"Yes."

"His teeth wur always clane."

"Dot vos so."

"He niver swore."

"Hardly never."

"He had good ideas."

"Sblendid! Dot vun auf tying a cat to a biece auf sdring und leding it down upon folks' headts vos great."

"He wur honest."

"Yes."

"Charitable."

"I guesses dot vos so. I remember dot he used to save efery pad cent he could get to put in plind men's hats."

"He wur religious, too. There was not a Sunday-school picnic in the whole ward that he missed. Faix, I'm sorry, after all, he's dead."

So was Mr. Levi.

Mr. Levi, who had got one cocktail ahead of the alderman, actually wept, and declared that he wished he was dead himself in Mike's stead.

This exhibition of feeling so overpowered O'Dowd that the tears began to trickle down his cheeks.

"Oh, whirra, whirra!" exclaimed the impulsive politician; "if he wur back in flesh and blood—and he had such a splendid hand for a bar-keeper, too. It wud cover the mouth av a tin pail wid ease. He had a roseate future."

"And the darkey—he vos fair for a coon," said Mr. Levi.

This tribute to Pete set the alderman's tears flowing faster.

"He wur a great coon," he said—"the foinest ever I knew."

"He's dead, too," sobbed Mr. Levi.

"Yes, bad cess to meself. Poor Pete! well do I recollect the last toime I kicked him down-stairs for put-

ting liquid glue in me hair-restorer. Faix, it froze me hair together for a wake. Ye cud break it off in fragments like icicles."

"But he vosn't mean pad."

"Bedad, no. 'Twere his boyish glee."

"He could plack poots goot?"

"Loike a fairy. Ye cud see yez face in thim. Frequently, whin I wur in spots where glasses wur a mystery, have I tuk aff wan boot and tied me cravat by its reflection."

"He vos villing, too."

"Ye bet."

"I send him ubon an errand vonce, mit fifteen cents to puy a neck-die."

"He wint?"

"Shoost as fast as nefer vos. He coom pack inside auf five minutes, und said dot the neck-die sdore vos failed, und dot he had lost the fifteen cents. Und he went away so fast that I vos not able to give him a reward."

This narration of Pete's goodness so affected the alderman that he was forced to engulf his last cocktail.

The mixture put a horrid, ghoulsh idea into his head.

"Levi," he said, in a hoarse voice, "I have a proposition to make to ye."

"Vot?"

"Ye are a man av nerve."

"I vos."

"Iron nerve?"

"Gast-sdeel, auf requisite."

"Ye will not shrink?"

"Vorranted not to."

"Or falter?"

"At vot?"

The alderman, with a pale face, bent over and grasped Mr. Levi by the shoulders until Mr. Levi winced.

The awful look upon the alderman's face, the glare of his eyes, affrighted Mr. Levi.

He tried to move his chair away.

"It might be der yams," he uneasily reflected to himself.

"Listen," hissed the alderman. "I have a fell purpose. It is me schame to—to—"

He faltered.

"Vot?" queried Levi.

"Open—open."

"Open vot?"

"The box."

Mr. Levi looked aghast.

His hair fairly stood up on end.

"Vot—vot you vants to oben der pox for?" he stammered out.

"To luk at the bodies. I wants to deluge their bodies with tears."

Mr. Levi tried to dissuade him.

He might as well have tried to argue with a mule.

The alderman insisted.

He would open the box even if he was forced to add Mr. Levi to its contents when he shut it up again.

He rang for a hammer and a chisel, and getting them, placed the point of the chisel beneath the lid of the box and began operations.

Mr. Levi retreated.

To the farthest part of the room.

"I von't be a barty to any such pizness," commented he; "id vos shoost as pad as grave robbery."

The alderman made no reply.

His mind was upon his work.

Rip!

The lid of the box was of stout wood, and it seemed as if the product of a whole nail factory had been expended in fastening it down.

The alderman sweated over his work.

Perspiration poured down from his forehead.

Rip!

Yet there was but little progress.

Only a small piece of the lid came off.

It afforded a glimpse of the interior.

Mr. Levi, whose curiosity had proved stronger than his fears, crept forward.

He peered eagerly over O'Dowd's shoulder.

All he could see of the box's inside was a leather covering of some sort.

Rip!

Rip!

Steadily worked the alderman.

He did not pause a minute.

Mr. Levi at last assisted.

He helps tear away at the lid.

Rip!

It was a final one, and Mr. Levi nearly fell on his back as the lid came off.

The first thing that they saw was the rubber overcoating, covering what appeared to be a shapeless mass of something.

Even the alderman paused before taking off the rubber protector, for he dreaded the awful sight which he was sure lurked beneath it.

As for Mr. Levi, he wouldn't have lifted that cover for half a thousand dollars.

Finally, summoning all of his cock-tail-inspired courage, he began to tear away the rubber, while Levi turned to one side.

The sound of the rubber as it was slowly taken up smote Mr. Levi's ear.

Something else smote his ears, too, soon. It was the finest, most elaborate burst of profanity ever heard outside of a hatter's shop.

And it was in the alderman's voice, too.

Mr. Levi wheeled quickly about.

What a sight met his eyes!

There was the alderman dancing madly about, fairly tearing his head.

Specimens of the choicest Billingsgate flowed in a stream from his lips.

Amongst the torrent of unhallowed eloquence could



he distinguished the names of Mulligan's Boy and Pete.

"Vot vos id? vot vos id?" asked Mr. Levi.

It was some time before the alderman let up enough to tell.

"Luk in the 'box!" he finally exclaimed—"luk in the box!"

Mr. Levi obeyed.

He staggered back.

Never had he such a surprise.

No mangled corpses, no ghastly relics of departed youth were visible.

Instead a huge mass of bricks, rags, hay, old rocks, pebbles, rotten apples, and a most confused mixture of all sorts of rubbish was to be seen.

On top of all was a card.

Printed on it, evidently with a marking-brush, was the legend:

"SOLD AGAIN!"

"Mulligan's Boy and Pete."

"Do ye comprehend it?" bawled the alderman; "twere a piece of deviltry widout a parallel. It wur a put-up job av the young convicts. They are alive and well, and did it all to paralyze me wid fear."

"And yust dink auf all der emotion dot we wasted ofer dem," sorrowfully said Mr. Levi; "dot vos all dead loss."

At the remembrance of how they had capped up Mike and Pete the alderman grew more furious.

"Emotion," he called out, "I'll emotion thim. Be the sowl av the piper who played before St. Bridgit, I'll kill thim for sure."

Mr. Levi, however, did not take the affair to heart as much as O'Dowd.

After consideration he thought it was a good joke.

"Dey vos schmart poys," he said.

"I'll make thim smart," frantically cried the alderman, tearing the card apart, and flinging it about the room.

"But it vos funny."

"What?"

"Dot we misdake a lot auf oldt drash for two corpses."

"Mr. Levi, be jabers, yez idea of fun is the most misplaced that I ever wur acquainted wid. If ye call it funny to place me in hours av suspense and expense, I do not. Think av how me feelings have been harrowed, too. Bedad, it wud do me good to go over those byes wid a harrow."

Mr. Levi to a certain extent was a philosopher.

"Dere vos no use auf crying ofer spilt milk," he said. "You can't bick it ub. We vos soldt, und de poys dake de vrost-cake."

The alderman, however, could not be persuaded to see it that way.

He was sore, for he realized that the boys had got the best of him all of the time.

He had been hoaxed, and got into all sorts of musses ever since he had started after them, from the time when he had been locked up in the grocery-man's cellar in Eighth avenue to the present time.

He would not be appeased.

He thirsted to get square upon the two young scapegraces.

"Levi," uttered he, "a County Cavan man never forgives. 'Tis aven mesilf up wid the devils will I, if it takes to the day av general grave-openings."

Mr. Levi whistled calmly.

"Go aheadt," he exclaimed. "I vos py you. I haf gypsy blood somewheres in me, und I nefer go back on my vord."

### PART XXIII.

If ever a couple of boys fell into a picnic, it was Pete and Mike, when they were hired by the good old Quaker, Mr. Blackridge.

After that supper, a supper which Mulligan's Boy never forgot, Mr. Blackridge approached them.

"Boys," he said, "I know not if thy stories be true, but as thee have said so I will believe that thee have spoken truthfully. You, Michael—for such is your name—I think will work with me upon the farm and with Sandy Cameron."

"Who is Sandy Cameron?" queried Mike.

"The man of all work," answered the Quaker. "He is not here at present, having gone to visit some of his friends; but he will be here very soon now."

Then the Quaker turned to Pete.

"Your place," uttered he, "will be in the kitchen, to assist Ruth."

Pete expressed his satisfaction at the arrangement by a broad grin.

"Dat's jess what I wants," he said. "De kitchen am de place fo' me. Golly, Ise'll be jess dog-goned tickled to death fo' to get back amongst de smell ob cookin' agin. Allus seems to me dat I mus' have been born in an oven or some oder part ob a kitchen."

Mr. Blackridge smiled at the little coon's enthusiasm, and told the boys to take a walk about the place and view it.

They did so.

Out in the barn-yard Pete, of course, got into a scrape.

There was a hen, a gigantic hen with fussy feathers and a swaggering walk. In fact she was a regular Bowery hen.

She had a family.

It was not a very large family.

It was simply one poor little withered up chicken, whose every act and movement seemed to be a mute protest against ever being born.

Yet the hen was proud of her offspring.

She strutted about with it, and dug vigorously for worms to appease its appetite, and actually put on airs over a smaller hen who had fully a dozen chicks.

Pete took a dislike to the hen right away.

"Go 'way wid youse," spoke he, as he tried to kick her away. "Wha's you puttin' on society airs fo'?"

The hen bristled up, cackled, and made a move as if to fly up at Pete.

Pete sneered.

"Fust ting dat youse knows I'll take dat chile ob youse and hang it upon my watch-chain fo' a charm," he said.

Mulligan's Boy laughed.

"Better kape out av the hin's rache, Pete," he advised. "She's bad, I can aisily see."

As if in confirmation of his words, the hen ruffled all of her feathers, and seemed as if meditating a charge upon the darkey.

Her actions excited Pete's wrath.

"Dah nebber wuz a hen born dat could sass me," said he. "Ise'll fix youse, old gal. Dah goes youse chicken."

As he spoke he bent down.

He made a grab for the chicken, and caught it by the legs.

Naturally the chicken squeaked.

The old hen perceived the action, and heard the squeak.

Her maternal instincts were aroused at once.

She flew square at Pete's face.

Pete dropped the chicken in a hurry.

The hen dug into his cheeks with her claws, and picked at his eyes.

The contest was short but decisive.

The hen got the best of it.

Pete was a badly licked darkey inside of about three minutes.

When he emerged from the battle, the blood was trickling down over his cheeks, and he seemed to feel somewhat dazed, while the hen towed her chicken away with a proud air of victory.

Mulligan's Boy smiled with satisfaction.

"Ye are a foine foighter," he sarcastically said. "Faix, if ye are licked by a hen a guinea pig wud paralyze ye. If I war ye I wud practice upon a couple av mice."

Pete's only reply was one of action.

He picked up a stone, and slung it, with all his force, at the hen.

The stone did not hit the biped, but, dancing lightly by her, sprang over a fence and into a couple of cucumber frames.

The sound of smashing glass attested the fact that it had evidently done a good deal of damage.

Pete looked aghast.

"Golly! dah goes all ob my fust week's wages," he exclaimed, "but de League ob Death nebber forgives."

He took out his memorandum-book and the stubby lead-pencil.

Wetting the point of the pencil with his tongue, he gravely put down a couple of words.

"What are ye at, now?" questioned Mike.

"Puttin' her down."

"Who?"

"De hen."

"Where?"

"On de archieves."

"Archieves av what?"

"Destruction. She am der one after de next to die. Bet dat I could kill her wid de hoe now, if I wanted for to do so, but de victims hab to be squelched in numerical ordah. De next on de list am dat debble ob an engineer dat rode us so fast."

So saying, Pete put his note-book away, and the boys resumed their tour of the farm.

They found lots of things which interested them.

There were the bee-hives, for example, which Mulligan's Boy tried to stir up to see the bees come out.

They did come out to his sad experience. His face looked worse than Pete's when the bees got through welcoming him.

Next they went to the stock-yard, for Mr. Blackridge was quite a cattle raiser. As they peered over the fence, Pete gave vent to a whistle of surprise.

"What is it?" asked Mike.

"Look."

"Where?"

"See dat post."

"What post?"

"De white post?"

"Yes."

"See dat cow by it?"

"Yes—there are two cows."

"De red am de one dat I refer to. Look undah it."

Mulligan's Boy obeyed.

He saw what had caused Pete's ejaculation.

There, seated upon a three-legged stool, vigorously pulling liquid streams of the lacteal fluid into a tin pail, sat a saucy-looking little mulatto girl.

As she milked away, and the creamy milk rose steadily towards the top of the pail, she sang in regular plantation style:

"Dem golden slippers am a laid away;  
Chil'en, chil'en, come, follow me;  
No mo' in de cane-brake will we play;  
Halle! halle! halle! hallelujah!"

Pete saw his chance.

In a rich voice he caroled forth:

"Oh, dem golden slippers!  
Oh, dem golden slippers!  
Golden slippers must I wear  
Fo' to climb dem golden stair!"

The first singer, who had not noticed the boys at all, nearly fell off of her stool in surprise.

"Lawd A'mighty!" cried she. "Who dat—wha'am dat voice?"

Pete put his black, grinning face over the fence.

"Hello, Clara!" said he.

She started.

"Who is youse?" asked she.

"Who is youse?" asked Pete.

"Who ye spect?"

"Gib it up. Am youse alive?"

This question seemed to rile the ebonized milkmaid.

"Wha' for you call me Clara?" interrogated she. "Jes' you bear it in youse mind dat my name ain't Clara. It's Mariah Chloe Hannah Jackson, sah, and don't youse forget it."

Pete appeared to be mentally overcome.

"Does youse keep it in an album?" he asked.

"Keep what?"

"De name. Ki! de name-bag must have been chuck full when youse took youse grab. I come late, fo' I only got one name."

"Wha's dat?"

"Pete."

She sniffed contemptuously.

"Dat's de name dat de marster done gib to de Guinea-pig," said she. "Who is youse, anyway? Wha' youse come from? Wha's youse gwine? Wha' youse round 'bout heah fo', anyway?"

Pete, who had made up his mind to ring in with the young colored fairy, explained. He told the story of their meeting with the Quaker farmer, and how they had been accepted as members of his household.

She was interested right away.

"Ise sort ob glad dat youse come, tho' you is but a cheap sugar cullud pusson," spoke she; "it wuz jess as lonely as a possum hunt wid no possum at de house. Behave youself, an' I will be a fren' to youse bofe. Ise got a pow'ful pull wid Miss Ruth; some day I spect dat she will adopt me."

Pete did not answer.

His eyes were fastened upon her nimble fingers as they extracted the streams of milk from the cow's teats.

Pete was suddenly possessed of a longing.

It was a longing to try and milk the cow himself. The more he thought of it the more he longed. By and by he broached the subject.

He went at it, though, in a round-about sort of way. "Am it hard to milk?" asked he.

Miss Maria Hannah Chloe Jackson shook her head.

"Hard? No; dat is, if youse got 'nuff sense fo' to know how to do it."

Her remark further accelerated Pete's desires.

He made up his mind to milk that cow, or perish in the attempt.

"Chile," said he, with as soft and gentle voice as he could assume, "jess lemme get a hold ob dat cow. Youse bet dat I secure 'nuff milk for a whole dairy outer ob her."

Miss Maria Hannah Chloe Jackson smiled as if she did not believe that his words were real truth.

"Kin youse milk?" she queried.

Pete, it will have to be confessed, lied.

He boldly said that he could, whereas, if the truth be known, it was about the third cow that he had ever seen; and as for milking—well, he was just about as much experienced in deep-sea fishing.

Yet he stontly protested to the young ebon lady that as a milker his equal was seldom to be met.

"Jess lemme squat myself on dat stool," said he, "an' I'll gib youse all ob de fancy touches in milking. Ki! Ise'll bet dat I gets a quart wha' youse will extricate a gallon."

Miss Maria laughed at Pete's unintentional change of words, and said that he was probably correct.

"Wantah milk?" asked she.

Pete owned that he did.

"Ise a cream jerker from de word go!" stated he. "Jess youse make youself absent from dat stool, and Ise will show youse de proper way ob engineering the cow."

Miss Jackson obeyed.

She got off of the stool, and retired to a fence near by to criticize Pete's actions.

With an easy grace she seated herself upon the fence and proceeded to watch Pete.

Pete clambered between the rails of the fence and took possession of the stool.

Meantime the cow stood at parade rest.

She did not seem to care who milked her as long as she was not required to move. To stand still, not moving a muscle, but simply breathing, appeared to be her ideal of her duty.

There was an expression of glee upon Pete's face as he sat down and prepared for work.

"Jess youse bet dat I corrals de cake," expressed he. "Bress youse soul, Ise'll get a whole milk route out ob dat cow inside ob five minutes."

With the above remark Pete started to verify his words.

The cow actually was a nice cow.

Under ordinary circumstances, or ordinary handling, she would not have manifested a symptom of disapproval.

But Pete was just about as well calculated to milk a cow as a hod-carrier would be to run a vineyard.

The cow at first stood it.

She protested, to be sure, by moving her head, and switching her tail nervously, but still she acted real sensibly.

There is a limit, however, to all endurance.

The cow realized it after Pete had endeavored, for about ten minutes, to milk her.

She was not naturally a cross cow—really her reputation for mildness was one of the best—but no matter how mildness may be, occasionally periods may occur when, owing to provocation, mildness may seem madness.

So the cow, after enduring Pete's usage for a while, considered it.

Without warning, except a vicious switch of her tail, she elevated her hind leg.

Biff!



Bang!

Bung!

Away went Pete, milk-pail and stool.

The stool was shattered, the milk-pail was broken, but Pete, of the three, fared the worst.

The cow's hoof hit him square in the gastronomical zone, and lifted him right up into the air.

There was only one mud-puddle present in the barn-yard, and that was in a quiet, remote location.

Yet the cow succeeded, by sheer force of hoof, in landing Pete into it.

He descended with a splash, and was so surprised that for a while he did not have the slightest idea of how he got there.

He staggered on to his feet in a sort of daze.

"Wuz—wuz youse hurt?" he asked of Mike. "Did it strike anywhere else?"

"Gwine up to de house?" he inquired of the dusky damsel, who had gathered her milk-pails, for the one which Pete had tackled was the last of a whole herd.

She said she was, and Pete gallantly assumed guardianship of the pails, while she walked by his side.

Mulligan's Boy discreetly followed on behind.

"Begob, if Pete desoires to catch a mash onto the caramel-colored daisy, 'tis not meself who will obstruct his intentions," he said to himself.

Pete and his lady friend walked together as far as the garden-gate, when the figure of Miss Ruth, who was clipping at some flower-stems, caused them to separate very suddenly.

Miss Ruth did not appear to notice the parting, for when Pete, who had lagged behind, reached her, she very solemnly introduced him to Miss Maria.

#### PART XXIV.

THE fence was rapidly approached by the two eager boys mounted upon the two farm horses.

Somehow the old plugs appeared to partially enter into the spirit of their riders.

They went for the fence as if they had been brought up on the turf as regular steeple chasers.

"Me wake's wages that I bate ye!" excitedly called out Mike, as he kicked his steed's sides with the heels of his heavy boots.

Pete's response came quickly.

"I'll beat, or dah will be black meat spread all ober de field," was his answer.

At the fence they went.

"G'lang!"

"Git up!"



*They took the leap together. Crash! Crash! Their fore-legs went over the fence all right, but the hind ones struck the top rail. The rail broke, and the horses, with their riders, fell upon the other side in a confused mass.*

"What are ye talking about?" queried Mike.

"The lightning."

"What lightning?"

"Dat I wuz struck wid."

Mulligan Boy winked sweetly.

"The loightning that laid ye out lurks in a cow's hoof," said he. "Bedad, if I wur in yer place it is burn incense for yez escape. I wud. If there had been a little more power in the bovine's sinews, it is over the fence wud ye have flown, and into the grapery."

Miss Maria Hannah Chloe Jackson also consoled Pete.

From her private box upon the highest rail of the barn-yard fence, she had beheld the whole proceeding, and it appeared to please her.

At least, judging from visual evidence, for her whole face was convulsed with smiles.

"Youse am a nice cow-milker," she jeered. "'F I wuz youse I would go dig taters. Nice milker, ain't youse? Tink dat cow am made outen injy-rubber? Best ting dat youse kin do is to go get a shingle and comb dirt off ob youse."

Pete did not answer.

There seemed all of the past hour or two that questions had been put to him to which silence was the best response.

"Guess dat I'll go to bed," he growled—"feel tired."

Miss Marie Hannah Chloe Jackson gave vent to a cry of triumph which sounded like the crow of a victorious rooster.

"Some coons am smart, some ain't," she said; "but I won't gib youse away to Miss Ruth. Doan't youse mention 'bout de milking, an' Ise won't."

Pete promised.

He realized that it was for his own interest to have the milking attempt shrouded, if possible, in Stygian darkness, and he took a solemn oath never to reveal it.

"As thee will both work in the culinary department, I hope thee will be good friends," she said.

Both glanced demurely at each other.

"I'se willing," uttered Maria.

"Me too," said Pete.

So a treaty of peace was struck up, which ended—well, wait till the story ends, and you will find out how it did end.

That night the boys slept together in a cozy little room, which was all a boy's heart could wish for. There was an old rusty gun, which could not have gone off under any conditions, bracketed up against the wall, a picture of a whale-ship being destroyed, a highly-colored print of the Battle of Bunker Hill, and a book-shelf, whose only contents were a couple of Captain Marryat's novels.

There they slept; and slept good, too, while they lived good, also. Mulligan's Boy was put to work at plowing, while Pete was under Miss Ruth's beck and call. It so chanced that Mulligan's Boy plowed with two different horses—on and off.

One was called Ned, the other Jim.

To Ned was Mike fondly attached; while Jim he did not deem worth his salt.

Pete entertained a contrary opinion.

He considered Jim the greater horse of the two; while Ned, in his opinion, was not fit for crows' feed.

So it came about that one twilight, after work, the boys decided to settle their differences relative to the two horses; they decided upon a race.

It took place, and it was no easy race.

It was about one mile over fences and hedges.

They started, and ran even for about twenty rods. Then a fence presented itself. Using their whips and yelling at the top of their voices, the boys started to clear it.

"Ober boy!"

"Make a moighty lape!"

"Rise, youse debble!"

"Lift yeself!"

So the ejaculations followed each other in quick succession.

The horses rose in the air.

Poor brutes!

They meant well enough, but as the Mohammedans say, what is to be will be.

And it was to be that the two ambitious animals would not clear that fence, which was really quite a tall one, and a barrier which many an experienced rider would hesitate for awhile before tackling.

They took the leap together.

Crash!

Crash!

Their fore-legs went over the fence all right, but the hind ones struck the top rail.

The rail broke, and the horses, with their riders, fell upon the other side in a confused mass.

Pete and Mulligan's Boy were thrown from their backs fully five feet ahead, which was a very lucky thing, as the brutes might have rolled over upon them and crushed them with their weight.

They were partially stunned, but not hurt by the fall, for the sod upon which they had fallen was soft and yielding.

Pete was first up.

He rubbed his eyes, scratched his wool, and looked about him in a dazed sort of way.

"Golly! I feel as if I had felled outer a cloud," soliloquized he. "'Spect dat I must hab fell upon my head, fo' I hab 'scaped wid my life. De nex' hoss dat I ride will be a hobby-hoss. Wondah how Mike am."

He looked about for his friend.

He soon perceived him.



Mike lay with a very white face upturned toward the sky, partially upon one side, breathing heavily. He appeared to be unconscious.

Pete approached him.

"Golly! he's a goner, shuah," uttered he; "dis yeah ohile hab smoked his last cigarette; dead as I'se born. Dah'll be annuder culled angel in Heben by dis time to-morrow, and dah will be one mo' yuse-harp took offen de rack. 'Spose, tho', dat I ought fo' to try and resursincate him."

"Resuscitate" was what Pete really meant, but it was a big word, and Pete was very apt to get very much mixed over a big word.

Pete's only idea of resuscitation was that method employed in the case of drowning people—a roll over a barrel—which has at least one thing to recommend it surely; if it don't save the person to whom it is applied, it will kill them sure.

He looked around for a barrel.

But all of the barrels which might at any period have been there were certainly not there now. Not even a stave was in sight.

"Fraid dat I will hab fo' to let him squeak," mournfully said he; "dah isn't so much as a beer-keg in de vicinity."

As he spoke his eyes fastened themselves upon a brass watch-chain which crossed Mike's breast, and served as a safe-guard to a brassier watch.

"Poor fellow," Pete sadly remarked, "he won't need dat super an' slang long. Wha' a pity he didn't have nuff time to make a will, kase I would hab been left those articles shuah. Now I speck dat de coroner will collar onto dem."

Peter reflected upon it.

Meanwhile he perceived a pack of cigarettes sticking out of Mulligan Boy's vest pocket.

"Dey's no 'count to him now," muttered Pete, as he sorrowfully embezzled the cigarettes.

Lighting one, he resumed his ponder over the affair of the watch and chain. By and by he came to a resolve.

"I know dat Mike would nebber forgib me if I should let dat coroner get possession of dem," reflected he. "De only resource dat I hab is to take dem myse'f."

Convincing himself thus, that he was about to perform a solemn service for the dead, he bent over and took hold of the glittering chain.

He unbuttoned the bar, and slowly drew the watch out of the pocket.

He had just got the very valuable time-piece (about eight dollars a dozen) in sight, when—

The supposed dying youth arose to a sitting posture, and landed one of his fists with great precision, and a good deal of energy, upon Pete's nose.

Pete dropped watch and chain, and turned a successful but not particularly graceful somersault.

"Lawd almighty," called he, "he's done come to life."

Mulligan's Boy smiled in acquiescence.

"Ye ken gamble yez head upon it, ye calico-colored thafe," he said. "Ye wud thry to become a corpse-robber, wud ye? I have a good moind to paint yez red wid yez own loile blood. 'Tis me opinion that stale the doorplate off av a coffin, or pennies out av a blind man's hat wud ye."

Pete, rubbing his nose, which was not much hurt in appearance, for a blow from a pile driver would not have made it flatter than it was, humbly apologized, assigning to Mike the same reasons for snatching on to the watch and chain which we have already stated.

Of course Mulligan's Boy took the taffy for all it was worth.

"Ye loi and ye know it," said he, "but I pardhon yez offense, for it runs in yez family blood. Faix, I have yez pedigree down to a hair's breadth. Where is yez grandfather?"

Pete hesitated.

He hung down his head and fumbled with a button of his coat, while his feet seemed to be a new and surprising revelation to him, for he kept his eyes steadily glued upon those extensive members.

"He's alibe," finally he acknowledged, in a low tone.

"Yes, but where is he?"

"In de jail," was reluctantly wrung from Pete.

"What for?"

"Stealing a barrel ob taters."

"Where's yez grandmother?"

"In de jail."

"What for?"

"Stealing a dress."

"Where's yez uncle?"

"In de jail."

"What for?"

"Stealing a bar'l of flour."

"And yez father?"

"He is in de jug too."

"For what?"

"Dey foun' some chickens dat dey said didn't b'long to him upon his pusson. Fader said dat de chickens had put up a job fo' to ruin his karakter, but de judges dey wuz all Irish, an' dey wouldn't b'lieve him."

"Their b'rains were massive. How many brothers have ye?"

"Two."

"Where's the first?"

"In de jail."

"The rayson?"

"Stole an ulster."

"Where's the second?"

Pete for the first time looked up.

There was a gleam of triumph in his eyes.

"He's dead," said he.

But Mulligan's Boy was merciless in his interrogatories.

"How did he die?" asked he.

Pete's eyes fell again.

"Got shot," said he.

"Where?"

"In de war."

"Whereabouts in the war?"

"In a melon-patch."

"What wur he at there?"

Pete fairly howled the answer—

"Stealin' melons!"

Then did a mild smile of triumph appear upon Mike's face and gradually irradiate from the corners of his mouth to the roots of his hair, until it blossomed into a full-dedged grin of mirth.

"Yez frank reploies exonerate ye from blame," he said. "Bedad, from the kleptomaniac blood which flows in yez domestic circle, 'tis me conjecture that any wan av yez family wud lie awake at noight for a wake to think up a plan to stale thimselves. They wud—"

"Where's de hosses?" interrupted Pete, who evidently desired to turn the conversation.

Mike started.

He had forgotten all about the horses whatsoever.

For all he knew, they might be dead or seriously injured. Then what would Mr. Blackridge say? They would receive a real enjoyable welcome when they got back to the homestead.

The horses, however, were only bruised, and had got up on their feet.

One was a little lame, and so Mike did not do much work with him that afternoon; indeed, after a furrow or so, he put the horses up under the shade of a tree, and lolling upon the broad of his back, began to take life comfortably, Pete having retired in a hurry, partially conscience-stricken, for he recollected a not yet fulfilled appointment with Hannah Maria Chloe Jackson, to assist her in picking berries in the garden.

As Mulligan's Boy reposed, looking up at the fleecy clouds which scurried across the blue dome over his head, and contentedly thinking as the old song says, "about nothink at all," he felt a hand pressed upon his shoulder.

He sprang up in a second.

There was the old Quaker himself.

"Lad," said he, "why are thee not at thy work?"

Mike's answer came readily.

"Horse lame."

"Which one?"

"Ted, sir."

"Blackridge went up to the one spoken of."

"Which leg?" he asked.

"Off hind one," returned Mulligan's Boy.

The Quaker picked up the limb indicated.

"It is certainly bruised," said he, "how was it done?"

"Accident, sir."

"What kind?"

"Stepped in a hole."

The Quaker fixed his keen eye upon the Hibernian Ananias.

"My son," he said, "what is the use of thee lying? I saw your race myself at a distance. Lying is the meanest crime that a boy can—"

He checked himself.

"I will defer my reproof till a later period," he broke off; "there are two gentlemen at the house who were asking if I had seen anything of two runaways. I bid them tarry for a while, till I went in search of you and the colored boy."

Mike's heart leaped into his throat. Two gentlemen! One must surely be the alderman; a detective, he argued, the second.

He did not, though, give himself away.

"All right, sir," he answered. "I will take the horses up to the stable, wash up, and come to see them. Where are they?"

"In the front yard. Thee make speed."

"All right."

The Quakers walked back while Mulligan's Boy led the horses up by another way.

He placed them in the stable.

Then he sped hurriedly across the yard to the garden.

There were sounds of a personal encounter in the berry-bushes, and, peering over the fence, Mulligan's Boy was aware that Miss Hannah Maria Jackson had Pete's head under one arm, in that position known to lovers of pugilism as "being in chancery," and was dealing divers effective blows with one hand upon his head, while with the fingers of the other she was combing his face.

"Call me 'coon,' will youse!" she exclaimed, wrathfully. "I jess want youse fo' to know dat I ain't no coon. Ise s'ciety, youse foul, low nigger: Ise prime Vahginny straight-cut, and don't youse fo'get it."

"Coon! coon!" gamely persisted Pete, in half-strangled accents. "Oh, coon!"

His answer was a fresh shower of blows upon his head, which had about as much effect as a shower of peas against the side of a schooner.

Mulligan's Boy was not at all surprised at the scene, for Pete and Miss Jackson, albeit the firmest of friends on the whole, were addicted to these little scrapping matches at least once or twice a day.

Generally he took pleasure in watching them and egging the contestants on, but this particular one he did not desire should continue.

"Quit it!" he called.

Hearing his voice, they separated.

"Pete," went on he, "we've got to skylark the place."

Pete's eyes stood out like soup-plates with surprise.

"Wha' fo'?"

"He's come."

"Who?"

"Can't ye guess?"

"The Alderman?"

"Correct."

"De Lawd sabe us. Wha' are dey?"

"Round front."

"Wid de marster?"

"Yes. He came down afther me. Me uncle has somebody else with him."

"Fly copper?"

"Reckon so."

"Den we will hab fo' to skedaddle right lively. Kain't go back to de house."

"But we've got some clothes there."

Pete fixed a winning glance upon Miss Jackson, who stood by, open-mouthedly taking in all of the above conversation.

"Miss Jackson," said he, with exaggerated gallantry, "youse will take keer ob our garments fo' us, won't youse? Hide dem keerfully away till we return, and dah am a memento ob me."

He took a gaudy ring, fire-gilt, with a pearl which must have been worth at least three cents, from his finger, and placed it upon hers, with the chivalry of a Bayard.

Totally overcome, Miss Jackson consented to do as told.

Her curiosity was however aroused.

"Wha' youse got fo' to go fo'?" she asked.

Pete told her in as few words as possible, for he knew she could be trusted. Then he kissed her very gallantly.

"Ise 'll write youse a lettah to-morrow, chile," said he, "I will—"

"Hurry up," impatiently said Mike. "We have no toime to lose. I see the ould cock coming now."

Sure enough, through the intervening trees and shrubbery could be descried the alderman, while swinging a gold-headed cane followed Mr. Levi, who of course was not known to the boys, or if he was they failed to recognize him.

Their course was soon decided upon.

It was embraced in the one simple word uttered by Mike—"Git."

They got.

Over, not the garden wall, but over the the or-fence, they fled adown the lane which led to garden chard.

At the foot of the orchard was a small creek, upon the bank of which lay a skiff with a paddle in it.

Getting in the skiff, Mike grabbed the paddle, and wielding it desperately, they were all soon across.

It so had happened that Mr. Levi had noticed them speeding across the orchard. Instantly it occurred to him that there was their quarry.

"Alderman," he cried, grasping his companion, "look at id!"

"Look at what?" asked the alderman, who, while waiting for Mr. Blackridge, who had not yet arrived, was meditatively viewing the beauties of nature.

"At dem."

The alderman understood Mr. Levi's finger to be pointed at a pair of big apple-trees.

"Yes," said he, "they are very foine. Their very magnitude impresses wan, not to spake of the fruit which they probably bear. The foliage also—"

Mr. Levi swore profanely.

"—the abble drees!" said he. "Vat I means vas the poys."

"What byes?"

"Mulligan's Poy und Pete."

"Where?"

"Running down dat pank."

The alderman caught a glimpse of them at last.

"Be Heavens, 'tis them!" ejaculated he. "We have thracked them to the earth at last."

Breaking out into a run, he and Levi sped as if they meant to lower the record.

They arrived, hot and excited and all out of breath, upon the bank, just as the boys landed upon the other.

"Hould, ye rascals!" shouted the alderman. "I've got ye!"

To his surprise, the news did not seem to affect the boys at all.

They stood and grinned at their pursuers.

"Hello, uncle!" blandly said Mulligan's Boy; "what are you doing here?"

"Ye'll soon foind out."

"Whin?"

"Whin I jail ye?"

"Whin will that be?"

"As soon as I lay me fists on ye."

"Thin we'll live to be bald-headed. Ye will niver get us to-noight, or to-morrow noight, or years av noights."

"Dat's so," grinned Pete; "how is youse gwine fo' to cross the creek?"

The query staggered the pursuers.

For once did they realize the truth of the old adage: "So near, yet so far."

How was they to get across that creek?

Neither could swim.

Search the creek with their eyes as far as their sight of vision extended, not a bridge or other boat beside the skiff could be discerned.

"If I wur ye I wud fear the bark off av an apple-tree and build a canoe," jeeringly cried Mike; "or ye cud make a raft out av wan av yer shoes."

The alderman fairly frothed at the mouth with impotent rage.

Mr. Levi also exhibited signs of anger.

The boys noticed it.

"Hey, uncle!" called out Mike, "what's that ye have wid ye?"

"Shut up!" roared the alderman.

"I don't know," blandly returned Mike, "whether it is a tailor's dummy or a picture out av a panorama of an Indian scalp dance. Anyway, if I wur ye, I wud put it in the creek. I don't believe that it will keep fresh out av the wather."

Mr. Levi was intensely insulted at these insinuations.

But he forced a smile.

"Yoost you vellers vait," he said, in a voice of sweetness; "der Prophets was always chuck der in-



fluence mid der side of der Hebrews. He vas laugh der loudest vat laughs on der end. Vait avhile, my tear poy, und ve vill see vwhether I vas ought to be put py der vater to keep der greek vresh."

## PART XXV.

MR. LEVI and the alderman, it is needless to say, were two very enraged gentlemen.

At that minute the prospect of the two lads being hung, drawn or quartered by somebody, would have been hailed by them with great delight.

Indeed they would have doubtlessly paid a handsome sum for the privilege of doing it themselves.

The boys, though feeling themselves safe upon the opposite side of the creek, did not care a cent how mad they got.

They kept on teasing them until the alderman got as wild as a dog with a tin-can riveted to his tail.

He put his hand into his hip pocket.

He withdrew it again.

It was empty.

A howl of disappointment issued from his lips.

"Be Heavens, 'tis fatality!" he called out. "Me pistol is absent. Shure I must have left it upon the bureau at the hotel. I recollect that I wur cracking nuts wid its handle, and by the same token it wint off, and the bullet smashed the clock. Literally, the clock wur knocked out av toime. Levi, have ye a foire-arm?"

Mr. Levi, after feeling in all of his pockets, and carefully looking into his hat, stated that he had not.

"All auf dem veppons vat I vos got vos a bocket-knife, und dot vashn't aple to hurt anybody. I don't think," continued Mr. Levi, "dot you could make a sgratch uben a blate of putter py dot knife. I found it py der sdreed, und I garry it fur goot luck."

"Bedad, I wish it wur a harpoon," said the alderman. "If it only wur I would launch it across the creek wid fatal skill. If it did not transfix me nephew at the first pop ye could spit in me eye."

The boys were preparing to go.

"Tra la, uncle," bawled Mulligan's Boy. "Kiss aunty for me."

"So long, Moses," Pete bawled at Mr. Levi. "Nex' time dat youse get took wid de rest ob de curiosities sen' me your picture. Ise want to paste it on my sore heel fo' to see if it won't take de inflammation out."

These polite farewells were acknowledged by their recipients by wild fist-shakings.

Mulligan's Boy smiled serenely.

"Keep it up," called he.

"Who's workin' ob de wires?" cried Pete.

"Pull the strings faster."

"Don't it make youse tired?"

"Are ye obliged to do it?"

"It's a revival, and dey've got de Spirit."

"Or the itch?"

"Mebbe it am fleas?"

So the boys uttered to the great indignation of the object of their utterance.

"Oh, if I cud only rache the other side," the alderman wailed, "it is tears av blood wud I whring from yez eyes. It is put down the price av mixed dhrinks to foive cints wud I in me whisky chateau, if I cud beould ye girating from a gallows."

"I vashn't don't dake sdock py hangings," Mr. Levi objected, "dey would upxpire too gwickly. I would like to see dem drove into a gwicksand, a nice slow gwicksand dat would dake a vick or so to swallow dem ub. S'elep me Moshes, mit all auf my vealth, I vos not aple to puy a gwicksand. Dey grow wild."

Mulligan's Boy and Pete, with a few fierce taunts, left.

Soon they were out of sight amidst a clump of trees at the opposite side of the meadow.

The alderman and Mr. Levi sat down disconsolately upon the creek's bank.

"Mr. Levi," confided the alderman, as he took off his hat and wiped the sweat from his brow, "I wur born upon a Friday, and have been in bad luck iver sinse. The very day av me exit into the world, me father got bloind insensate dhrunk in honor av the occasion, and attempted to roide a trick mule at a traveling circus. The result wur, he wur brought home in periods, and breathed his last wid a rayquest that I be baptiozed in whisky. Me ill-luck has sinse pursued me. I niver raised roses in me gardhen, because I wur afraid that if I wur to thry and pluck thim, they wud turn to onions. Luk at me luck now. There wur those two juvenile imps separated from us by but a few feet av wather, and yet, for all practical raysults, the Atlantic Ocean moight have rowled betwane us."

Mr. Levi nodded his head.

"Dot vos so," he replied, "und we didn't efen haf a lasso. Vell, we mustn't gif ub. We will keeb on py der search."

Just then Mr. Blackridge appeared.

"Didst thou see the boys?" asked he, in his quaint way of speaking.

"Yis," groaned the alderman.

"Were they the ones?"

"They wur."

"Where are they?"

"Tin thousand moiles away fur all I know. Ye will niver see thim again."

A shade of gloom passed over the Quaker's brow.

"They seemed good youths; just a trifle wild, but I pardoned that, for boys will be boys," said he; "the white lad appeared to be very smart."

The alderman groaned again.

"Smart," said he; "faix, ye plump the bull's-eye whin ye say that. Ye do not want to go to bed at all if ye want to bate him rising up early in the morning. It is give points to a Greek could that same lad."

Then the alderman went on, and gave to the good old Quaker the account of the fleeing and pursuit of the boys.

"Not only have they cost me toime, but also money," concluded he. "There wur a sucker of a lawyer in Philadelphia who persuaded me to inter suits for damages against Barnum's circus and the museum man. What wur the raysult?"

"You vos lieked und sduck for the tamages," sweetly said Mr. Levi. "It vos a pad sbeculation."

"It wur not the damages, but the costs," corrected the alderman, "but they wur awful. I saycretly belave that I have paid the expinses av all the Pennsylvania coorts for the rist av their legal loives."

The Quaker shrugged his shoulders.

"Of a verity it is too bad," said he; "dost thou mean to pursue them farther?"

The alderman's eyes flashed fire.

He brought his fist down with great emphasis.

"Will I pursue them?" he repeated, "will I? Will a cat lap milk, will a fish swim, will a turkey-cock go for a red rag? Ye bet that I will follow them around the world and through the center av the earth if necessary."

Mr. Levi concurred.

"I vos mit you allerwile," said he; "we vill gatch der poy, or berish like Arctic survivors!"

The alderman warmly grasped Mr. Levi's hand.

"Ye are a noble dog," said he; "ye have adhered to me loike a fly to a jug av molasses, and I will not forget it. When our quest is over and we grab the kids it is take ye back to New York will I, and make ye a representative in the Legislature. All ye nade do to get yez election, is put up the dhrinks for the byes and wear a grane neck-tie."

Mr. Levi was profoundly grateful.

"Bolitical life vas peen my hobby a long vwhile," said he, "und I will be thankful for your advice in der matter. Where ve go now?"

"Thee takes supper with me," put in Mr. Blackridge.

At first they refused.

The alderman said that he did not mean to take advantage of any one's hospitality. They had simply stopped there to see if they could find the runaways, and because they had found them it was no reason that they should encroach upon Mr. Blackridge.

But the Quaker stood firm.

In the end, not only did they take supper, but they stayed all night, leaving the next morning with many expressions of good will.

Mike and Pete, meanwhile, got upon the railroad track, and, walking for several miles, reached a small village—well, we will call it Eatonville.

They did not have a fear of instant pursuit, and, being fairly supplied with money, put up at the best—and only—hotel in the village.

They slept sound as tops, and did not wake up till about nine o'clock.

Going down-stairs, they found out by careless questioning that no inquiries had as yet been made after them.

They ate a good breakfast—they were never left upon eating—and after that took a stroll around the village, a work of not much difficulty, for you could see the whole place in about a quarter of an hour, and walk slow at that.

They stopped and talked with several of the residents, and found out that the most exciting topic of interest just then was a robbery which had been committed at the house of one Squire Sellick, a very prominent member of the village.

"Must be city thieves," said their informant, a burly country fellow. "Tell you what, we are watching strangers mighty hard! You ain't well dressed enough to be burglars."

"Are burglars always well dressed?" asked Mulligan's Boy.

The country fellow opened wide his eyes with surprise at the question.

"Of course," he answered. "Didn't I read in 'Burglar Bildad, the Boy Cracksmen,' that Burglar Bildad allers wore at least a thousand dollars' worth of diamonds, and dressed in a blue velvet coat, with red lace pants? Wore kid gloves, too."

Mulligan's Boy determined to give the rustic all of the taffy he wanted. His object was only to pass away time; but he little knew what would be the panning out of it. It often happens that the most unexpected results follow a trivial beginning.

"Yes," said Mike, with the air of a Solomon, "burglars, come to think of it, are well dressed. Faith, I knew a burglar wanst who was worth three million dollars, and niver wint out in society widout eight watches. He had gould soles upon his shoes, too, and niver wore the same dicer twice."

"The same what?"

"Dicer."

"What's that?"

"Sixer."

"What's a sixer?"

"A kady."

The country fellow looked bewildered. His education in metropolitan slang had been obviously neglected.

"Dicer! sixer! kady!" repeated he, "what are they?"

"What's that ye have upon your head?" asked Mulligan's Boy.

"A hat."

"Well, that's it."

"That's what?"

"A dicer, or a sixer, or a kady. That's what it is called in New York."

"Yuse fellows from York?"

"Yes."

"Both of you?"

"Yes."

"Lived there long?"

"Always."

"Got any acquaintances?"

"The city swarms wid 'em."

"Know any burglars?"

Mike said he did.

Immediately he launched out into an elaborate tissue of lies relative to his acquaintance with burglars.

"You see I am in the saycret police, employed as a b'ye spy," said he. "So, necessarily me cognizance av burglars is very copious. Did ye iver hear av Clammy-Toed Charley?"

"No. Who was he?"

"A celebrated burglar. He intered into six banks and a grave-yard in wan noight. I arrested him."

"You did?"

"Yes."

"How?"

"I thracked him by manes av a monument which he dhropped in his floight. Arrah, but it was he who wur a howly terror. He—"

Mike's veracious narrative was interrupted by a touch on the arm from Pete.

"Cheese it!" whispered Pete, in alarmed accents.

"What for?"

"Dey're coming."

"Who?"

"Who youse 'spects? De alderman and dat side partnah ob his'n."

"Where?"

"Look down de street."

Mike obeyed.

Sure enough, there, quite a ways away, but still near enough to be recognizable, were the alderman and Mr. Levi.

It was evident from the direction in which they were walking that they would pass Mulligan's Boy and Pete, who were seated upon the fence conversing with the country lad.

The boys did not dare get off of the fence, because if they did, and started up the street, they could readily be discovered. But if they remained upon the fence, they would be discovered anyway.

What would they do?

Mulligan's Boy was first to think of a plan of escape.

"See!" said he, suddenly, to the country lad.

"Where?"

"Up the strate. What do ye behowld?"

"Two men."

"Know them?"

"No."

"I do."

"Who be they?"

"Ye said there wur a burglary committed last noight?"

"Yes."

"I'll bet I can reveal to ye who did it."

"Who?"

"Those two men approaching."

The country lad nearly fell off of the fence.

"You don't mean to say they are burglars?" he asked.

"Yes," said Mulligan's Boy; "their names are Jimmy the Turk and Shivering Ike. Hide me quick somewhere, for I don't want them to catch soight av me. I may be able to arrist them."

The field which the fence bordered was planted with corn, which was five or six feet high, and growing in rows very close together.

"Hide in the corn," advised the country boy.

The runaways were quick to accept his advice.

Down they went upon their hands and knees amidst the corn.

Presently the alderman and Mr. Levi came by, puffing away at their cigars.

The country lad stared with eyes stuck out like lobsters at them. They were both flashily dressed, their diamonds blazed in the sun, while Mr. Levi, as usual, was a walking cart-load of jewelry.

The lad made up his mind they must be burglars sure. Mr. Levi's appearance, especially, was almost identical with that of Bildad the Burglar.

To his consternation the alderman stopped and spoke to him.

"Me rural youth?" he patronizingly asked, "do ye reside here?"

"Yes, sir," came the reply.

"Have ye been around here this morning?"

"Yes, sir. Been all through the village serving of milk."

"Ah, ha, thin ye have good facilities for observation. Have ye noticed two byes?"

"What kind, sir?"

"A naygur and a white boy—just about yez size and hight."

It flashed across the lad's mind that he was being questioned regarding the two young strangers whom he had just hidden in the corn-field.

He resolved not to betray them.

"Hain't seen but one boy to-day," he answered.

"Who wur he? A stranger?"

"Yes."

"How wur he dressed?"

"Did one of the boys you are looking for have on a gray suit?"

The alderman really could not have told if Mike had on a gray suit, or a yellow suit, or a red, white and blue suit, but he answered at a venture:

"Yis."

"Black hat?"

"Yis."

"Sorter tight pants?"

"Yis."

"Heavy shoes?"

"Guess so."

"Freckled face?"

"Yis. The freckles crowd each other for room?"

"Big mouth?"

"Alligator size."

"Turn-up nose?"

"Yis—yis. Tell me where is he?"

The lad put on a look of loutish cunning.



"Hain't seen a boy like that," grinned he. "The boy I saw was an Italian boy, and he had a monkey with him."

The alderman felt mad enough to knock the speaker off of the fence.

"Why the devil didn't ye say so at first?" he savagely asked, "instead of kaping us here wid idle words."

"What did you ax me questions for?" leered the lad. "Ax me no questions and I'll tell you no lies."

With a prayer—we will be charitable, and credit the alderman with a prayer anyway, although it might have been the reverse—the two passed on, Mr. Levi remarking:

"Dot poy vos either very dumb or very smart; auften the tifference vos very small."

The lad watched till they were out of sight.

Then he called to the hidden ones.

"All right," said he.

Mulligan's Boy and Pete climbed up with rather dirty hands, and the knees of their pants also showed familiarity with the soil.

"Well?" asked Mike.

The boy related his dialogue with the alderman and Mr. Levi.

"Mebbe they are smart, but I can be just as smart," said he; "I fooled the men."

"So ye did," said Mike; "now I tell ye what to do. Ye have a constable or sheriff here?"

"A sheriff lives right up the road at the red house."

"Good. Go to him, tell him what I have tould ye in reference to the character av the two men who just passed, and say that Detective Michael Mulligan, av New York, will confer wid him any place he says within two hours. I have important business to thransact wid other parthies."

So speaking, Mulligan's Boy and Pete swaggered off in the opposite direction from that taken by the alderman.

The country lad felt his bosom dilate with pride. Here he was in a position such as he had read about in story papers, and also nearly akin to a situation in the story of "Bildad, the Burglar."

There were the boy spies,

There also were the gay and flashy burglars.

And there was also himself, empowered to seek the sheriff.

He went at once to that potent official.

The sheriff of Eatonville was a true type of the average county official.

He was large.

He was fleshy.

And his ideas of his own greatness were upon a par with his largeness and fleshiness.

He heard the lad's story with secret satisfaction.

Here was just the chance for which he had been long wishing.

What a feather it would be in his cap for him to capture the pair of New York burglars, and put them away in a dungeon cell!

"They will confer with me in an hour?" he said, in reference to the statement made by Mulligan's Boy.

"Yes, sir," humbly said the country lad.

The sheriff mused.

What actually was the use of his sharing the laurels with the city men? Why not take the whole glory of the business to himself?

The last idea captivated him.

He resolved to carry it out.

To he, and he alone, would be the glory of the capture.

With a seeming carelessness he asked of his informant:

"Where did they go?"

"Who?"

"The Yorkers."

"The spies?"

"Yes."

"Up the road."

"You do not know where?"

"No."

"Were they upon the scent of the burglars?"

"No."

"How do you know?"

"They went a different way."

"The burglars, then, went down?"

"Yes."

"Towards the hotel?"

"Yes."

"While the others went directly opposite?"

"They did."

The sheriff, who had been pacing his stoop while the above dialogue was going on, stopped and turned to the lad.

"Did they name any definite place where they might see you again?" he queried.

"No, sir."

"Then probably they will see you where they first met you. You'd better go there and wait for them."

The boy unsuspectingly agreed, and started back.

The sheriff waited till he was out of sight, then he ordered up his buggy and horse.

Getting into the vehicle, he drove by a rather round-about way to the hotel.

The alderman and Mr. Levi were there, with their feet elevated upon the railing of the piazza, puffing away at a couple of so-called Havana cigars, the genuineness of which was fully attested by the band (made in New York) which surrounded them.

The sheriff drove up and tied his horse to the hitching-post, while a ripple of wonder ran through the assemblage of idlers who always gather about the country village hotel.

What could the sheriff want?

They doffed their hats and waited to see.

They had not long to wait.

The sheriff, armed with all the majesty of the law, advanced towards the unsuspecting sitters upon the piazza.

When he reached them his hand fell heavily upon each of their shoulders.

"Jimmy the Turk, and Shivering Ike," quoth he, "I arrest you."

They started up.

Instantly the sheriff's hands traversed rapidly from their persons to his own.

The next minute a revolver was leveled at their heads.

"Surrender," said the sheriff, "or I shoot!"

The alderman looked up helplessly.

He felt sort of dazed.

"What do ye mane, man?" he asked, as he shivering recoiled from the leveled revolver; "are ye a lunatic?"

"Not much!" answered the sheriff. "I know what I am doing. So did you."

"Whin?"

"Last night."

"What did I do?"

"You don't know?"

"Av coorse I do. I wur at Mr. Blackridge's."

"You were?"

"Yis."

"The Quaker farmer up the creek?"

"Yis."

The sheriff smiled a smile of superciliousness.

"Oh, yes," he said, "you were both there. Certainly you were! In my eye! You didn't rob the squire's house?"

The alderman gazed upon the sheriff as if he had been a copper-toed Esquimaux, or some other abnormal production of humanity.

"Me rob!" exclaimed he; "niver in me loife did I rob anybody, excipt it wur a legal thafe upon the city sanctioned by the Board av Alderman."

"Dot vos so," Mr. Levi put in; "we vasn't don't know any skevire."

"That's all right," sneered the sheriff, "we will see about it later. Just come over with me to the justice's office."

There was no alternative but to obey.

Guarded by the sheriff, escorted by all of the idlers about, to whom their arrest was a rare treat, they were marshaled to the office of the rural dispenser of justice.

As for Mulligan's Boy and Pete, while the above events were ensuing, they had gone to the depot, where they had the pleasant sensation of beholding a train just moving out.

A consultation with the time-table revealed the fact that another train would not leave for an hour.

It was tough, it might result in their capture, but all that they could do was to wait.

That they did.

After a dreary sixty minutes the train came along.

They were puffing away at the ever-present cigarette, and as there was no smoking-car upon the train, they got upon the platform of the last car.

Just as the train started, there was a cry of "Hold on."

Mulligan's Boy and Pete looked eagerly.

There, tearing down the platform in hot pursuit of the moving cars, were the alderman and Mr. Levi.

#### PART XXVI.

As we stated at the close of our last installment, both the alderman and Mr. Levi sped down the platform in pursuit of the train upon which were the two lads.

The boys felt safe. They knew by the rate of speed at which the train was moving that they could not well be caught up to.

They jeered at their pursuers.

"Go it, uncle!"

"Run, hook-nose!"

"What's the proize?"

"Is it a belt or a bun?"

"Bet the alderman beats!"

"I'll go on the clothing-store dummy. Luk at the spider legs av him."

"But de aldahman got de best bottom."

"Regular cup-horse."

Meanwhile they held out their hands and beckoned for their pursuers.

The loungers about the depot took in the situation, and they bawled too.

"Sling your shoes!"

"You'll catch 'em!"

"Two to one on the cars."

"There's a barrel in your way. Look out!"

"Run in the middle of the track!"

"There you go, cully!"

The last remark was addressed to Mr. Levi, who did go.

There was a box of freight in the way, and over it he went, sprawling upon the platform, to the great delight of the spectators. Slowly he picked himself up, and dolefully rubbed his knees, upon which he had fallen principally.

"S'elp me Isaac," he uttered, "dot shows dot I vos got no peezeness for to run. I nefer vos a runner, anyway. Valking vos all auf der oxercise I vos fitted for. Shiminy, I feels as if I vos fell off auf a synagogue."

The alderman still kept on.

The platform was an unusually long one, and puffing and blowing down it went O'Dowd.

Oh, but it was a regular peach-festival for Mulligan's Boy and Pete.

They laughed till the tears rolled down their cheeks, and fairly shrieked with merriment when Mr. Levi took his tumble.

They were forgetful of the old adage which says that he laughs loudest who laughs last.

Suddenly Mike's laughter was checked.

He turned pale.

"Be Heaven, we're ruint!" exclaimed he.

"How?" said Pete.

"Don't ye notice?"

"What?"

"The cars are stopping."

"Golly, dat am a fact. De debbil sabe us now!"

Sure enough, the cars were stopping.

They were going slower every foot.

The alderman was gaining.

All at once the cars stopped altogether, and began rapidly backing. Something had occurred which necessitated the return of the train to the station.

Mulligan's Boy and Pete were so paralyzed that they fairly forgot to jump off of the platform, and with a triumphal yell the alderman was upon them.

He caught one by each collar.

"At last!" cried he, "I have ye safe. Do not make any attmpt at resistance, or I will dhrop ye into eternity from the rear av the car."

When the train ceased backing the alderman lugged his charges down upon the platform.

He was surrounded by a crowd at once, and besieged with questions.

"Who are they?"

"What did they do?"

"Where are you going with 'em?"

"Going to lock 'em up?"

"Have they been stealing?"

"Scaped from jail?"

The alderman returned a general answer.

"Me friend, Mr. Levi, will explain to ye the rayson of this spectacle," uttered he, while he tightened the hold he possessed upon the boys' collars until they yelled with pain.

Mr. Levi, who had regained his self-possession from his fall, advanced with a genial air.

"Mein frendts," he exclaimed, waving his hand comprehensively, as if to include even the yellow dogs on the outskirts of the crowd amongst his friends; "mein frendts, I vill gif you the proper sdeer py dis occurrence. Dose poyes were runavays, und dot vos dere uncle. After leading him a perfect volume auf vild-goose chases he vos finally secured the suckers!"

Mr. Levi was applauded vigorously.

He felt pleased.

Every one likes to have his efforts appreciated.

"Mine frendts," again he spake, "it vos a whirl-vind auf a day, der dust vas linger in vun's mouth. Subbose we all go ofer mit der hotel und haf a gock-dail."

Did ever one see a country crowd that was not willing to accept such an invitation?

Mr. Levi was a great man right off.

Heading the crowd, he led the way to the hotel across the street.

The alderman hesitated.

He felt parched.

Some liquid he felt might allay the torridness of his throat.

But meanwhile what was he to do with his captives, for he did not feel like taking them along.

The station agent seemed to divine his quandary.

"Want to leave the boys, sir?" asked he.

"Yes."

"Tell you what I'll do."

"Tell away."

"I'll lock 'em up in the freight-house for half a dollar."

"Is the freight-house safe?"

"Yes."

"Any windies?"

"No—dark as Egypt."

"Well, I will consint, but, bedad, ye won't get yez thrade-case till ye return the byes in good condition, wid unlacerated bones, and free from bruises."

The station-agent agreed to the terms.

With the assistance of the alderman he pushed the boys into the dark cubby-hole designated as the freight-house.

He padlocked the door, and put the key of the padlock in his pocket.

"They won't get out in a sweat," he said, "less they climb out of the knot-holes."

Satisfied, the alderman left.

He reached the hotel just as the crowd were stowing away their beverages.

"Shoost too late, alderman," said Mr. Levi; "we vos finished. You ought to haf been here some sooner. Nefer forget dot old saw, 'id vos dere early dramp vot hooks der morning's milk.'"

"All roight," said the alderman, in reply; "there is a rainbow for ivery day that I iver get left. Set thim up again for the coterie."

"Hurray!" excitedly approved the crowd, and another rush was made for the bar.

As Mr. Levi raised his favorite "gock-dail" to his lips he noticed that the boys were absent.

He left it untasted.

"Alderman?" he asked of O'Dowd, who was just burying his face in a big milk-punch.

"Well?"

"Where dey vos?"

"The byes?"

"Yes."

The alderman winked, and brushed the lingering traces of the milk-punch from his lips with his coat-tail.

"Levi, ye Red Sea passer," said he, "it's meself who is noted for me quickness an' wit in cases av emergencies. Do ye recollect the toime at the raffle at Patrick Sarsfield's Germania beer dive?—it wur for a magical clock, which tould the toime av day, toime av the week, and whether it wud be hot or cowlid the nixt day. Well, Felix Lanigan got in a dispute wid me, becase I threw six aces out av foive dice. Felix always wur a kicker. He got me by the throat, and wur about to slug me wid a beer-glass, whin I called out: 'Felix, for Heaven's sake save yerself! Yer coat-tails are aflame!' He turned to do so, whin I up wid a match-safe an' knocked him whalebone stiff. They wur



forced to play upon him wid a hose for half an hour before he came to."

"But vot vos dot to do py der poys?"

"By inference a grate dale. Ye cannot anticipate their whereabouts."

"Runned away again?"

"No."

"Sun-sdruck?"

"No."

"Then vot?"

"They wur in a dungeon."

"A dungeon?"

"Yis."

"Gracious! Where vos you find vun? I would think dot dungeons would pe a luxury owit here."

"It wur a freight-house cell."

"Den what'll we do?"

"Surrender."

"Give in?"

"Yis."

Pete considered.

"Guess, after all," said he, scratching his woolly head, "dat would be de bestest racket. Dis sawt ob floating ober de country am all right, but I'se 'll gib youse a pint."

"What?"

"'Member what de poick says?"

"What poet?"

"Fo'get his name, but I tink dat it wuz a niggah."

"Well, what did he say?"

"Midst pleasures and palaces, where'er we'se gwine to roam,

could have viewed a mortgage on the Brooklyn Bridge."

The boys, however, were not thirsty.

They preferred a good square meal to bilge water. So they all went to the hotel again, and a hearty meal was put away.

"Uncle," said Mike, "how did ye iver escape from the arrist av yerselfs as burglars?"

"Aisy. The judge wur a sinsible man. Did ye put up the job?"

"Yes."

"Well, I forgive ye. It is toime we catch the express train home."

Seen off by most of the population of Eatonville, they got upon the train.



Just as the train started, there was a cry of "Hold on." Mulligan's Boy and Pete looked eagerly. There, tearing down the platform in hot pursuit of the moving cars, were the alderman and Mr. Levi.

"In the depot?"

"Yis."

"Safe?"

"Jack Sheppard would have to take a week to get out av it."

Mr. Levi chuckled.

He rubbed his hands gleefully.

"Dot vos enough for vone more gock-dail," said he; "rouse ub der peverages for de gongregation."

Oh, with what smiling faces did the countrymen respond. It was a sort of Millennium for them. Angels did not arrive every day.

All the while Mulligan's Boy and Pete were sitting upon a couple of boxes in the freight-house, which was not a very nice place to spend much of anybody's time.

It was dark.

It smelt.

Rats occasionally journeyed over the floor, and various insects of unknown breeds were around in perfect ease.

"Mike."

"Pete."

The two boys spoke together.

"Well."

"Well."

"We'se in a box."

"Two in a box."

"De aldahman's got us."

"Dead."

"We'se caged."

"Loike rats."

"Kain't get out?"

"I don't see how."

"No window?"

"Not wan."

"Kain't kick down de doah?"

"Nixy kick."

If de trufe may be gib away, dere's no place like home!"

The sentiment seemed to appeal favorably to Mulligan's Boy.

"Belave ye are roight, Pete," he said. "I wud kind av like to go back to New York again. Suppose we go quietly wid the old man and the Original Isaacs. If we promise not to escape, I'll bet we'll have a splendid toime on the way home."

"Kerect. Shake hands."

In the darkness the hand-shaking was somewhat of a difficult task, but it was at last accomplished.

Finally, the alderman and Mr. Levi arrived.

The freight-house door was unlocked.

Cautiously was it opened, and the alderman's voice was heard.

"Don't thry to make a break out," he cautioned.

"Six men wid clubs stand ready to paralyze ye."

"We won't, uncle," meekly said Mike. "for we're willing to go wid ye. We pledge our words not to escape. We promise it by the oath av the League av Death. K."

"E," said Pete.

"N," responded Mike.

"O," finished Pete.

The alderman was aghast with pleasure.

"Do ye really mane it?" he asked.

"We swear."

"Then come to me arms. Be heavens, I can now face Cordelia wid impunity and her nephew."

Mr. Levi, too, was happy.

He knew of but one way of celebrating the occasion.

"Let's fill up de poys py gock-dails," proposed he.

The alderman vetoed it.

"Never," said he. "They may wallow in root beer, or strangulate themselves wid ginger ale, but no liquor. If niver had I touched the fiery fluid meself, I

Mr. Levi recognized the conductor as an old acquaintance.

"Holy Daniel!" cried he; "voy, where did you come from? The last I saw auf you you vas selling gollars und guffs, vosn't you, eh, Sammy?"

The conductor owned it was so.

"But railroading pays better," laughed he. "No bell-punches on this road, and we ran over the last spotter on our up trip. Come into the baggage-car and have a smoke?"

The invitation was accepted, and all hands adjourned to the baggage-car, where cigars were procured from the train-boys.

They settled themselves down upon camp-chairs and proceeded to enjoy the fragrant weeds (Pennsylvania Havanas).

Mulligan's Boy and Pete kept quiet for a while, but it was too much for them after half an hour had slid by.

They began nosing around the freight.

The conductor slyly kept one eye upon them.

Presently as they drew near to a barrel he nudged Levi.

"Look," said he.

"Where?" asked O'Dowd.

"At the boys."

"Why?"

"Wait till they get fooling around that barrel—the one upon its sides with a hole cut into the top."

"What's in the barrel?"

"Never mind; wait and see."

Mr. Levi and the alderman kept their eyes fixed upon the boys while pretending to keep up a desultory conversation, while the boys, unconscious of their scrutiny, kept fooling around.

At last they drew near the barrel.

Pete looked into it.



It seemed full of water with a dark object bobbing upon the top.

Pete's curiosity was excited.

"Wondah what dat speck am," he said.

"Fale and see," said Mike.

Nothing loath, Pete put down his arm into the barrel.

The next second he flew up nearly to the top of the car with a yell like a cow-boy raiding a Mexican village.

"I'se dead!" he wailed, as he fell to the floor, wringing his arm.

"What's the matter?" called Mulligan's Boy, falling back.

"De barrel!"

"What av it?"

Mr. Levi's curiosity was greatly excited.

"What's in the barrel?" he asked.

The conductor smiled.

"Oh, not much," said he.

"Tell me."

"Want to know bad?"

"Yes."

"Then I'll tell you what to do."

"Vot."

"Put you hand in the barrel and find out."

At first Mr. Levi was loath.

But insinuations from the conductor and the alderman aroused his grit.

"You dinks dot I vos askeert," he uttered. "Vell, I vosn't. Shust you vatch me."

They said they would.

It has been computed by the alderman and the conductor that Mr. Levi turned at least three expert somersaults before reaching the car floor.

He felt something after the style of a crumpled-up dish-cloth.

"Abraham—Isaac—and all auf der brophets!" he cried, "I vos a gorpse!"

A roar of laughter greeted his remark.

It appeared to make him mad.

"Howefer wicked I vos," cried he, "nefer vos I make sbort auf a dying man."

The conductor came up.

"You ain't dead, or won't be for years," he said.

"Want to feel in that barrel again?"

"Feel in dat parrel!" ejaculated Mr. Levi, with a horror-stricken face. "Feel in dat parrel! S'elep me



"At last!" cried he, "I have ye safe. Do not make any attempt at resistance, or I will dhrop ye into eternity from the rear av the car."

"De debble's in it. Jess as soon as I touched dat dark ting I felt as if my arm had bin struck by de lightning."

"What was it?"

"De debble, I done tole you."

Now Mike didn't believe it.

He did not see why the famed gentleman in black would abdicate his boss position down below to get into a dirty beer barrel filled with stale water.

Mike thought he would find out for himself.

He carelessly placed his arm down into the interior of the barrel.

He touched Pete's "debbble."

Mike rose farther in the air and beat Pete's yell all hollow.

"Murther milla!" exclaimed he, "it is kilt am I to a certainty."

It was Pete's turn to grin.

He had partially recovered from the shock, and was mournfully rubbing his arm.

"Wha' did I tole youse?" he exclaimed. "Want-ah fool wif dat barrel."

Mulligan's Boy sat down upon a beer-keg and fairly cried.

"Me hand is numbed for loife," said he. "Niver again can I make use av it!"

"Larf at me, will youse," said Pete; "serves youse dog-goned right. Now youse know how it am youself."

Mr. Levi swaggered to the barrel.

Mulligan's Boy and Pete stopped their contortions to watch him.

First, however, did he speak to them.

"My tear boys," asked he, "vot vos py dot parrel?"

"Insoide ye mane?"

"Yes."

"Oh, not much."

"But vy vos you act so vild?"

"Had 'em."

"Vot?"

"Cramps."

Mr. Levi did not seem to believe him.

He turned to Pete.

"Vot vos sdruck you?" queried he.

Pete looked innocently up.

"It was one ob my usuals," he answered.

"Your usuals?"

"Dat's what I said."

"Usual vot?"

"Colics."

Mr. Levi turned away in disgust and went to the barrel.

Truth to tell he was afraid, but he was not going to make it known for fear of being laughed at, and the fear of being laughed at generally makes heroes out of cowards.

He bared his arm and plunged it into the water.

He struck the dark object at the first plunge.

Moses, auf you don't fetch dat parrel right away owit auf der car I vill sue dot gompany for lipel."

"Guess not," laughed the conductor. "Know what was in that barrel?"

"Fire."

"No, nothing but an eel."

"An eel?"

"Yes."

"Vos he full auf fire-vorks?"

"Oh, no; he's just electric, that's all."

Then the conductor proceeded to explain that the eel was the property of a physician in Allegheny City, who was shipping it to Philadelphia.

The electric eel is a very rare species of its tribe, and valued very highly. It is capable of giving a shock of electricity equal to that of a powerful battery. And the explanation ended the occurrence.

\* \* \* \* \*

Well, our tale is about closed.

Mulligan's Boy and Pete went home as they promised, and Cordelia did not arrive till the day after their arrival. Their flight was carefully kept secret from her, and she does not know it now.

The alderman flourishes, "bantam" as ever, while Mr. Levi still bewails his riches. "I pelieve dot I would be habbler peddling suspenders instead auf being a millionaire," he said not long ago. "Eferybody was blay me for a sucker."

[THE END.]



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